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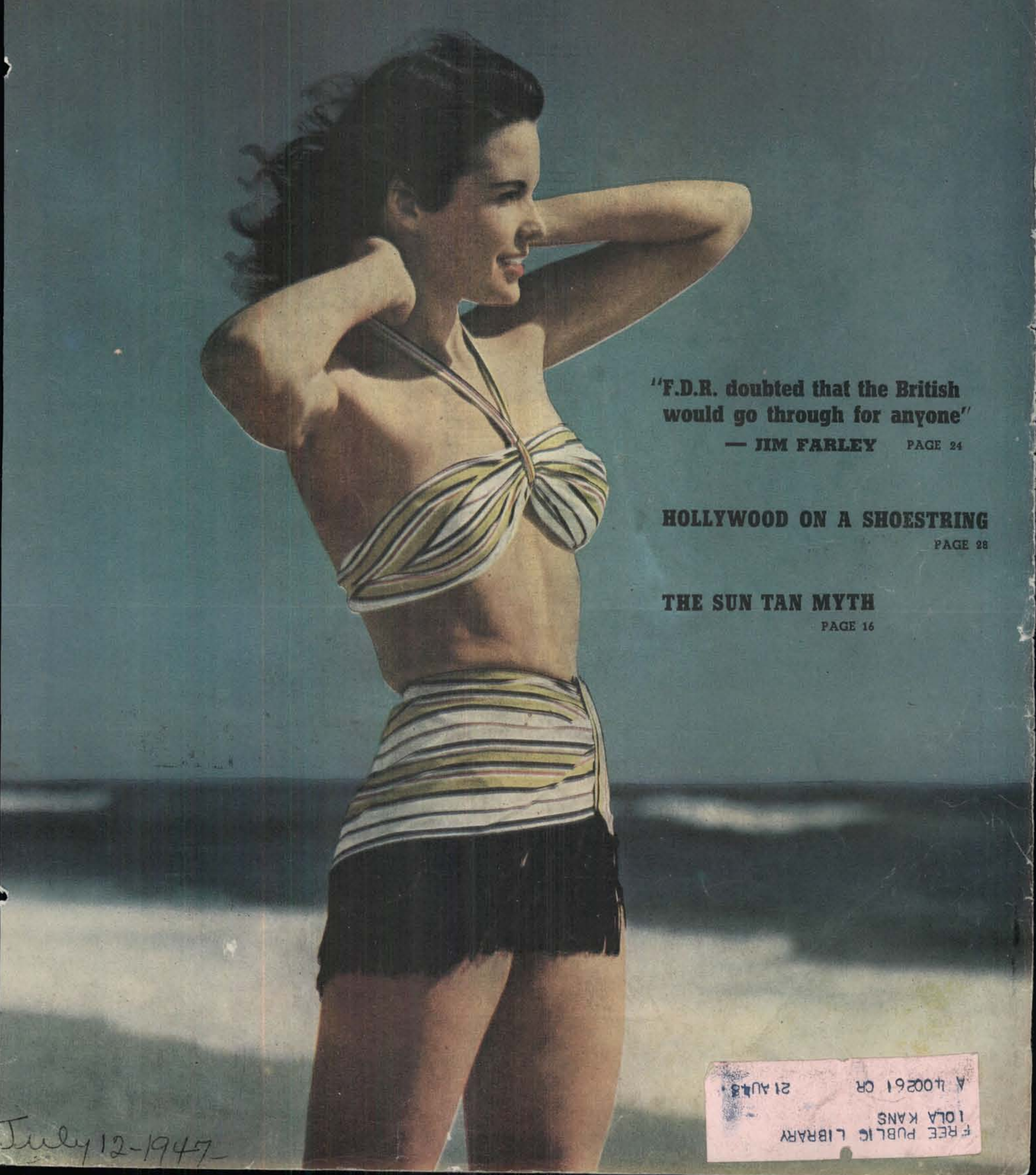

"F.D.R. doubted that the British would go through for anyone"
— JIM FARLEY PAGE 24

HOLLYWOOD ON A SHOESTRING
PAGE 28

THE SUN TAN MYTH
PAGE 16

July 12-1947

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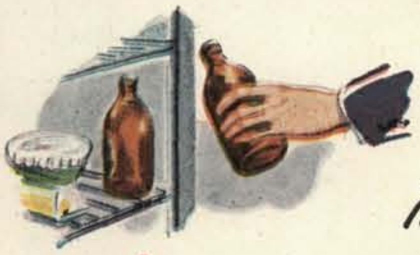

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This Model Mother tries not to be glamorous

But that's not easy when you're a Powers Girl with a dazzling smile like Frances Nalle's

MRS. FRANCES NALLE CRIDER is one model who doesn't try to look glamorous. Because New York's modeling circles know her as the ideal "Young Mother" type of model. And she is: she has two adorable youngsters of her own. And she has the brilliant smile that's so important to *any* kind of modeling job.

"Model" Mother that she is, Mrs. Crider has already taught 5-year-old Amanda and 3-year-old "Bobo" to safeguard *their* smiles by following her own prized dental routine: *Regular brushing with Ipana Tooth Paste, then brief, gentle gum massage.*

Smile-conscious as Frances (and *every* successful model) is, she naturally knows what thousands of schools and dentists are teaching—that a radiant smile depends largely on sparkling teeth. And sparkling teeth call for firm, healthy gums.

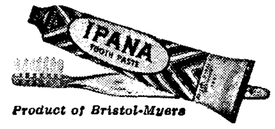
Service with a smile—a *model* smile—for the Criders use Ipana—specially designed to help keep teeth sparkling bright. And knowing how today's soft foods often rob gums of exercise. Frances' family helps keep gums firm and healthy with brief, gentle gum massage.

Two sparkling smiles coming up! Eight years a Cover Girl, Frances knows the importance of a dazzling smile. So she's taught her children the importance of gum massage, recommended by 7 out of 10 dentists, according to a national survey. (Same survey shows that dentists prefer Ipana 2 to 1 *for their own personal use!*) But let *your* dentist decide whether and how to massage your gums.

The chimney goes here. Amanda and "Bobo" Crider seem to be rushing things slightly. But not "model" mother Frances when she teaches them proper care of teeth and gums. Sensitive gums, among adults, often herald their warning with "pink tooth brush"—a sign to *see your dentist*. Let *him* decide whether yours is simply a case for "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

How to massage your gums. Gently massage at the gum line, always keeping fingertip in contact with the tooth surface. It's at the gum line, where teeth and gums meet, that so many troubles start—where gentle massage can be so helpful. *Between regular visits to your dentist, help him guard your smile of beauty.*

Ipana Tooth Paste **for your Smile of Beauty**



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AUTO Radio

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COLLIER'S
July 12, 1947

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THIS WEEK

FICTION PAGE

THE FEELING IS MUTUAL By IRVING GAYNOR NEIMAN 14
Mabel believed in dreams. Joe put his faith in the Dodgers.

THE NUCLEAR FISSION OF EDWARD ANGUS GILMARTIN By ALBERT POPE HINCKLEY 20
The hat-check girl split the young professor's personality.

MERCHANT OF VALOR By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND 22
The Serial Story. The second of five parts.

STRANGLER FIG By WILLIAM FULLER 26
The singer stranger brought beauty into a life of dismal fear.

THE UNKNOWN By GEORGES SURDEZ 62
The Short Short Story.

CRATER QUEEN By VIC SPIES 66
Tula knew when to lead and, more important, when to follow.

ARTICLES

WASHINGTON SIDE SHOW By HOWARD WHITMAN 11
The human aspects of the Capitol and the nation's lawmakers.

THE SUN TAN MYTH By SNOWDEN T. HERRICK and JOHN E. PFEIFFER 16
Burning by Old Sol's rays won't make—or keep—you healthy.

HOW ARE THINGS ON OKINAWA? By WELDON JAMES 18
It gets along without unions, Communists and high cost of living.

WHY I BROKE WITH ROOSEVELT By JAMES A. FARLEY 24
PART IV: SHOWDOWN WITH THE BOSS
What influenced F.D.R. to seek a third term.

HOLLYWOOD'S MILLION-DOLLAR SHOESTRINGS By CAMERON SHIPP 28
An easy way to become rich: Be an independent movie producer.

TELEVISION GETS A BOX OFFICE By HERBERT ASBURY 78
You'll soon have good programs—all charged on your phone bill.

●

THE WEEK'S MAIL From OUR READERS 4

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD By FRELING FOSTER 6

THE WEEK'S WORK By TED SHANE 8

EDITORIALS: *Tormented Palestine* • *The Whole Truth, Please* • *One Laugh—$2* 86

COVER By *LARRY GORDON*

THE WEEK'S MAIL

SONG OF THE FLORENCE NIGHTINGALES

DEAR EDITOR: Our white caps are off to Howard Whitman's and Douglas Ingells' article Don't Curse the Nurse (May 31st). The true condition of nursing today has never been expressed more vividly.

Only when the public and the hospital officials fully realize the seriousness of this situation can the standards of the nursing profession be raised.

SENIORS OF BECKLEY HALL,
METHODIST HOSPITAL, Dallas, Texas

. . . Another gripe about long hours, poor pay, help shortage and bad working conditions! When a girl becomes a nurse, she knows that she must like the bitter with the sweet—why all the fuss about bandages and bedpans? During the war most of the nurses were so pampered and so highly paid that they consider normal nursing conditions below their standard. Any single girl with room and board can live on $20 a week, yet these spoiled prima donnas expect $40, $50 and more!

MRS. ANN STREET

. . . My greatest sympathy lies with the student nurse. They are usually under the directorship of wizened old maids, who have no understanding of youth except by their own ancient standards. And whose advice follows the line of, quote: "If you must sit on a man's lap, place a thick mat of newspapers over his legs first!" unquote.

GRACE TRENARY BILLS, Fox Lake, Ill.

. . . I would love to place this article in most conspicuous places throughout the hospital where I am employed, and a copy in the hands of each patient as well.

M. W., California

. . . I have found most nurses wonderful and considering what they do go through they really must love humanity to do it as it certainly isn't for the glory they receive.

HELEN M. DOANE, Pawtucket, R. I.

FROM BAD DIVORCE

DEAR SIR: Re Dr. Banay's The Husband Really Pays (May 24th). How many laymen know if they have grounds for divorce or not until they have a consultation with their shyster? The first leading question is usually, "Think hard, didn't he ever hit you in all your married life, or throw something at you?"

These men promise anything just to get that decree and even double-cross each other in testimony of their clients on the stand.

Regardless of their promises, they

(Continued on page 65)

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Can you answer these questions about HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE?

Q. What is high blood pressure?

A. High blood pressure, or hypertension, is a condition in which the pressure of the blood against the walls of the arteries and their smaller branches shows a persisting and large increase above normal. A temporary rise in pressure, such as may result from physical or emotional strain, is a perfectly normal reaction, and is NOT high blood pressure. However, if such rises occur frequently and are excessive, they may indicate a tendency toward hypertension in later years.

Q. What are the causes of hypertension?

A. Sometimes high blood pressure is associated with kidney ailments, local infections, or glandular disturbance, but the cause in most cases is unknown. It *is* known that hypertension occurs most frequently among those who are *middle-aged or older*, those who have a *family history* of hypertension, and those who are *overweight*.

Q. How does hypertension affect your health?

A. Persistent high blood pressure makes your heart work harder and nearly always results in enlargement of the heart muscle. The arteries are usually affected, and there may be damage to kidneys, eyes, the blood vessels of the brain, and other organs. Fortunately, *if discovered early*, hypertension can often be controlled.

Q. How can you tell if your blood pressure is too high?

A. *You* can't, for high blood pressure often has no symptoms. But if you have periodic physical examinations your physician will check your blood pressure regularly. His guidance can probably help you keep your blood pressure down, or, if it should go above normal and stay there, he may be able to start corrective measures at once, before serious damage has been done.

Real hope for those with high blood pressure

Thanks to modern medical science, people with high blood pressure today can often avoid serious complications, and enjoy a long and happy life... especially if the condition is discovered in its early stages.

In many cases treatment such as diets, rest, elimination of infections, reduction of weight at least to normal, and special drugs may be necessary. Surgery has been used effectively in some instances, and psychotherapy has proved helpful at times in removing fear of the disease and lessening emotional strains.

Medical science is constantly increasing its knowledge of high blood pressure. Aiding in this work is the Life Insurance Medical Research Fund, supported by 150 Life Insurance Companies, which makes grants for special research in diseases related to the heart.

To learn more about this subject, send for Metropolitan's free pamphlet, 87-C, "Blood Pressure—Everybody Has It."

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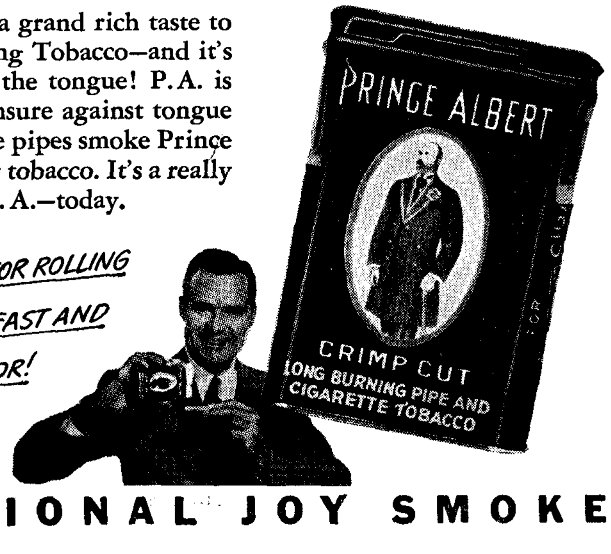

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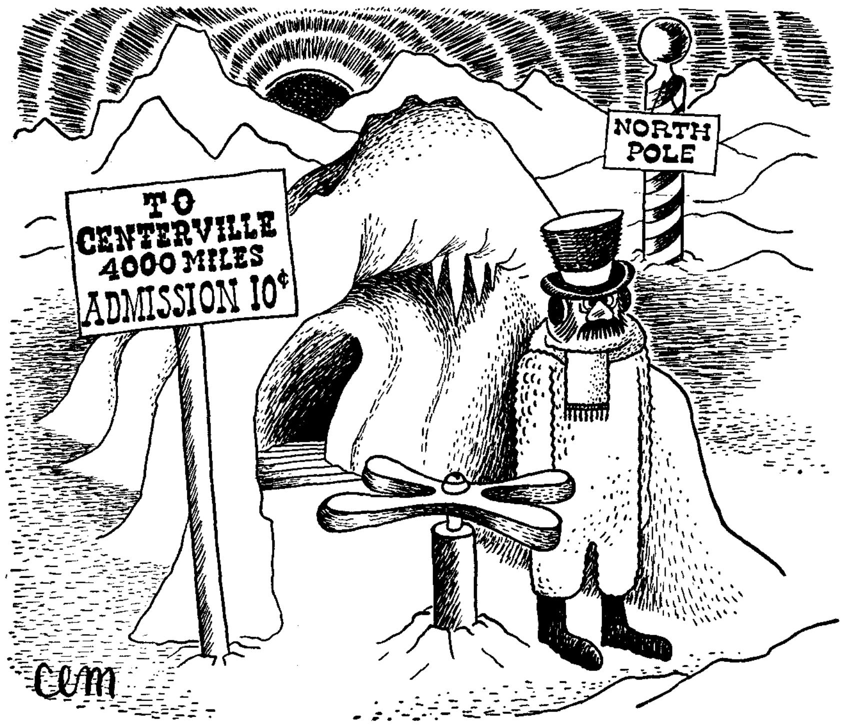

CHARLES E. MARTIN

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

BY FRELING FOSTER

John Cleves Symmes, in hundreds of lectures between 1818 and 1829, attracted world-wide attention with his claim that the earth was a hollow sphere whose interior was inhabited and could be reached through a large opening at the North Pole, since known as Symmes' Hole. Of several globes made to illustrate his theory, one is preserved in the Academy of Natural Sciences in Philadelphia.

For several generations, unwanted babies left secretly and without identification in the receiving crib of the huge orphanage in Havana have been given the surname Valdes in honor of a founder of the institution. Having this name, however, does not arouse suspicion of illegitimacy as it is one of the most widely used and highly respected names in Cuba.

Not long ago, a man committed a murder which he had carefully planned so every detail would indicate suicide. There were no signs of a struggle, the deceased had been shot with his own revolver and the windows and doors of his apartment were locked from the inside. But the killer made one mistake that led to his capture. He had aimed the gun so the bullet passed through the eye of the victim. No suicide has ever yet been known to shoot himself in either eye.

Despite years of opposition, American race tracks are still allowed by law to withhold the odd change called "breakage" in paying off winning bets, on the theory that their patrons dislike bothering with pennies and nickels. Although the amounts withheld range only from one to nine cents, they now total annually about $18,000,000.

The world's largest plow, now in use on a Texas farm, weighs ten tons, is 60 feet wide and cuts 88 furrows. Drawn by an 85-horsepower tractor, it can till 17 acres in an hour.

Until a century ago in England, churchgoing was required by law and, consequently, many who attended either fell asleep or paid no attention to the service. To make certain, however, that all heard the announcements, the minister would read them through a vamphorn, a metal megaphone about six feet long, which so magnified his voice that no one could possibly ignore it.

The most peculiar eyelid known is that of a rare fish, the cuckoo ray (Raia circularis). This lid is round, has a large fringe and is located *inside* the eyeball, directly under instead of over the cornea.—*By Virginia Limbert, New York City.*

The personal papers of Abraham Lincoln, given to the Library of Congress by his son 24 years ago, will be made available to the public for the first time on July 26, 1947.

The strangest electronic musical instrument, developed by Leon Theremin, of New York, in the early 1930s, consists of an inch-high platform backed by a stand having a loudspeaker and two six-foot vertical metal rods. As the pitch and volume are controlled by the waving of the hands near these rods, a dancer performing on the platform can, by her movements, produce her own accompanying music.

The world record for the longest run of a stage play is held by The Drunkard, which will, on July 6, 1947, begin its 15th year and be presented for the 5,257th consecutive time at the Theatre Mart in Los Angeles.—*By Eda Johnstone, Los Angeles, California.*

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up With the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted and no items may be reproduced without permission

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It's Powerful

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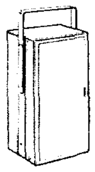

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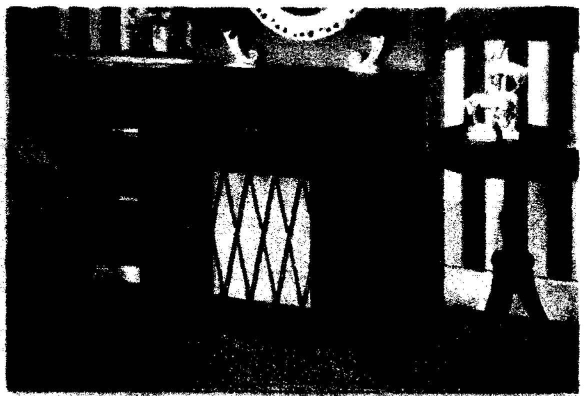

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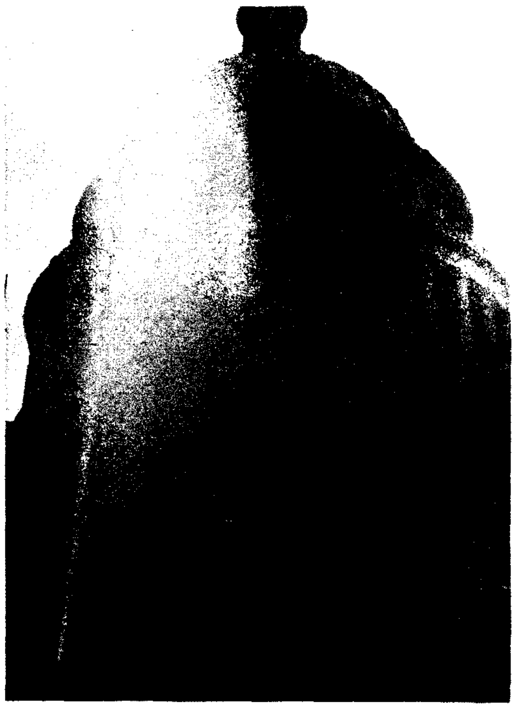
THE WEEK'S WORK



WHILE sniffing around behind the Washington scenes for their frenetic Washington Side Show (p. 11), the Messrs. Whitman and Knopf learned that once a year the D. C. fire laddies come charging up Capitol Hill and squirt water all over the Capitol, giving it an annual bath. "This we have got to see," cried The Boys, and contacted David Lynn, architect of the Capitol.

Mr. Lynn raised aged eyebrows, and allowed as how since the dunking didn't take place till fall, any other time would be highly irregular. However, if Chief Clement Murphy of the D. C. Fire Department was willing to send a truck, he wouldn't object.

Whitman-Knopf called Murphy, gave him a big line, and Murphy agreed to send someone over. The Boys sat around expecting maybe a little hose wagon, maybe bearing a short garden hose. "Instead, within ten minutes," Whitman says, "we heard sirens. Then bells. Then roaring trucks. Hans and I dashed out of the Senate wing—and clanging up the Hill was a whole fire company—chief's car, hose wagons, hook and ladder—the works!"

The works slammed to a stop, a battalion chief stuck a head out of a car window, yelled: "You from Collier's—what do you want us to do?" The Boys gulped their request and were darned if the chief didn't start barking orders.

Instantly hundreds of Washingtonians had sprung from the Capitol lawn and shrubbery and word had spread the Capitol was on fire with both Houses in full swing. Also at this moment, a senator chose to pass out on the Senate floor. An ambulance came sirening up the Hill to rush the lawmaker to the hospital. It promptly became jammed between two fire trucks. "It was confusion à la mode!" marvels Whitman.

Meanwhile the firemen had a stream pistoling toward the Noblest Dome of Them All. Unfortunately it fell short—just enough to inundate a congressman leaving the Capitol to enter his waiting limousine. He looked surprised, started an extemporaneous oration, but ceased hastily.

Just about now, Whitman caught sight of a fiery eye through the pressing mob. The eye belonged to Acting Captain Billy Ballinger, of the Capitol police, and he was snorting across the lawn at the head of a squad of his Congress constables. Whitman started to sweat, and someone tapped him on the shoulder, saying, "I'm from the U. P.—where's the fire?"

"Yipe!" was Whitman's comment.

Meanwhile Hans Knopf was taking pictures as calmly as a kippered herring, and when Ballinger offered to throw the boys into jail, Whitman realized he was in it over Knopf's head. "But we apologized profusely," says Whitman, "and said if that's the way Ballinger felt we'd refrain forthwith from taking any more pictures. But what the heck—we had all the pictures we wanted anyway." Moral: It can be more exciting outside a Capitol than in; and never bathe too early in the year. It's dangerous.

THE authors of The Sun Tan Myth (p. 16), Messrs. Herrick and Pfeiffer, started careers together at Yale, about four years apart, Herrick meeting Pfeiffer while cleaning his room after a football party. Since that fateful day Pfeiffer has been science and medicine editor of Newsweek, technical consultant for the Army, and is now science director for CBS. Herrick has been newsman and public relationist in war and peace.

Both gentlemen have conducted sun tan experiments on beaches from Ogunquit, Maine, to Miami, Florida, and from Bari, Italy, to Waikiki. "Pfeiffer went to beaches by preference," says Herrick; "I mostly by request of the U.S. Army! Pfeiffer tans without burning; his wife and infant son burn without tanning. I tan and burn and so does my wife!

"While writing about sunburn has its pleasant points—such as the scenery in the Peskin illustrations on page 16," continues Mr. Herrick, "when summer comes, and the inevitable erythema, pruritus and desquamation (see our article) afflict a self-styled sunburn expert, he gets even less sympathy than the average sufferer."

This week's cover: Shescape. Betty Metcalf is the tidy bit with the list to midriff, and is wearing a Frances Sider bathing suit. Larry Gordon made the Kodachrome at Jones Beach, New York. Betty is a top Powers model, a talented pianist, has a flair for interior decorating and is now radiating around the world, using Paris as a hub, bub. . . .

TED SHANE

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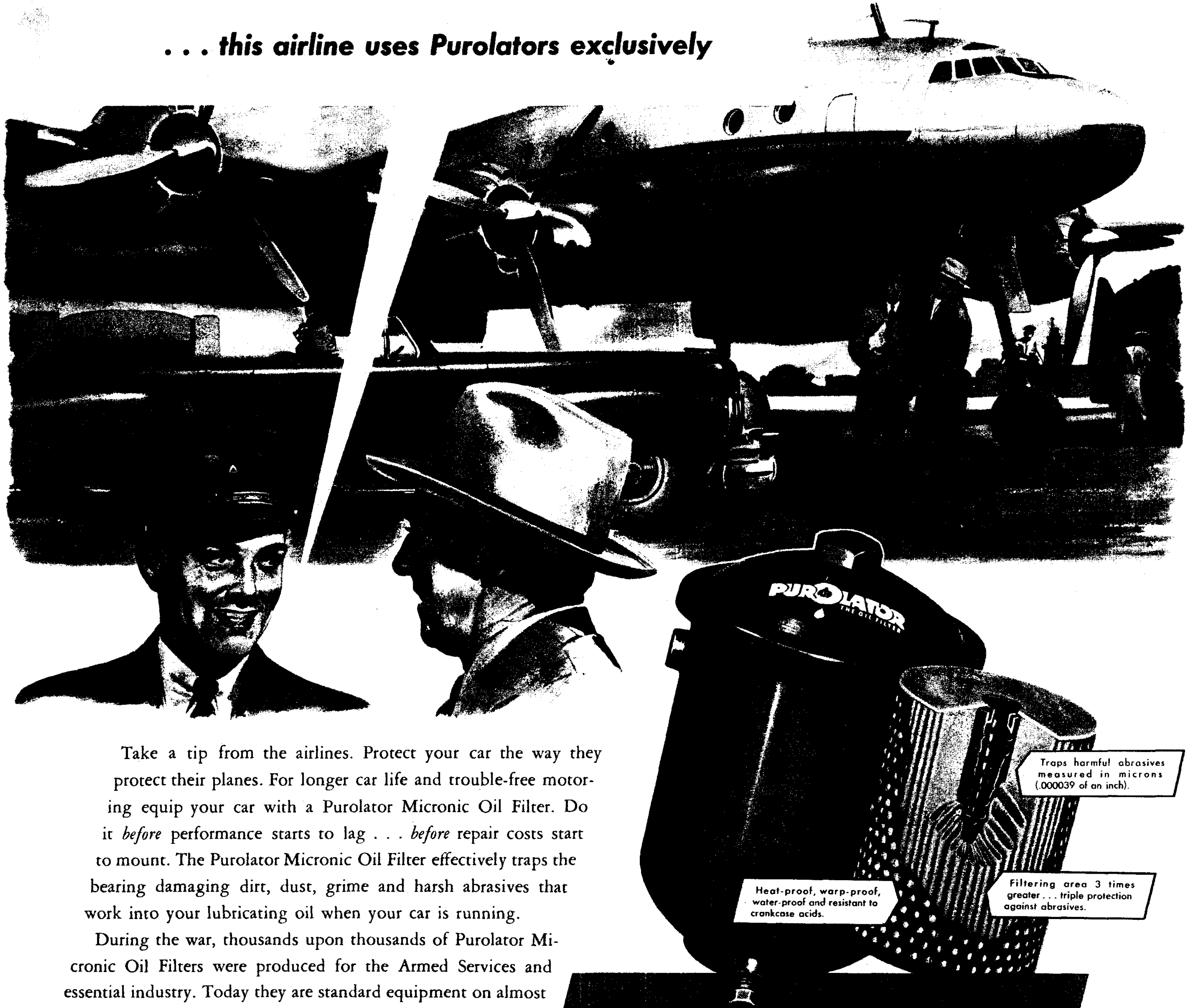

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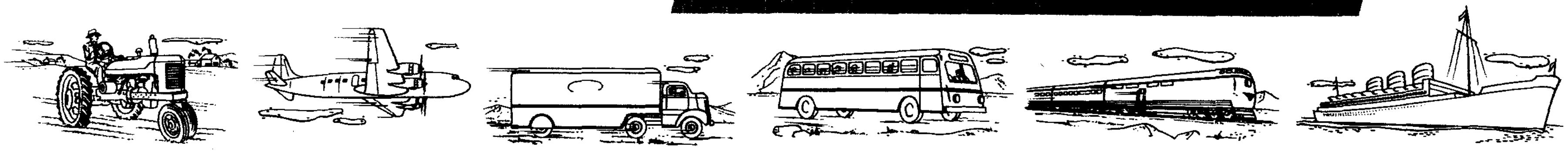

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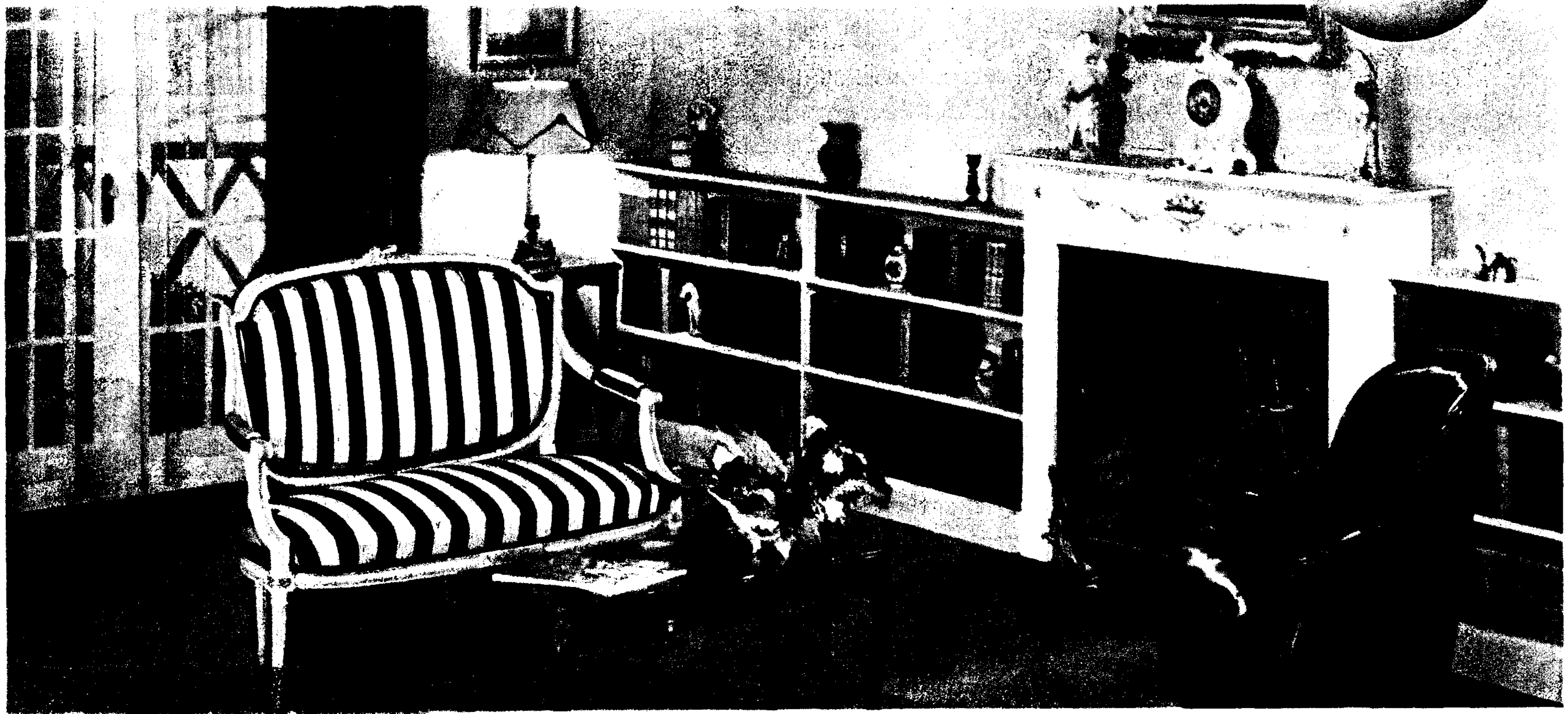
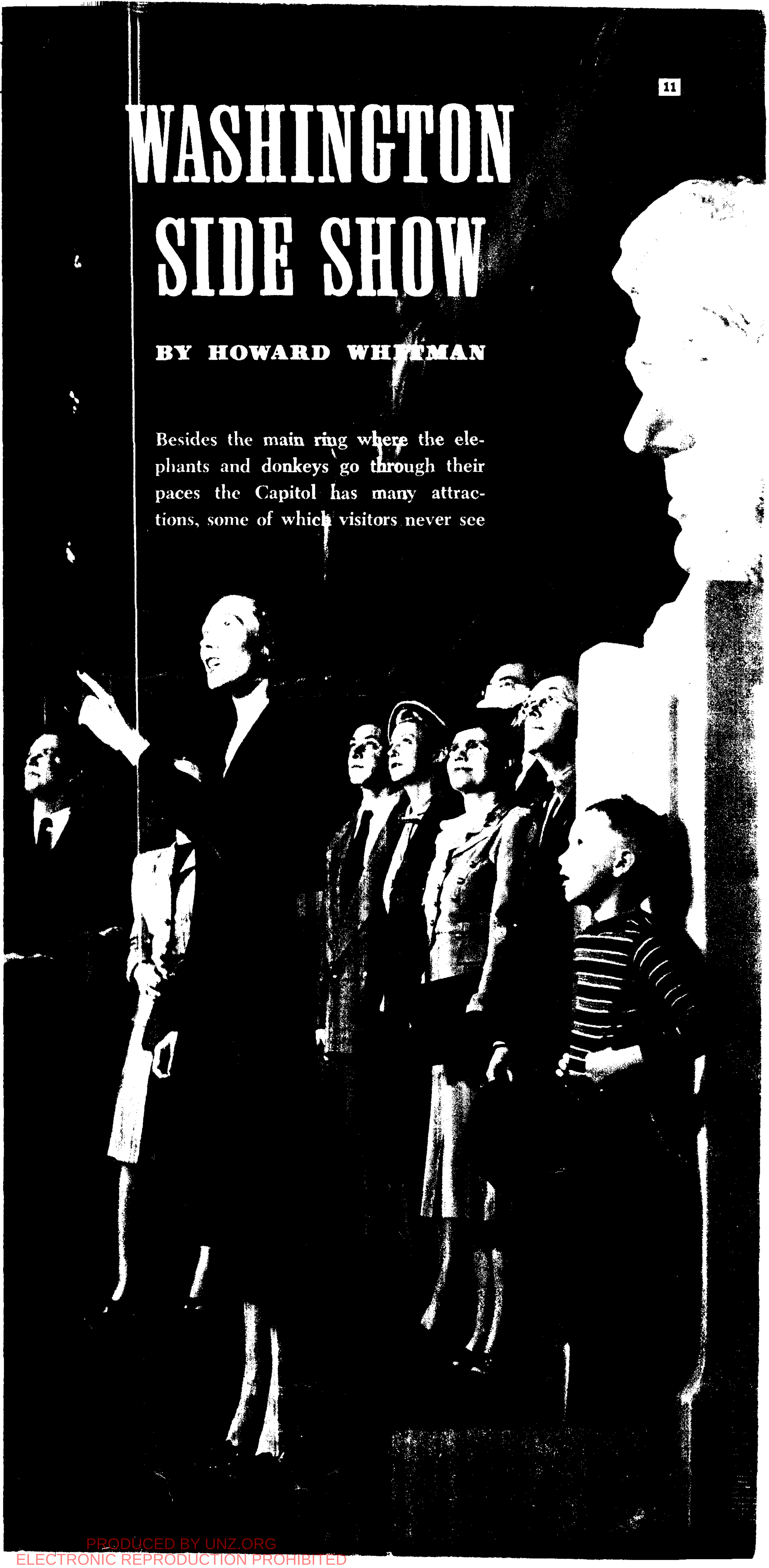


AIRFOAM MEANS LUXURIOUS CUSHIONING IN FURNITURE, MATTRESSES AND ALL SEATING

WASHINGTON SIDE SHOW

BY HOWARD WHITMAN

Besides the main ring where the elephants and donkeys go through their paces the Capitol has many attractions, some of which visitors never see



Valerie Popham tells visitors about Capitol's cast-iron dome 180 feet above. Fifteen guides convoy about 2,000 visitors through the Capitol each day

DAVID LYNN, graying architect of the Capitol, is a little weary of visitors to Washington, D. C., who want to know whether the statue atop the Capitol dome is the Statue of Liberty or a big cigar-store Indian. He patiently explains that it is neither. It is the Statue of Freedom, a determined lady nineteen and a half feet tall with a hat that the Fifth Avenue milliners will be copying any day, being composed as it is of stars, an eagle's head, Indian feathers, and six lightning rods.

Lynn also explains to the Capitol pilgrims that George Washington never slept there, Harry Truman doesn't live there, and there is no guarantee that wishes made over the compass points on the crypt floor will necessarily come true.

The Capitol being as big as it is (432 rooms with a floor area of fourteen acres), Architect Lynn requires a small army to keep it functioning. His office has 1,088 employees, charged with maintaining the Capitol buildings (including the Capitol, the Senate Office Building and the Old and New House Office Buildings) as well as the Supreme Court, the Library of Congress, several other public buildings, and the 120-acre Capitol grounds.

Though he is in fact the Capitol's general custodian, Lynn prefers the title "Architect," which has historic validity, since Congress has a penchant for altering or rebuilding its abode every few decades. In the twenty-four years that Lynn, 72, has held the post, he has supervised new building and alteration costing $45,000,000. One of his latest projects was the shoring up of the ceilings over the House and Senate chambers, these having weakened with age to the point where members of the Congress, frequently on the verge of hitting the ceiling, now were in danger of having the ceiling hit them.

Besides the top-billed acts beneath the Capitol's big top, there are many side shows, often tucked away from public view. While the elephants and donkeys are disporting in the two main rings, the hidden recesses of the big top have their clowns and tumblers, their roustabouts and barkers.

In a marble-walled suite in the Senate Office Building quaintly known as the "Bathing Rooms," we find a distinguished gentleman from Rhode Island, Senator Theodore Francis Green. Green, 79, is getting himself in shape for an afternoon bout with labor, taxes and foreign relations.

"Nothing like physical exercise," he remarks as he swings a dumbbell with consummate vehemence. Green is one of forty or fifty senators who, in off hours, come to the Bathing Rooms to work up a sweat on the rowing machine, the chest weights, or in what is undoubtedly one of the very few marble-walled handball courts in existence.

Doing an upside-down bicycle routine, Senator Green declares, "This sort of thing makes my mind work better. Never get tired."

Reluctantly he gave up wrestling and high diving after his 76th birthday but he highly recommends semiweekly visits to the Bathing Rooms for every man jack in the Senate.

Wellington Dangerfield Scott, an amiable Negro, presides over the Bathing Rooms as physiotherapist. He coaches the senators in their weight lifting, fixes the antiquated rowing machine when it gets stuck in midstream, and occasionally prescribes a dunking in the tiny pea-green pool which, only ten by sixteen feet, once prompted a visitor to remark that talking in circles, not swimming in circles, is the Senate's specialty.

After the workout Scott puts his charge on an ancient marble rubbing slab, something like a morgue stone, and scrubs him with a stuff brush. This, in therapeutic language, is known as desquamation. It removes dead tissue and is, of course, not applied to the scalp. Scott is entirely neutral when he desquamates and quickly spikes the rumor that Republicans have thicker skins than Democrats. "With me it's unbiased. It's just like scrubbing the kitchen table," he remarks.

After the scrubbing, Scott provides a rubbing (Swedish type) and sends the senators away full of pep and ultraviolet. The elderly status of most of

TO THE DOME

his customers does not dampen Scott's enthusiasm for the strenuous life, though, being 65 years old himself, he chafes when the senators call him "son."

At the other extreme of the Capitol buildings, in the New House Office Building, Pete Henderson, a former Army drill sergeant, maintains a somewhat more vigorous sweatshop for congressmen. Here the favored activity is paddle ball, played with wooden paddles about midsize between a Ping-pong paddle and a tennis racket.

In paddle ball you slam the ball with all your might, and Pete Henderson, along with the best psychiatric minds in the country, feels this is an ideal outlet for aggressions. In smashing the ball with a great, brutal gesture the representative may, for all he knows, be satisfying unconscious cravings toward John L. Lewis or some colleague.

To congressmen who pay $5 a year to defray the gym's expenses, Pete insists, "Politics is out down here. If you want to argue whether the ball is in or out, okay—but no politics."

So well has he hewed to a strictly recreational line that Representative Karl E. Mundt of South Dakota was moved to state on the House floor: "Pete Henderson has developed a canny Scotch sixth sense. He arbitrates political arguments so that members get practice in the art of disagreeing without becoming disagreeable. To this day, I do not know whether Pete is a Democrat or a Republican, so impartially does he steer the course of a master umpire in the discussions which reverberate throughout the locker rooms near the end of each busy day in Congress." Pete, however, admits to a certain mischievous satisfaction in pairing up bitter House opponents as partners in a game of paddle ball.

For men in a hurry, as any good senator should be, the Capitol maintains an electric monorail running through the subway which connects the Capitol with the Senate Office Building. In its early days this was dubbed the N.M.E.R. (Nation's Most Exclusive Railway) inasmuch as all passengers had to be senators. Today, however, it is open to all comers.

The N.M.E.R. comprises two 18-passenger cars, which shuttle alternately through the 760-foot subway, making the run in 45 seconds and sometimes hitting it up to thirty miles per hour. A mysterious crash and a mayonnaise incident figure in the his-

Left: Shoes were too much for Jackie Allen after a 365-step climb up the Capitol dome. Some tourists (without G.I. escorts) have fainted from the climb. Below: Green of Rhode Island, 79, keeps fit in Senate Bathing Rooms

tory of this railway. The former occurred in 1941, when someone turned up the throttle at night so that when the power was turned on in the morning one of the cars took off with a leap, raced through the subway, jumped clear off the track at the Capitol end and smashed noisily into a wall. The car was empty, but the F.B.I., livid with the thought of what might have happened to a carload of senators, conducted an exhaustive, if fruitless, investigation.

The mayonnaise incident occurred in April, 1943. A waiter coming from the Senate restaurant with a load of supplies dropped a gallon jar of mayonnaise on the N.M.E.R. track about 100 feet from the Capitol end. Before the mishap could be communicated down the line a car had already pulled out with its full complement of senators and was speeding around the bend at its usual merry clip.

The waiter made futile gestures as the car sped into view but, not accustomed to being flagged, the motorman kept his throttle open and with a dull squash the party of senators and the pile of mayonnaise met. All traction gone, the monorail splashed to a halt, its underside well garnished with salad dressing and its drive wheel spinning ineffectively upon the tasty track.

The motorman threw her into reverse and made several running starts up the incline, but each time the car and its senators came to rest midway in the smear of mayonnaise. In high dudgeon the legislators finally got out and walked. Service on the N.M.E.R. was disrupted for twenty minutes.

To keep order under the big top, Captain Wm. J. Broderick has a force of 140 Capitol police. They have quelled ebullient "mothers" who stormed the Capitol lawn intent on burning Senator Pepper in effigy. They have carted Mrs. Elizabeth Dilling off to the District of Columbia jail. In the winter they have removed, by paddy wagon, such drunks as have mislaid week ends on the Capitol grounds and have been in danger of freezing to death.

To Lieutenant Billy Ballinger, who aptly hails from Death Valley, California, the arrival of messiahs in the Capitol has become a source of monotony. "We get 'em down here by the dozen," he relates. "Every one of 'em comes down here to save the country. Napoleon, George Washington—and say! Talk about Julius Caesar, I've had him here three or four times." Such visitors are given kindly treatment and routed back home for psychiatric care.

A few years ago an ailing veteran of World War I flashed a gun in the Senate gallery and had to be pacified, and back in 1916 a bomb exploded in the Senate post office where it had been checked inside a suitcase. These are the things Bill Broderick and his boys have to worry about. They are backed up by an arsenal in the basement stocked with sawed-off shotguns, tear-gas pistols and gas grenades.

Committee hearings have probably been the most popular side shows for visitors this year, what with such star billings as labor bills, rent control and Lilienthal. Visitors are admitted free as long as the public seats last, but guards have had their troubles with the overflow. Some have resorted to barker techniques in an effort to distribute the crowds more evenly. When the Lilienthal hearing got all the play, sending an overflow queue snaking down the corridor, a harried guard paced back and forth chanting, "All right, folks, Armed Services hearing down the hall—immediate seating! L-o-t-s of room at the Armed Services hearing. No wait for seats!"

Chef Plans Menus for Aging Digestions

Scattered through the Capitol buildings are a number of restaurants and cafeterias for members of the Congress, employees and press. The most imposing is the Senate restaurant, ornate with gold leaf and crystal chandeliers, where senators can get a good lunch for 65 cents or a superior one for $1.75. Derwin W. Darling, formerly of the Clearwater Beach Hotel, Florida, is general manager of this establishment and prides himself on giving the senators plenty of fruit salad and no heavy food likely to impede their venerable digestions. His chef, Victor Lenzi, as temperamental as most chefs are, has been providing the fare since 1942 with no gastronomic disasters. His secret, he moodily reveals, is "lots of combination salad."

In the Capitol's nether regions are the maintenance shops run by amiable bachelor Arthur E. (Gus) Cook, the Capitol's supervising engineer. Here artisans of sundry callings see to it that the Capitol buildings' 124 elevators keep running, that the 200 lavatories keep flushing, that the $500,000 worth of copper on the roofs doesn't leak.

Thirty-five-year-old John Norton, like his father before him, is the Capitol plumber. The elder Norton spent twenty-five years guarding against burst pipes and leaky faucets. His son hopes to perpetuate a fine record, in which there was no greater diluvial disaster than a bursted shampoo hose which drenched a senator in the Capitol barbershop. The only two bathtubs in the Capitol, carved out of solid marble, are no longer in use and cause Norton no trouble.

Dean of the guides who elaborate on the points of interest to thousands of pilgrims every year is 80-year-old Charles Roger Evans, who was a congressman from Nevada from 1919 to 1921. Like an aged actor turned stagehand, Evans regales the visitors with intimate stories of the Capitol. He loves to stand on the "Whispering Stone" in Statuary Hall and sing Long, Long Ago almost inaudibly while the strange acoustics carry his song across the hall to the delight of his tourists. Evans will be 81 on August 9th and plans to celebrate his birthday by his annual climb up some 365 eight-inch steps to the dome of the Capitol.

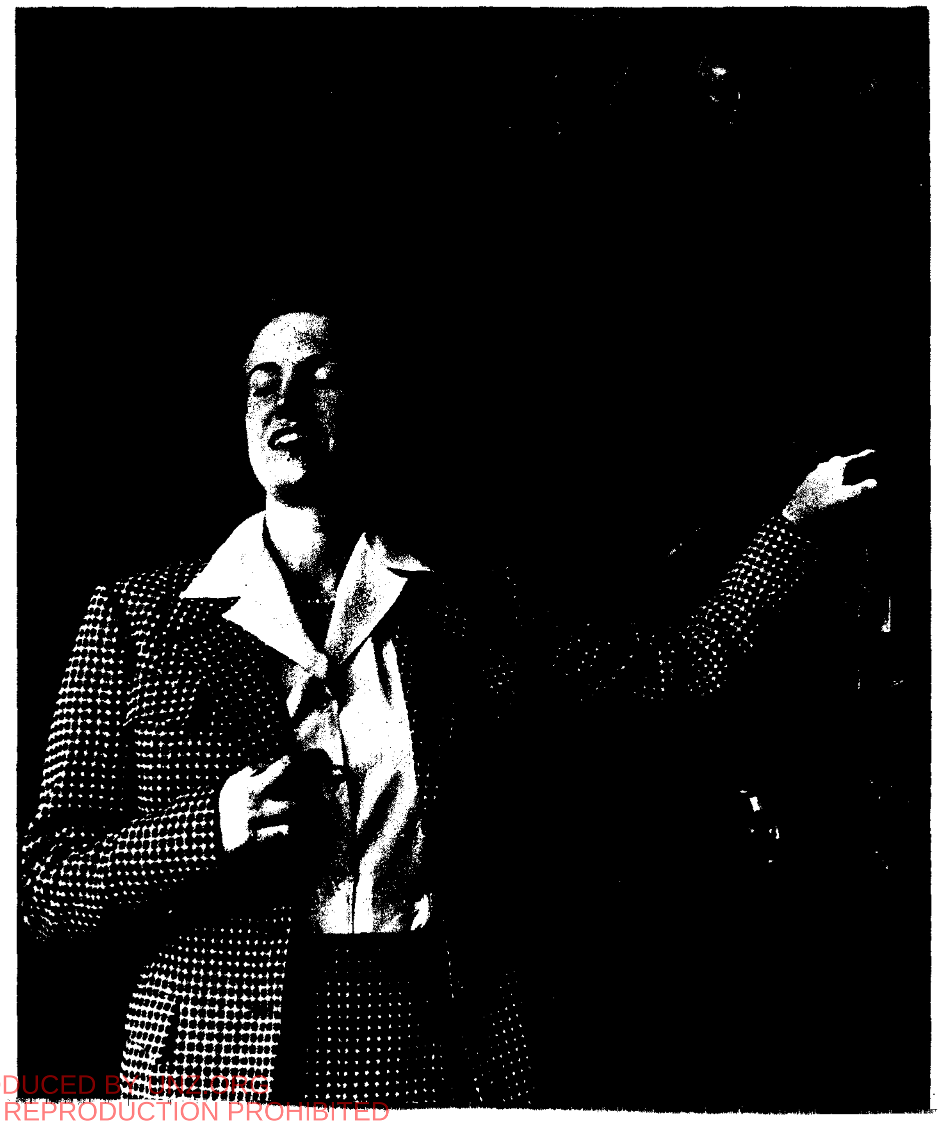
To tourists with a taste for the macabre, Evans shows blood spots on the marble stairs leading from the east corridor of the House. These remain from a duel in 1890 between Congressman William P. Taulbee of Kentucky and Charles Kincaid, a correspondent of the Louisville Times. The congressman died of bullet wounds, and the newspaperman, with whom he had quarreled over a story, was later tried and acquitted.

The cornerstone of the Capitol was laid in 1793, and the building was first occupied in 1800. Its building and rebuilding covered six periods, including reconstruction of parts fired by the British in 1814; the present structure finally was completed in 1865.

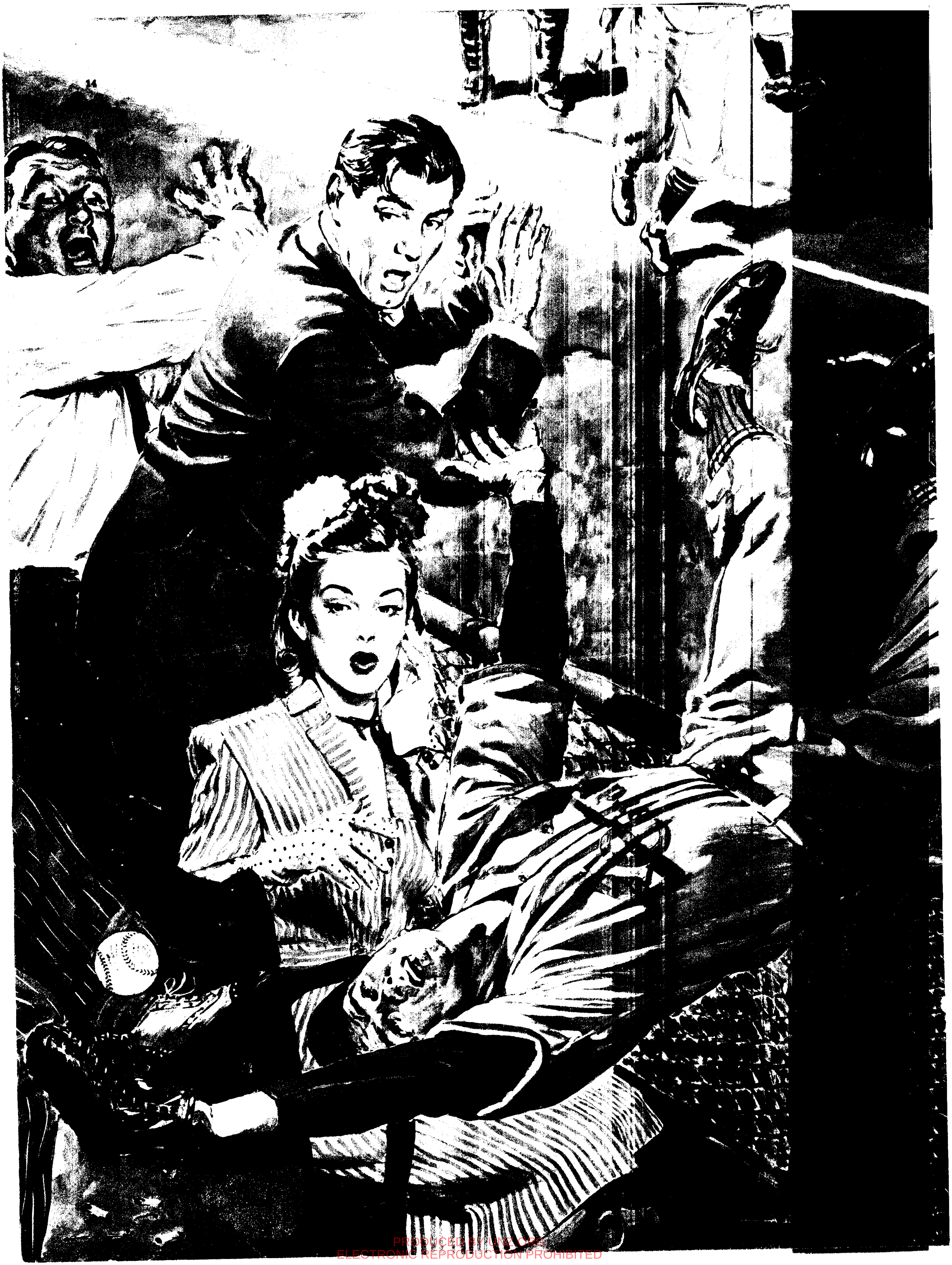
To keep its Big Top ever shining, Chief Clement Murphy of the District of Columbia Fire Department sends an engine company over once a year to hose down the Capitol. They splash water all over it, much as you'd wash an elephant, and usually bring crowds to the scene including excitable people who think the British have set it on fire again. "Naw, we just wash it down to clear away the cobwebs," Chief Murphy explains. And he always has a quick answer for those who suggest he try the same treatment in Congress. ★★★

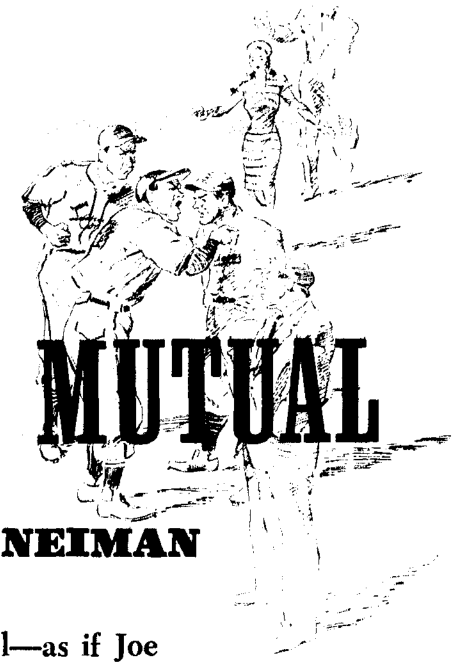
PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF

Gus Cook, Capitol engineer, views tomb intended for George Washington. It's empty. Washington's heirs refused to move body from Mt. Vernon



Revilla Wright, of Piedmont, Calif., makes a wish by rubbing bald pate of Father Perez (who wished Columbus bon voyage) in bas relief on one of Capitol doors





Mabel lets out a yell—there's a smack when the ball hits a glove—a lucky catch—and Bud Simmons is lying in Mabel's lap. The crowd is screaming

THE FEELING IS MUTUAL

BY IRVING GAYNOR NEIMAN

Mabel turns her attention to baseball—as if Joe and the Dodgers didn't have problems enough

TAKE any guy. I don't care if he's seventy years old without no teeth left, or two years old without no teeth yet, or any place in between, with teeth. If he's a man of the male sex, he's got one big problem and that's trying to figure out the women of the opposite sex.

I can save them a lot of trouble because I got the answer. All you gotta know about the women is if they're married they wanna stay that way, and if they're single they wanna get that way. Anything else that comes up is window dressin'. I'm talkin' from experience.

In my case, the woman is a redhead by the name of Miss Mabel Stooler, my girl friend. We're sittin' in her parlor this evening, enjoyin' a quiet evening at home, which is usually the quiet before the storm.

"Joey," she says, out of a clear sky, "what are you interested in?"

"Huh?" I says.

"I'm interested in the future," she says. "How about you?"

"Everybody's interested in the future," I says, which don't commit me one way or the other. "Did you read any good books lately?"

This ain't the best switch in the conversation I ever dug up but it's all I can think of right then. She don't switch.

"I don't mean just interested, like that," she says. "I mean finding out about the future, the way a party can through psychoanalyzing his dreams."

"Dreams can't tell you the future," I says. "They can just tell you you ate something wrong in the past."

"If you don't understand about modern science," she says, "then don't brag about it." She gets a thoughtful look on her face. "That's what I mean," she says.

"What?" I says.

"Definitely," she says. "If one party is interested in the future, and another party isn't interested, then it makes it very hard to have mutual interests, the way everybody says you should for a successful marriage, especially when all the other party is interested in is baseball players, the way it looks to me."

You see how she works it in? It starts out with what I'm interested in and the next thing I know we're preparing for a wedding with mutual interests. The thing about a wedding is, I'm in favor of it, but not yet. Not right away. Not so soon.

"Sure I'm interested in baseball," I says. "Especially the Dodgers, my favorite team. What's wrong with bein' interested in the Dodgers?"

"Nothing," she says, but in a frigid way. "You know what I dreamed last night?"

"Lemme see," I says. "You dreamed you was married to Tyrone Power, and you had a million bucks, and—"

"Joey," she says, real quiet.

"Okay, okay," I says. "You tell me."

"Well," she says, "I dreamed that about bein' married to Tyrone Power, only the important thing is the interpretation, according to the new book I got. Dr. Frank Freud's Magic Psychoanalysis and Dream Book."

"Hah!" I says, loud enough so she'll know what I think about this dream stuff, only not so loud that she'll get sore.

"The interpretation, in case you're interested," she says, "is that I am going to get a visitation from above in a romantic way."

I heard this line a dozen times before, each time a little different depending on whether she gets it from a fortuneteller, or from numerology, or something else like that. The idea is always that romance is comin' or she's gonna marry Tyrone Power.

"It wouldn't hurt you to get interested in dreams, also," she says, after givin' me all the details on the interpretation. "That way you would have a common interest with me."

"You could get interested in baseball with the same results," I says, feelin' pretty clever. "How about that?"

"It's a deal," she says, too quick.

"Now, wait," I says.

"I'll be interested in baseball and you'll be interested in the future," she says. "I'm glad you are finally takin' a favorable attitude toward our marriage."

Figurin' out the women ain't so tough. It's knowin' what to do about it once you get them figured that's the problem. There, I ain't doin' so hot yet.

SHE starts gettin' mutual with my interests a couple of days after this. It happens a guy who rides in my hack pretty regular gives me a couple of tickets to the Dodgers-St. Looey game, in a box, and Mabel jumps at the chance to go.

We're sittin' right back of first base watchin' the game, and the Dodgers are murderin' the St. Looeys, which is always a pleasure to watch. *I'm* watchin' the game, anyways. Mabel is lookin' around at the kind of hats the women are wearing, and complainin' about why the people yell so much, and gettin' me to buy hot dogs and ice cream.

At first I try to get interested in the game, but after she asks me a couple of questions, I give up. You know—"What's the difference between a pitcher and a grounder, Joey?" "Which is better, a strike or a fly?"—that kind of stuff.

The only other observation she makes is that the first baseman for the St. Looeys, a rookie named Bud Simmons, ain't a bad-looking guy. This is in the first inning. In the second inning she remarks that Bud Simmons has wavy hair; and in the third inning she notices he's got a dimple when he smiles.

"This is not an interest in baseball," I tell her. "This is an interest in Bud Simmons, which ain't part of the bargain."

"Me interested in a baseball player I never even met to speak to?" she says, with a little laugh. "Don't be silly." She gives the little laugh again, which is overdoing it.

The pay-off comes in the seventh inning. The Dodgers are two runs ahead, not to mention leading the league also. We're up, and Pete Reiser is coming up to bat.

"Watch Reiser," I says. "That kid is terrific."

"Is he for the Dodgers or the other team?" she says, looking very interested.

"Never mind," I says.

Reiser lets a couple of bad ones go by, and then he takes a big swing and the ball starts travelin'. It goes a long way, only practically straight up. When it starts comin' down, I can see that it's headed right for our box.

"Look out, baby!" I says. "Foul ball!"

Bud Simmons is racin' back to catch the ball. I start gettin' up to see if I can grab it for a souvenir.

"Is a foul ball the same as a curve ball?" Mabel says, with that interested expression.

IT'S the most intelligent question she asks all afternoon, but I got no time to answer her. The ball comes tearin' down. Bud Simmons makes a dive after it, right over the railing into our box.

Mabel lets out a yell, there's a smack when the ball hits a glove—a lucky catch—and Bud Simmons is lying in Mabel's lap. The crowd is screamin' its head off.

"Mabel," I holler, "are you all right?"

She don't even hear me. She looks down at her lap and says, "How do you do? My name is Mabel Stooler, and I'm pleased to make your acquaintance."

This Simmons gets back on his feet and gives her a grin with dimples.

"Glad to know you," he says. "I hope I didn't land too hard."

"Not at all," she says. "The pleasure is mutual." He gives her another sample of the dimples, then he throws out the ball to show he caught it, and jumps over the railing.

"Gee," Mabel says with a sigh.

"How do you like that jerk?" I says. "He could kill people like that. You sure you're okay?"

She's sittin' there with a faraway look on her face.

"Mabel," I says, "are you okay?"

"A visitation from above in a romantic way," she says, like she was talkin' to herself. "Come on, Joey. We better go."

"Never mind that dream doubletalk," I says, "and whaddya mean, come on? The game ain't over yet."

She stops lookin' dreamy and looks at me.

"I gotta have another dream right away," she says, "so I can get a further interpretation."

"Aw, now look—" I says.

"For goodness' sakes," she says, "I been interested in your interests all afternoon, practically. It won't kill you to let me do likewise for my own interests for the rest of the time."

So I take her home—in silence. At the door, she says, "Good night, Joey."

"Sleep tight," I says. I'm kinda mad. "Pleasant dreams." If I'd known what kind of pleasant dreams she was gonna have, maybe I woulda kept my big mouth closed.

I spend the rest of the afternoon tryin' to find a radio some place where I can hear the balance of the game. The Dodgers win, only I find out about it from the evening papers.

This same night, after I get to sleep about eleven, I'm havin' a dream. This is the result of all the ice cream and hot dogs I ate at the ball game. I'm hangin' up by my toes over a big pot of boilin' water, where people are gettin' cooked like hot dogs. When the bell rings, I'm supposed to fall into the pot. A bell rings, and I start fallin'. The bell keeps ringin', I keep fallin', only when I hit, it's the floor where I fell out of bed, and the bell is the telephone ringin'. It's three o'clock in the morning.

I pick up the phone and holler, "Hang up! You got the wrong number!"

Mabel says, "Hello, Joey. Did I wake you up?"

"No," I says, real sarcastic. "I was sittin' up to all hours knittin' a sweater. Whatsamatter?"

"I ain't sure I like your tone of voice," she says, "only I gotta tell you. It happened."

"I know it happened," I says. "It woke me up at three o'clock in the morning. Why ain't you sleeping?"

"I slept so much this afternoon I can't sleep no more," she says. "Don't you even wanna know what I dreamed, for goodness' sakes?"

I'm still half asleep, or I wouldna said what I said next, I guess.

"Are you nuts or somethin'?" I says. "Wakin' a guy up to tell him your dreams in the middle of the night?"

(Continued on page 72)

ILLUSTRATED BY AL SCHMIDT

THE SUN TAN MYTH

BY SNOWDEN T. HERRICK AND JOHN E. PFEIFFER

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DAVID PESKIN

ABOUT a hundred million Americans are going to get burned a shocking pink and deep shades of red this summer. After a tortured couple of days it may turn into a beautiful tan. At which stage they become the healthy, outdoor type, and look with condescension on their bleached, anemic fellows. All these red and blistered and tanned sufferers will be victims of a myth as old as the Pyramids and the Great Wall of China.

The sun worshipers of ancient Persia built great shrines to the glory of Mithras, the sun god. Their modern counterparts dredged Miami Beach out of the Florida mangrove swamps and made sunshine the leading industry of southern California. And all over the country otherwise sensible people prostrate themselves as a burnt offering, in their own back yards or at the nearest beach.

Regretfully, we must report that all this faith in health from the sun is based on a false gospel. For science now says that exposure of the body to sunlight is of little practical value to the average human.

This shattering statement, we realize, will result in not a blister less on the American epidermis. Even if the sun isn't as health-giving as it has been reputed, sun addicts think they're more beautiful in their coats of tan. So they gather into their congregations clinging to the elusive hope of acquiring brown beauty without too much torment.

Many erroneous theories have been advanced by the sun cult as to the health-giving properties of sunlight. One is the mammoth fable that the sun is the source of all life. Through the marvelous chemistry of photosynthesis, plants convert sunlight into energy for their growth by means of the green substance, chlorophyll, in their leaves. If sunlight is good for plants, it's good for us, too, say the sun cultists. The trouble with this cute logic is that animals aren't plants. Our bodies don't photosynthesize sunlight into energy, and won't, unless we change our anatomy.

Then there's the theory that sunlight has a "tonic" effect on the human system. This once had scientific backing, based on heliotherapy, or sun cure, a treatment often used by the ancient Egyptians and Chinese. Even some modern works claim that sunlight increases the bacteria-killing power of the blood. And at Swiss and Danish solariums it was discovered that sunlight is a big help in curing skin tuberculosis.

In Switzerland, city children sent for long vacations high in the Alps returned to their tenements, healthy, chubby and bronzed. They were looked upon as living testimonials to the value of sunshine. But remember, the kids also got fresh air, exercise, lots of rest and better food.

The truth of the matter is this. There is evidence that ultraviolet light can kill germs, but it can't kill them in the skin without severe damage to the epidermis.

Akin to this is the sunshine-gives-us-vitamins story. The only vitamin produced by sunlight is vitamin D, which prevents rickets in children and young animals.

The rub is that it is much simpler to get your vitamin D without risking the damaging effects of a burn. In nature, animals and men get most of it through eating fats. Then, too, you can get all the vitamin you need from the sun through much shorter exposures than those that produce a tan.

If it's health you seek in getting sunburned, you may as well stay pale. The tan won't help you. If it's beauty you're after, nothing will stop you. But be careful how you get it

Farthest of all from the truth is the belief that the browner we are, the less we will burn; that a suntan gives protection against the sun. Scientists say that if a tan gives you any help at all the amount is extremely small and can't be accurately estimated. All the tan does is to hide the burn.

For years, skin specialists fell for this yarn themselves. But shortly after World War I they began to suspect that a good tanning had little to do with immunity to sunburn. They tested albinos (who have absolutely no melanin, the pigment that colors ordinary skin and produces a tan) and found that the albinos' transparent epidermis acquired a certain immunity after the first dose of sunlight, and of course did not tan.

Pigmentation in Patches

Then they went to work on victims of vitiligo, an ailment that creates patches of unpigmented and normally pigmented skin side by side. After a burn the two shades of skin of the vitiligo patients got the same degree of immunity, though one patch tanned while the other remained pink.

These are, of course, abnormal cases, but the lessons drawn from them have been supplemented by conclusions derived from the study of normal skins.

There's nothing to a lot of widely accepted nonsense about the evils of sunlight either. About all a sunburn is is the equivalent of a first-degree or surface heat burn. It's not good. On the other hand, it's not very bad.

There is a relation between skin cancer and ultraviolet light, but it needn't worry any but those with the most sensitive skin. And it's not true that tropical sunlight makes the white man prematurely aged, sterile and lacking in moral character; that brains will cook if not protected by complicated sun helmets; that sunlight can damage the spinal cord. Other fallacies are based on coincidence. Hay fever was blamed on the sun before the discovery of allergies, because it occurred during the hottest time of the year. And the sun took the blame for many skin diseases with a variety of causes, because they appear mainly on the exposed portions of the body.

Let's see just what a sunburn is.

Sunlight is a product of the atomic fission constantly taking place in the sun. Ultraviolet rays, which bring us sunburn, are part of it—about two tenths of one per cent. Most of the ultraviolet from the sun is filtered out in the stratosphere by a layer of ozone, and some is stopped by clouds, dust and smoke in the lower atmosphere.

The rays that hit your skin penetrate less than three hundredths of an inch, not as deep as your skin is thick. Most of them are absorbed almost at the surface by the horny layer, a sometimes microscopically thin coating of flattened dead cells over the live epidermis.

The invisible rays of ultraviolet that sneak past this horny layer are the ones that do the damage. They kill the living cells at a rate greater than normal. In the course of the death throes, a chemical reaction takes place that leads to the effects of sunburn—medically known as erythema, edema, pruritus, desquamation and pain. That is, your skin reddens, swells, itches, peels and, of course, aches.

Sun tan comes in three ways, all as a result of exposure to ultraviolet light. First, the pigment already present in the skin moves to the surface, concentrating in the horny layer. Second, the pigment-manufacturing cells in the lower depths of the skin go to work making new pigment, which sticks with you. It's not quite permanent, as it bleaches in the winter.

Recently it was discovered that a third kind of tan is created when the bleached pigment darkens. This is the quickest of all, appearing within an hour of exposure. But don't count on getting a real tan this easy way. You've got to get burned once, to produce the pigment to be darkened.

The lifeboat Odyssey of Eddie Rickenbacker in 1942 inspired the government to sponsor sunburn research during the war. Of course, the services were not particularly interested in tan; they were looking for a sunburn preventive.

The services sought something that would reinforce the action of the horny layer. The Naval Medical Research Laboratory found that clothing is not necessarily a protection—a point for sunbathers to remember. You can get burned quite neatly through a lightweight cotton shirt. Khaki turned out to be better than white as a color, and dry clothing is more protective than wet.

The scientists then began to experiment with various preparations. Generally, they found that preventives were very hard to evaluate. But two substances have been recently recommended for the druggists' National Formulary, phenyl salicylate and titanium dioxide. Used together, the mixture can be smeared on the skin to suit the individual. It is cheap and available. And there are many proprietary substances that will similarly protect against burn.

Two Basic Facts About Skin

Nature tends to protect us from the damage done by ultraviolet rays, but there are certain principles to keep in mind.

First, remember that a sunburn is the product of two variables: your skin and the amount of ultraviolet radiation hitting that skin. Second, keep in mind that the reaction to radiation is always delayed; when your skin turns red, that's a sign you've already been burned.

The individual sunburn "threshold," or point at which your skin does turn red, changes from time to time. You can't tell in advance, from past experience, just how badly you will react to exposure.

Even more unpredictable is the amount of ultraviolet light that will puncture your hide at any given time. It varies by the hour of day, season of the year, geography and weather. No sensation of eye or touch will tell you how much you are getting.

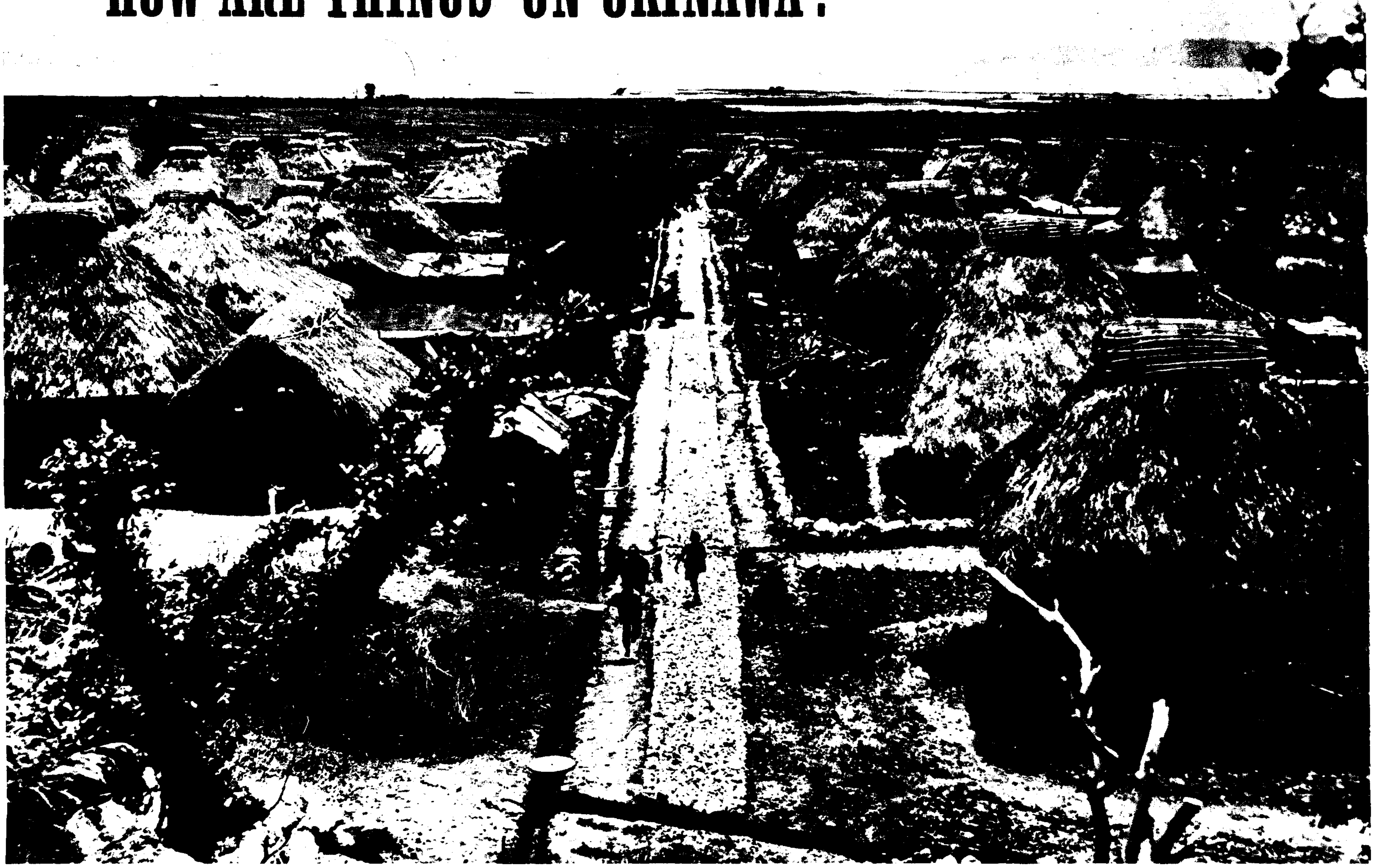
A phenomenon known as "skyshine" is responsible for many burns. This is the ultraviolet scattered in all directions by the molecules of the atmosphere, and by large particles such as water vapor. As it doesn't come directly out of the sun, you often get burned on a presumably unexposed part of your body or when you are lying under an umbrella. On a clear day the skyshine can be as strong as the direct radiation.

There is a ray of hope for the sun worshipers trying to cope with the invisible menace of the ultraviolet. It won't help you this summer, but it may in years to come. It is a device that will let you decide how long to stay in the sun in the same way that you determine whether to wear an overcoat when the thermometer stands at freezing.

With a little ingenuity, apparatus can be constructed to use a photocell as a sunlight meter. Photocells measure light, and one kind registers the quantity of ultraviolet radiation from any source. Properly designed to pick up all the skyshine, as well as the rays coming directly from the sun, the device could be set upon a beach to operate a dial for everyone to read.

Then the sun will be the servant of his followers and not a capricious tyrant, haphazardly handing out tans, burns and blisters. ★★★

HOW ARE THINGS ON OKINAWA?



Typical thatched-hut village of prefabricated houses overlooking Buckner Bay. The American housing program has produced prefabricated frames for 40,000 huts, enough to get a half-million Okinawans out of the caves and hills where they had taken refuge. The military government's goal is 100,000 of these new homes

The never-never land that fell in bloody battles two years ago has acquired a strangely American flavor that may be of increasing importance in the Orient. Today our experts see the island as a key to the future

BY WELDON JAMES

ON OKINAWA the guns have been silent for almost two years. The beaches where American soldiers and Marines stormed ashore on Easter Sunday, 1945, to begin the 82-day battle for the 67-mile-long island, are undisturbed save for the never-ending roll of the sea. The scorched earth is green again. The woods and forests of the battlefields are gone forever, but crops are growing in the fertile valleys below Hacksaw Ridge, Chocolate Top, Sugar Loaf Hill, and all the other high places where thousands of Americans died.

The people long since have returned from the hills and caves of the northern part of the island, where there was little fighting. The quiet countryside is alive with farmers tilling their little plots of land, producing 40 per cent of the food requirements of the island's 512,000 inhabitants. And most of these inhabitants, if not all, are content with the way things are going. As Gioga Shimabuku, a pottery worker, put it: "Very good prestige, being under the Americans. We hope they stay. We would like to be the Americans of the Orient."

If the War and Navy Departments have their way, the wish of Shimabuku that the Americans might remain on the island will be realized; the War Department, in particular, thinks that the 23 airstrips on Okinawa, and the three on Ie Shima, a tiny islet to the west where Ernie Pyle was killed, are worth whatever investment we might have to make.

The Army is putting in some permanent typhoon-base installations; its engineers know that Okinawa has from a dozen to forty destructive typhoons a year, and they're building to withstand the stiffest wind yet recorded. And the military government, in its campaign to Americanize Okinawa and the other islands of the Ryukyu chain, is requiring English to be taught in the schools, and is making plans for a University of Okinawa, with both native and American instructors.

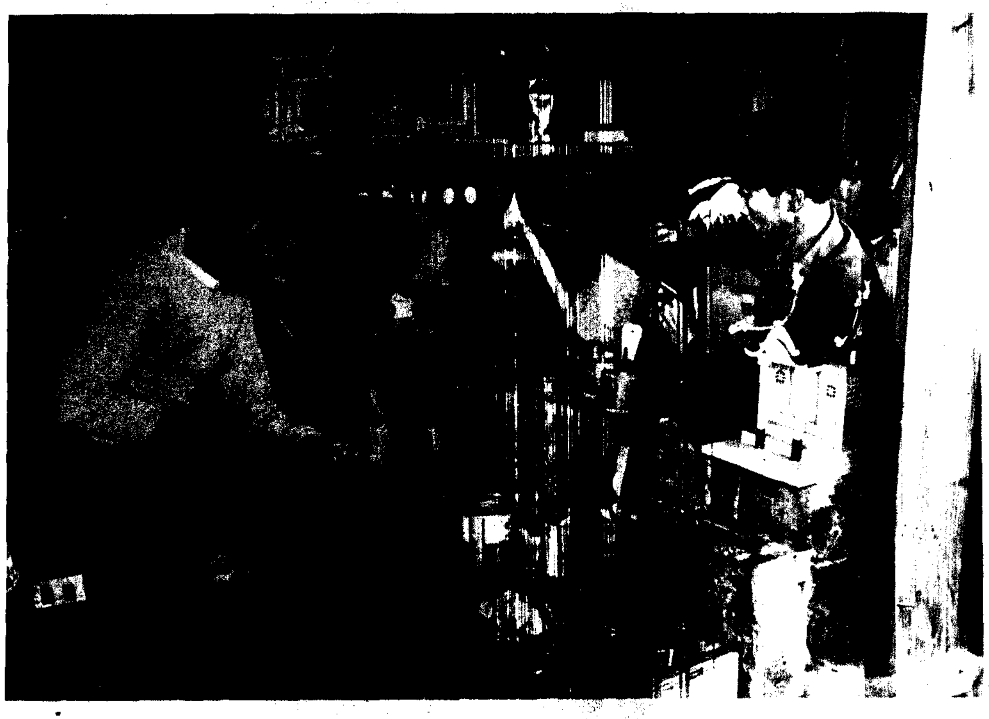
Army and Air Force officers, peering at their new-type maps, have described Okinawa as "the most important island the United States now holds, the key to stability in Asia." A high American in Tokyo was even more explicit. He said:

"Okinawa is essential to the protection of a disarmed and pacifist Japan, and air power based on the island is equally important in guaranteeing that no large-scale attacks will be launched against the American Pacific Coast. An invasion of Japan would require a large amphibious operation. With concentration of American air power at Okinawa, backed up by bases in the Marshall and Marianas Islands, it would be impossible. As far as our own country is concerned, our power at Okinawa would prevent raids on our West Coast."

Compared to the rest of the world, Okinawa after two years under the American flag is a queer place—a never-never land without labor unions, or political parties, or international complications, where never a Communist has raised his ideological banner; where murder is virtually unknown; where people spend more on the dead than on the living; where, in obedience to an ancient custom, the bones of the dead must be scraped clean by virgins.

It is the one war-wrecked land in the world where a family of eight can buy a month's supply of groceries, including delicacies from the black market, for less than $7; where a native can buy a pair of U.S. Army field shoes for 50 cents, a cotton field jacket for 20 cents, and rice at one tenth the price an American must pay.

This sixth-grade class in Japanese, English and arithmetic uses grocery crates for desks **and the pupils squat on the floor. New desks and chairs** are being built, 4,000 a month



These Okinawans support a family of nine by making small Shinto temples and household **utensils from G.I. tin ration cans. Gaily decorated temples** sell for 150 yen (three dollars)

Toyo-ko Hanagusuku, 20, whose father was killed in the battle for Okinawa, runs this power saw making frames for prefabricated huts

Although 40,000 natives are on relief, no one is starving; the United States supplies enough additional food to bring the average daily ration up to almost 1,900 calories. No Okinawan is without shelter; the housing program organized by the military government and the newly established civil government has turned out 40,000 prefabricated thatched huts, and production is steadily increasing. There are 283 schools in operation, with 4,257 teachers and 137,000 pupils. There are three hospitals and four dispensaries, staffed by native doctors and nurses.

Shimabuku, the pottery worker (and apparently the great majority of his fellow workers) approves of almost everything the Americans have done in their efforts to restore the island. He likes the 600 miles of improved roads the Americans have built, the 35 miles they've paved with asphalt, and the widening of 450 miles of native roads so jeeps can run over them. He likes the fleet of more than 600 jeeps and trucks which are operated on these roads by Okinawans, and the necessary graders, bulldozers and other machines provided by the Americans to keep them in shape.

Shimabuku likes the 47 American ships which, manned by Okinawans, keep trade going between Okinawa and the other islands of the Ryukyu chain; and the fleet of powerboats with which Okinawa fishermen bring in thousands of pounds of fish every month. He likes the sawmills, foundries, quarries, distilleries and other business and industrial establishments now operated by the military government, but which will eventually be turned over to private enterprise.

But there is one thing about the Americans that Shimabuku doesn't like, and he says so freely. He thinks they eat very curious food, scarcely suitable for humans, and he looks forward to the day when he can resume his ancient diet of sweet potatoes, rice, fish, vegetables and tea, on which he lived all his life until the Americans came. He has had more than enough of canned beef, boned turkey, coffee, and doughnuts, which is all the Okinawans can think of to make from American wheat. He will admit that "coffee and such" are better than going hungry, but he will say nothing at all good about boned turkey. His aversion to this Occidental delicacy seems to be shared by practically every other Okinawan.

"We've still got tons of boned turkey on this island," said a young military government officer. "It's good food, and we sell it to the Okinawans at a penny or two a pound. And what do you think happens? They sniff at it, laugh a little, thank us very politely—and use it for fish bait!"

Economic Picture of a Native Family

Gioga Shimabuku, a wizened little man of forty-five with a wife and six children, is typical of the industrious race which is rapidly rebuilding the island with American help and planning. He works in a pottery near the ruins of Naha, once a city of 65,000 population, which was destroyed when the 6th Marine Division took it block by block from the Japanese. He is a skilled workman, and receives comparatively high pay, 10 yen (20 cents) a day. His eldest daughter works for the local rationing board, and is paid the minimum wage of five yen 60 sen (a little more than 11 cents) a day. The family's cash income each month is thus 400 yen ($8), and on this amount the Shimabukus live very well.

For a month's food ration they pay 150 yen ($3), and they buy another two or three dollars' worth of food on the black market. This is usually sweet potatoes, of which all Okinawans are extremely fond, and which sell on the black market for four cents a four-pound package, compared to the government-fixed price of one third of a cent.

All this is supplemented by produce raised on a small plot of land, which Shimabuku owns and which is cultivated by his wife and their five youngest children. He pays no rent for his house; it was provided by the government. When he and his family came out of the hills the Americans issued clothing to them; since then Shimabuku has bought a pair of Army field shoes and a cotton field jacket, for a total expenditure of 35 yen, or 70 cents.

And, thanks to the American program for rehabilitating private industry, Shimabuku will eventually become, in a small way, a capitalist. The firm for which he works, the Tsuboya Pottery Company, was organized about two months ago with a loan of 70,000 yen from the Industry Division of the civil government. It is retiring the loan by selling shares of stock to the adults among its 70 employees. These shares sell for 50 yen each, and Shimabuku is buying one a month, as are most of the other employees except the manager and the assistant manager, who are buying two each. Their wages are 500 and 400 yen a month respectively.

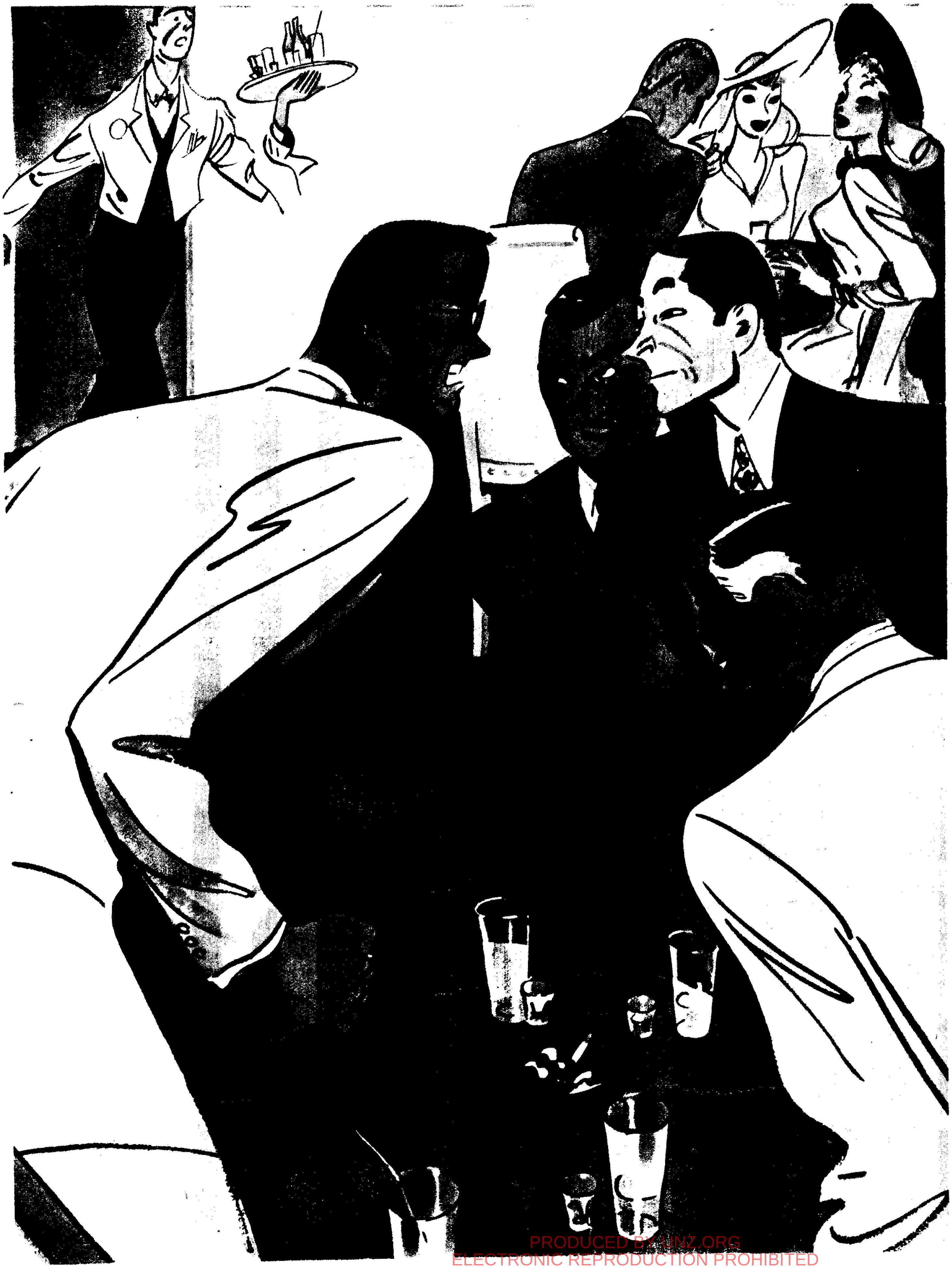
(Continued on page 64)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ACME

THE NUCLEAR FISSION OF EDWARD ANGUS GILMARTIN

BY ALBERT POPE HINCKLEY

Professor Gilmartin had a good mind for figures—and a discerning eye, too



"I'm free, white and twenty-one, too," Edward Angus said to Mr. Lacy. "And from now on, keep out of my business"

THE horrors of war seemed to have had no effect whatever on Edward Angus Gilmartin; this was through no fault of his own. He had volunteered for combat duty regularly and the fact that he had undergone nothing more rigorous than three years in the Aleutians was due solely to the ever capricious Army classification system. A naturally modest young man, he had neglected to tell the classification specialists that he was entirely at home in the fields of chemistry and physics; he gave his vocation simply as mathematician.

That meant only one thing to the erstwhile haberdasher who was growing stooped under the weight of a captain's bars in the reception center's personnel office.

Edward Angus became a pay-roll clerk in the Finance Corps. Although he was quite capable of doing the most fantastic equations in his head, when faced with longevity, rations and quarters, he became more than a little starry-eyed.

Naturally, as soon as the big brass began to be interested in nuclear fission, a hurry call was sent out for Professor Gilmartin. By the time that urgent summons had fought through the red tape, the bomb had done its work. Edward Angus finished the last few months of his military career in and around Bikini Atoll wearing, as he had intermittently for some years, the single stripe of a private first class. Finally, the Army offered him the eagles of a full colonel if he would stay and help them with their problems; when Edward Angus refused, heads were gravely shaken, but refuse he did.

A frugal person, with no regular bad habits beyond an addiction to hard work and an occasional drink, Edward Angus had actually saved money during his incarceration in the land of fog and frostbite. His carburetor was only adjusted to a very thin mixture; an occasional drink was all he could deal with.

With no immediate economic necessity to get back on the academic treadmill, he determined to spend a couple of months in private research. Several intriguing hypotheses had come up during the preparations for the Bikini show, and Edward Angus was still intrigued. He belonged to a small society of mathematicians which supported an exclusive library in New York. Taking a hall bedroom in that city, he prepared to settle down to two delightful months of unadulterated research.

He experienced no difficulty, after nearly four years, in remembering the address of the library and, after changing into civilian clothes, complete with ruptured duck, he set out for it on the very first afternoon. It was in the West Fifties and from habit, both personal and military, he walked. A healthy mind in a healthy body was a fetish with Professor Gilmartin and there was no course of training to that end for which he had not enthusiastically volunteered during his Army career. It was probably safe to say that Private Gilmartin was the only finance clerk in the whole United States Army who was thoroughly trained and conditioned to land with the first wave of commandos. . . .

The front entrance of the building, as he came up to it, seemed to have altered substantially, but his memory said that the number was correct and his feet told him that he still went down five steps to reach the vestibule. Without need for further confirmation, and intent on the list of volumes that he must immediately seek, he opened the door and stopped to identify himself to the receptionist before heading for the reading room and the stacks.

HE BOWED vaguely to a female someone who appeared in the doorway on his right.

"My name is Gilmartin. I haven't been able to use your facilities during the war, but I would very much like to make use of the reading room for a month or two if I may."

"Now I've heard it called everything," said the figure in the doorway.

"I beg your pardon?" Edward Angus was lost in the problem of whether to begin on the theories of Bush or Conant. "I asked if I might use the reading room and, of course, the stacks."

"Call it anything you like," said the voice, "just you give me your hat."

He handed over his hat, wondering if perhaps it would not be better to start with Einstein or even further back than that, and then work forward.

"I'm sorry," he said apologetically, "the place seems a good deal changed. Could you direct me?"

"That's the door right there on your left," said the voice, "but in my opinion, you're carrying all the load you can handle right now."

This seemed rather a silly remark to Edward Angus, for he wasn't carrying even a book. The war had made it difficult to replace trained personnel, he decided, and pushed open the door on his left.

Something was very definitely wrong. The room, except that it was much too dark, looked like nothing so much as a PX beer garden. As he hesitated, a man in a dinner jacket trotted up to him.

"Do you wish to sit at the bar, sir, or would you prefer a table?"

Edward Angus regarded this attendant severely.

"I'm trying to find the library."

The man in the dinner jacket recovered himself with a start.

"The gents' room is just around the corner to your right," he said in a pained voice. "Can I order you a drink now, sir?"

"Thank you very much, I'm not thirsty. Perhaps I did not make myself clear. I asked you to direct me to the reading room."

The man put his hands on his hips and regarded Edward Angus with a look that balanced a nice mixture of anxiety and fury.

"Look, friend, a joke's a joke. Did you come in here for a drink or didn't you?" he demanded.

"Certainly not!" Edward Angus was seriously affronted. Unconsciously assuming his crispest classroom manner, he said: "I wish to make use of your facilities. I'm a mathematician. My interest is in figures. Do I make myself clear?"

"Can't you ex-servicemen ever think about anything but women? I had two brothers in the Army, so I'm on your side, but this ain't that kind of a place, friend. If you want a drink and will behave yourself, you can stay."

Edward Angus stared at the man in unbelief.

"One of us is crazy," he said, as if stating an axiom in geometry.

"Well one guess will tell you who's going to win the decision. Come on, now, get on your horse—"

Edward Angus, for the first time in his sober life, thought over all the delightful possibilities offered by the intensive course that he had taken in Army judo. But the habits of a lifetime were too strong, and he turned on his heel.

"There's been a stupid mistake," he said to the girl who had taken his hat. Everything looked red to him, as he understood it always did to people who were the victims of uncontrollable furies. Even the hair of the figure facing him was a flaming challenge.

"I tried to tell you that you were down on your axles when you went in," said the red hair. "Look, sonny, why don't you go home and leave the stuff alone?"

"Is everybody out of his mind in this establishment?" Edward Angus demanded. "Or isn't this the Library for the Society of Higher Mathematics?"

"Oh, you poor thing," said the figure. "And I thought you were canned to the eyes. That place was moved up to Morningside Heights a couple of years ago."

"Why?" Edward Angus was still intent on the pursuit of elusive theorems and the question came easily.

"Why, because they're all big shots now. Haven't you heard about the atomic bomb? Those guys don't just make out your income tax any more; they're going to make over the world. What part of this man's army were you stuck in?"

The mention of the Army and atomics cleared the fog in Edward Angus' cranial cavity. He returned to the land of fact with a rush.

Before him was quite the prettiest girl he had ever seen. Her eyes were blue and direct; her nose, even through the powder, betrayed three or four highly intriguing freckles; no more of her could possibly have been crammed into the bodice of her blue dress and her hair was of a red to make sunsets jealous.

"Really," said Edward Angus, "I owe you an apology." He found he was having as much difficulty making his hands and eyes behave as would a starving man in front of a delicatessen.

"You will if you keep on looking at me like that," the girl assured him.

Furious color rushed to his face, and he pretended to search the racks behind her for his hat.

"I am Professor Gilmartin," he announced stiffly. "I had no idea that the library had moved and I am sorry to have troubled you." He abandoned the search for his hat, and his eyes returned irresistibly to the girl. "I was three years in the Aleutians," he added lamely.

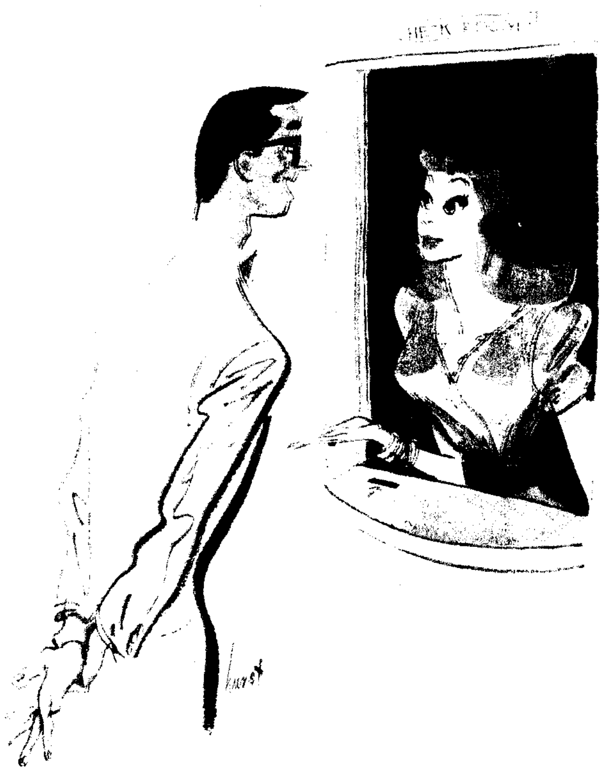
"That's tough. I have a brother spent the whole war in Iceland."

"You did?" Edward Angus brightened visibly at the news of such suffering. "We heard it was pretty rough there. Now, with us, the wind never dropped below—"

"You going to take my hat, Angie?" a voice behind him broke in.

Edward Angus turned with a start to confront a thin, sharp face which came up out of a collar whose tightness bordered on strangulation. Black, greasy hair was plastered to the skull, and if the shoulders of the coat weren't padded, the man was built like a prize fighter.

"You're looking mighty sweet tonight, Angie," said the newcomer. "This character bothering you?"



"Really," said Edward Angus, "I owe you an apology"

"Oh no, Mr. Lacy. This gentleman just made a mistake in the address. Here's your hat, Professor. You can find out where the library is now, in the phone book." She gave Edward Angus such a smile that he was halfway to the door before he remembered the tip. He found a quarter and then fell over his own feet in a renewed start for the exit.

"What's the matter with that goof?" said Mr. Lacy. "Plastered?"

"I should say not!" Angie protested. "He was looking for that library used to be here, before you opened up. He's a professor."

"Of what? He don't look to me like he could read and write."

"Mathematics, I guess. I thought he looked cute."

"He's a dope," said Mr. Lacy with finality.

STRANGELY enough, that was what Edward Angus was calling himself the next afternoon. He had found the new quarters of the Society without difficulty and his reception there had been in the nature of a triumph. The librarian had wanted to know all about his experiences at Bikini, had cursed the stupidity of an Army that would waste such brilliance on the arctic air and had immediately supplied him with the books and pamphlets that he required. Secure in a cubicle where the world could not enter, Professor Gilmartin had sat down with sharpened pencils and a block of yellow paper—sat down to two months of uninterrupted theorizing. The only trouble seemed to be the interruptions.

These, of course, were not caused by the staff, who came only when summoned, or by sounds from the outside, which were barred by all the acoustical controls known to science. They were caused by Pfc. Edward Angus Gilmartin, who heretofore had given very little trouble of that particular nature to the Professor and none at all to his superior officers. In Army parlance, the Private appeared to have ants in his pants.

It did no good to remind the Private that the Professor was interested in figures. The Private was interested in figures, too, and they weren't on paper. Equations that were as uncomplicated to a trained mathematical mind as the alphabet is to a member of the eighth grade became so confused with unknowns like red hair and blue eyes, that the Professor had to spend more time chiding the Private than he did using his pencil; and everywhere there were freckles. For the life of him, Edward Angus couldn't remember whether there had been three or four.

To decide the matter he tried drawing a nose, but it wiggled at him like a rabbit's.

"This is perfectly preposterous," Professor Gilmartin assured himself. "What I need is a good walk."

"That's a swell idea," said Private Gilmartin. "I'll go along with you."

Edward Angus thanked the librarian for his courtesy, assured him that the morrow would be no more than started when he returned, and set off blithely to conquer his distractions with that fine old puritan medicine, fresh air.

To secure what little of the country New York afforded, he headed over to the Drive and tramped downtown, breathing deep while assuring himself that he was deriving much good from it. The river stretched wide and placid on his right, children romped across his path, and he passed monuments with gratifying regularity. Both the children and the monuments appeared to be surrounded by nurses.

"That was a pretty tasty shape we just passed," said Private Gilmartin.

"You mean the one with the yellow dress and no hat—? I didn't see it," said the Professor.

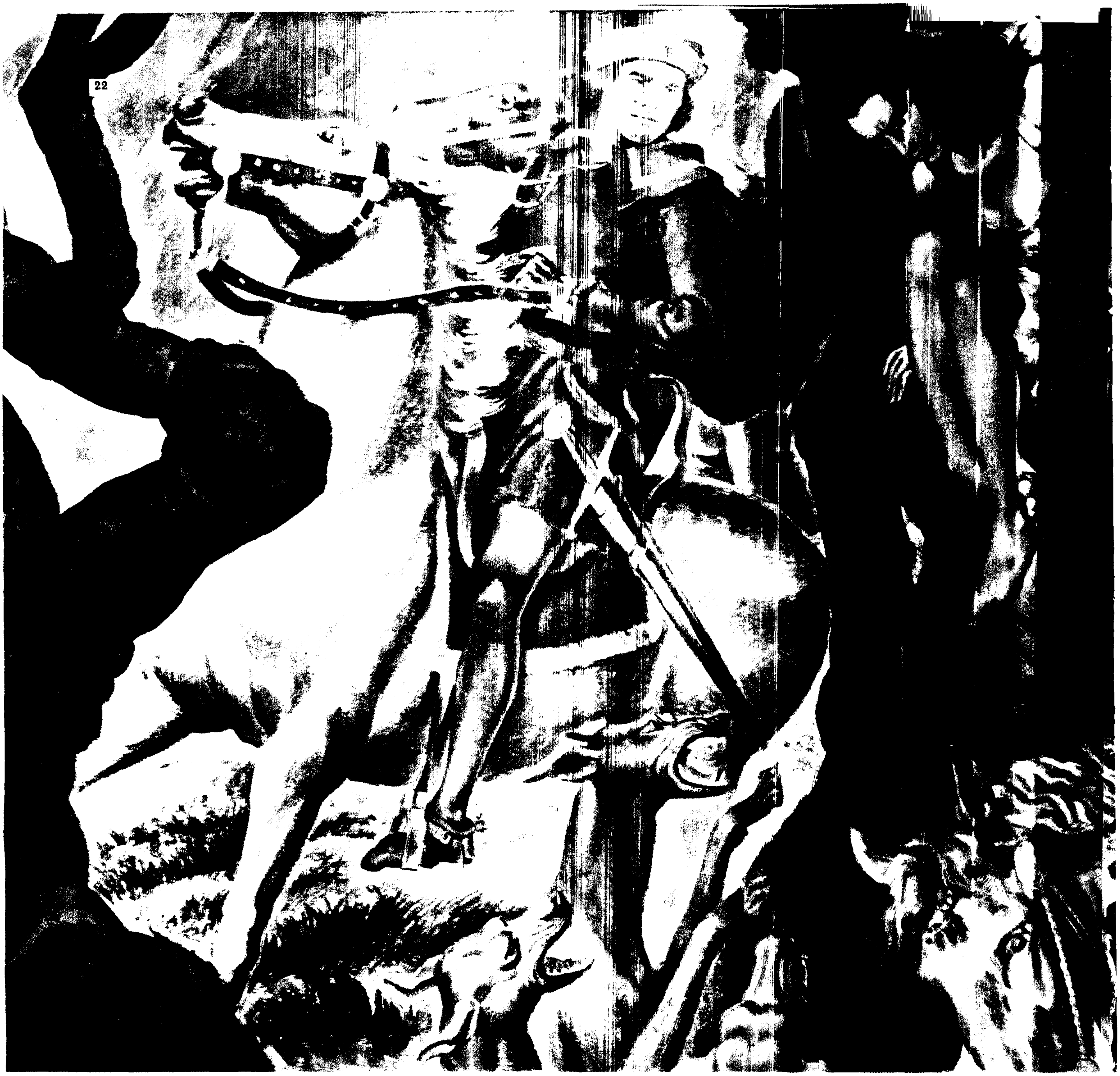
He turned east at the end of the Drive and there seemed to be a great many girls getting off busses and coming out of subways. The Professor averted his eyes but the Private was continually looking everywhere except where they were going.

Suddenly the Private said, "Let's have a drink."

"Where?" said the Professor, taken by surprise.

(Continued on page 74)

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST



MERCHANT OF VALOR

The Story:

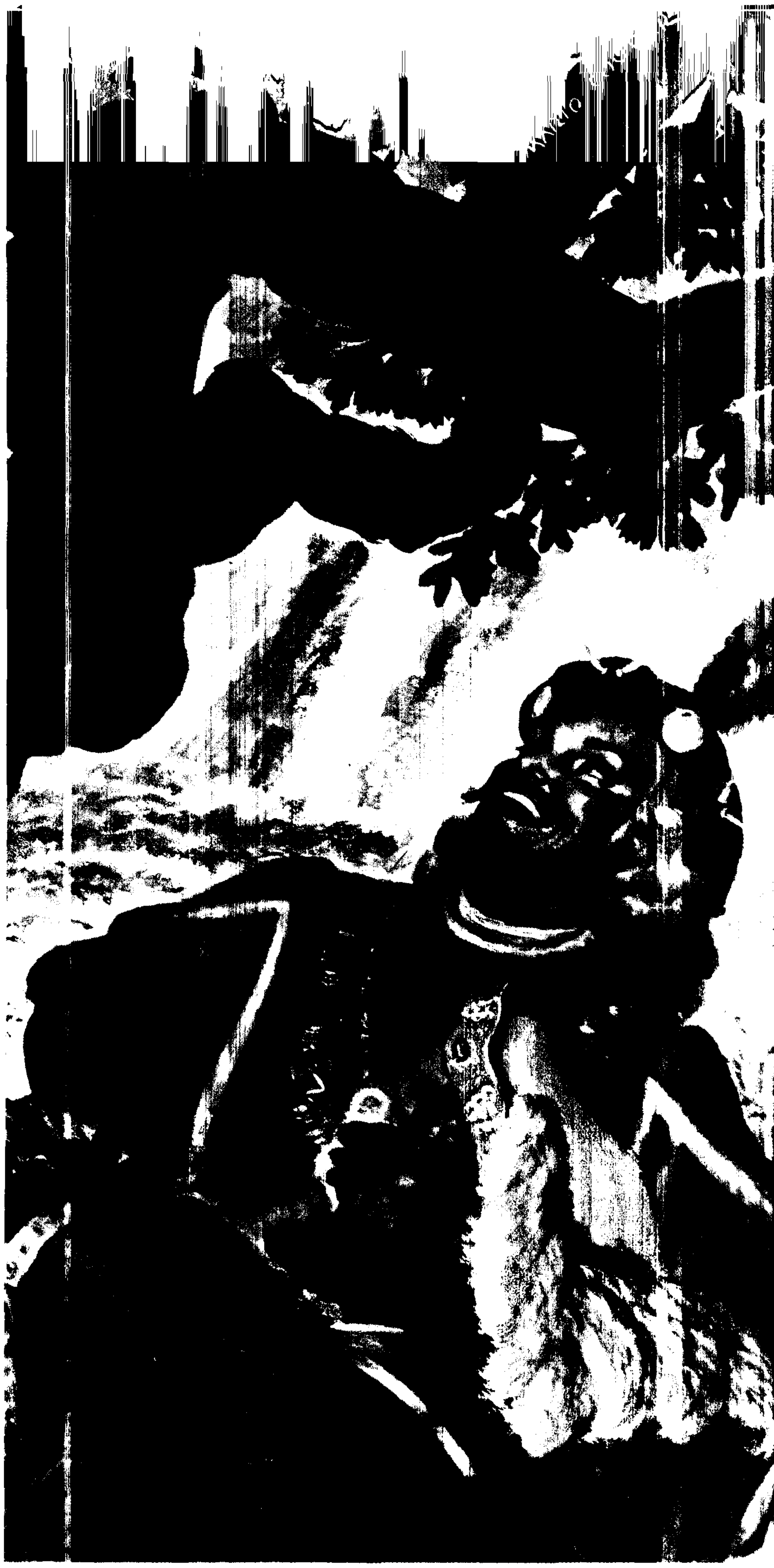
The events narrated take place in sixteenth-century Europe; Henry VIII is King of England; the Medicis rule an Italy turbulent with internal strife.

At a fair in England, big PETER CAREW, straightforward son of a wool merchant, encounters a beautiful Italian girl disguised as a fortunetelling hag. BETSY, for so he calls her, predicts Peter will go to Italy; she gives him a charm to protect him. Shortly afterward, Peter is sent by his father to transact business in Florence.

The first night he is in Italy he comes upon a cheerfully unscrupulous friar searching his baggage. Shortly thereafter Peter saves a powerful nobleman, GIOVANNI DE' MEDICI, who is being attacked in a dark street by assassins. As predicted by Betsy, Peter and Giovanni, who is the leader of a free-lance army, known as the Black Bands, strike up a friendship.

The next day at a carnival in Florence, Peter recognizes the fortuneteller, Betsy—this time disguised as an apprentice boy. Haughtily she demands that he return the charm she had given him in England. Just as he gives it to her, Peter is arrested by agents of CARDINAL PASSERINI. From him Peter learns that the "charm" was in reality a stolen letter of critical interest to the Pope; when Peter refuses to divulge the identity of the letter's recipient he is led away toward prison and the torture chamber.

A mob delivers him from his captors, and he is whisked off to a nunnery, where he is brought into the presence of a fabulously lovely woman. It is Betsy again. "Wilt thou not serve me?" she asks, smiling. Peter's blood turns to water. As if under a spell, he nods helplessly.



"In my land we do not harry maidens with dogs, nor tree them like wild beasts," I said. "In this country," said the handsome one, "we do what gives us pleasure"

CONTINUING THE EXCITING STORY OF ROMANCE AND HIGH ADVENTURE

BY CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

II

I AWAKENED in the morning in a soft, clean bed in a tiny cell in the convent; food was brought to me, and I was much refreshed. But as full recollection returned to me, I was ill at ease because, through no fault of my own, I was a fugitive and like to come to my death if the Eight should lay hands upon me. Though my father's business had been well in hand, I despaired of bringing it to satisfactory conclusion, for Florence would be no safe spot for me.

While these thoughts were vexing me, one came to my door and summoned me. I followed to that fine room where I had first seen the girl Betsy arrayed as a great lady, and there she awaited me again, and once more I was overcome by the beauty of her and the mystery of her.

"Messire Pietro," she said at once, "we must be rid of you. Cardinal Passerini and the Eight have loosed an order against you—that you be found and brought to them."

"For which," said I, "I have only thee to thank."

Her lip curled. "Does the sword thank the arm that wields it?" she asked. "Or the needle thank the fingers that ply it?"

"The sword hath no soul," I answered, "nor hath the needle a heart. But a human man doth possess both and is not to be used as if he were but a thing of steel or wood."

"I had need of thee," she said. "Who will not serve freely in time of need must be made to serve by guile or force."

"That," I told her, "is a heartless saying and cruel. Who are you that hides under the disguise of hag and scullery maid and apprentice boy and noble lady? Against me you have practiced treachery. What wider treachery do you plot? Whom dost thou serve?"

"I serve a purpose that is above thy base understanding," she said. "Who or what I am is nothing to thee."

"Nothing, perchance, but the loss of life, which is precious to me," I answered.

I hated her and I feared her, yet I was drawn to her so powerfully that my head swam with it. I deemed this the result of some evil charm which she had put upon me, but, knowing it full well, I was not strong to resist it.

She made her eyes to narrow and peered at me with a strange expression which I could not read. "There is honesty in thee, and loyalty and stubbornness. Why didst not betray me to the Cardinal? He would have rewarded thee with a castle."

"It was not for thee I stood silent," I said angrily, "but because the man made my gorge to rise, and the sullen brat that hungered unnaturally to see me stretched upon the rack."

She smiled in a queer, mysterious way and said, "Whatever the reason, it compels me to save thy neck. So I shall pluck thee out of this city and send thee to safety."

"Where should I find safety?" I asked.

"With wife and train Giovanni de' Medici left Florence yesterday for Trebbio."

"Art thou friend to My Lord Giovanni?"

"I be friend to no Medici," she said. "Nevertheless of all the spawn, he alone is without guile and, now that Bayard is dead, the most knightly man alive. The evil Medici blood hath been cleansed by joining with the blood of his great mother. He will protect thee for the mere sport of thwarting the Cardinal."

"I would back to England," I told her.

"Dost mind the crystal into which you gazed? When I was witch and teller of fortunes?"

"I remember well." I made the holy sign. "'Twas black magic."

"Nay. It was true picture. Ere thou comest back to England many things must be fulfilled."

"The devil hath given thee power to read the future?"

"Nay." She shivered a little. "I know not if the power come from God or Satan. But I can make others see pictures in the ball. And they be true pictures. Now—My Lord Vitello Vitelli leaves the city at noon, journeying to Bologna. The gates will be watched for thee. But thou shalt ride in his train and pass safely. Under the robe and cowl of a monk. The abbess of this holy house hath asked the favor of him."

"It was not thou that asked it?"

She shook her head. "Thou wilt be but a monk riding on errand for the abbess. Betray not thyself to any."

"You accomplish all things by guile and deception," I said bitterly.

"What other weapons hath a woman but guile and deception—and beauty?"

"There be also," I said, "truth and modesty and virtue, so that men will do her bidding for honest love of her."

"Honest love is for scullery maids." She rang a little silver bell that she lifted from the table. "Go to thy cell and don friar's robes for the journey."

"I would prefer an honest sword and corselet of steel."

"They await thee on the road," she said. "Farewell, Messire Pietro. Go with God."

"Shall I see thee again?" I asked, and was wretched at the thought of parting from her.

She merely smiled.

And so I passed from her presence and went to my cell where the brown habit of a friar awaited me and I donned it over my proper clothing, and put sandals upon my feet and awaited the outcome.

FOR an hour I sat alone. Then I was summoned, and passed out into the street where saddled mules awaited me and another clothed like myself who said he was to be my guide. We rode through narrow streets until we joined the cavalcade of this Vitello Vitelli. And with this company of twenty men we passed unchallenged through the Porto al Prata and into the smiling country beyond.

In those troubled days the roads were unsafe to travelers who could make no display of armed numbers. Unpaid soldiers deserting from the armies or from bands of *condottieri* took easily to the trade of robbery, and more honest men, dispossessed of their homes by the tramplings of war, had been driven by hunger to take to the hills. In Milan the plague raged and it seemed that God had seen fit, in His wisdom, to give over northern Italy to rapine, fire and starvation.

My guide and I rode for some ten leagues with the company until we came to a tiny inn—a crude, forbidding shelter standing stark beside the road. Here we separated ourselves from My Lord Vitello, who called jocularly over his shoulder, warning us to sleep with one eye open lest a rascally landlord slit our throats in the night to rob us of our very sandals. But the inn, when we entered it, was better than the promise of its exterior, and the landlord, a thin, tall man with honest face, made us welcome and provided us with pleasant wine and the remains of a pasty upon which we fell hungrily. He stared at my left hand upon which I wore the King of England's ring.

"By that I am to know thee," he said. "But my advice to thee is that

(Continued on page 35)

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

SHOWDOWN WITH THE BOSS

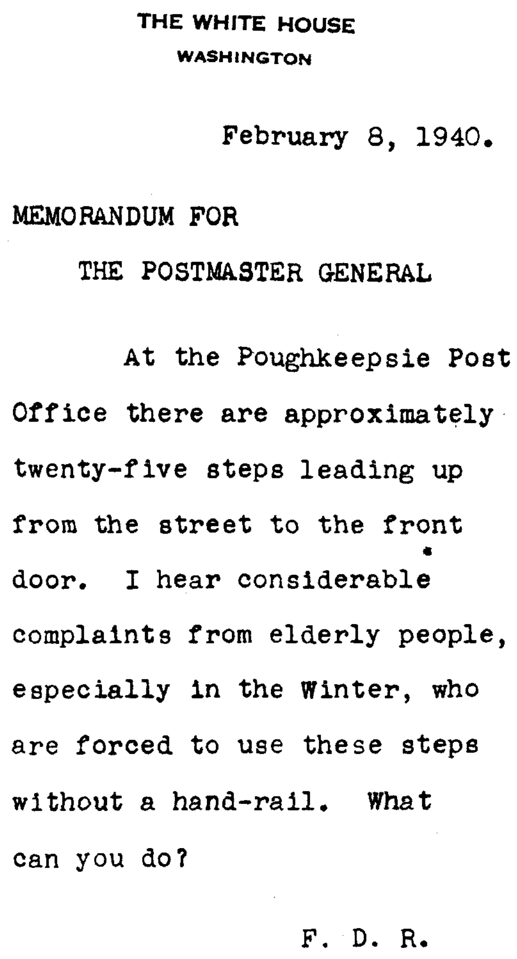
WHY I BROKE WITH ROOSEVELT–IV

BY JAMES A. FARLEY

"Presidents find it hard to believe anyone can fill their chairs," Jim Farley told Vice-President Garner. But the time had come for a declaration of intentions. Here is a straightforward account of the elaborate political maneuvering which led to the President's third term

© HARRIS & EWING

Talk of a rift between Roosevelt and Garner continued. But "Cactus Jack" told Farley he had more affection for F.D.R. than any of the crowd around him had


THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

February 8, 1940.

MEMORANDUM FOR
THE POSTMASTER GENERAL

At the Poughkeepsie Post Office there are approximately twenty-five steps leading up from the street to the front door. I hear considerable complaints from elderly people, especially in the winter, who are forced to use these steps without a hand-rail. What can you do?

F. D. R.

No detail of his Administration was too trivial for the President to consider. Here is a routine memo which he sent to Jim Farley early in 1940

BY UNANIMOUS consent, politics took an enforced holiday at the outbreak of the war in Europe. I saw the war come and it was not a pretty sight, even though I was spared the witnessing of scenes of carnage and destruction.

I had gone abroad with my daughters, Betty and Ann, and Edward Roddan of the Democratic National Committee, in July of 1939. On September 3d, when Britain declared war, we were homeward bound.

No one was more happy than I to set foot on American soil again.

Shortly after my return, I had lunch with the President.

"Boss," I began, "we are to all intents and purposes in a state of war. I think that at this time politics should be adjourned. The people aren't interested in politics; they are interested in their country and in their families."

"Jim, you have hit the nail right on the head," he replied with hearty cordiality. "You were never more right. I feel exactly the way you do."

"I wonder whether it would not be a good idea to cancel the Jackson Day dinner?" I suggested.

"I don't think there will be any necessity for that," he answered slowly. "We could bring in a few Republicans and make it a bipartisan affair."

"I'm afraid it might look as though we were trying to talk politics at a time when we were urging national unity," I said, "but there's no need to make a decision this minute."

"Jim, we are on a day-to-day basis now," he said seriously. "Our foreign policy may shift within twenty-four hours or within an hour. The same is true of domestic matters, including politics. You remember, before you went away, I said I would have to make my position clear on the third term early in the year. Now it looks as if I could do nothing until the spring—March or April."

"That makes sense to me," I agreed. "I think it would be a mistake to have anyone connected with the Administration make political speeches at this time."

We then fell to a discussion of the international situation, hinged on my trip. I told him I regretted that I had not had a chance to visit England. I asked how Ambassador Kennedy was getting along. As usual he was critical of Joe, whom he never really liked.

"You know," he explained confidentially, "Joe has been taken in by the British government, the people and the royal family. He's more British than Walter Hines Page (American ambassador to Britain in World War I). The trouble with the British is that they have for several hundred years been controlled by the upper classes. Therefore the policy of the British government relates entirely to the protection of this class."

In prewar days the President was never very generous before me in his references to the British. He was forever expressing doubt that Britain would ever go through for anyone else, declaring they were for England and England alone all the time.

The President switched the conversation to a consideration of the War Industries Board, headed by Edward R. Stettinius, Jr., son of a former J. P. Morgan & Company partner.

"When they turn in their report, I think I'll put them on the shelf," he said musingly. "I realize fully that they are under the Morgan influence. If the war industries are dominated by the Morgan crowd, they will do all the

ACME

At the Jackson Day dinner of 1940, Secretary of State and Mrs. Cordell Hull chat with Postmaster General Farley. Hull refused to capitalize on his accomplishments in office to have his name announced for the Presidency. While Roosevelt was telling others that Hull was his choice to succeed him, he never told Hull

business and make all the money. The Morgan crowd has been bitterly opposed to me and all I have advocated."

"Boss," I began lightly, "I'd like to say a word for a fellow I know quite well—James A. Farley."

"Why, Aloysius," he laughed.

"If you set up any organization to control the activities of government and business, I could head it up and do a better job than anyone else."

"Jim, I think you have something there," he said. "But what opposition would come from your being Democratic chairman? I wouldn't want you to give that up."

"I don't think there would be any objection, although I'd be glad to step out," I said. "I could handle the matter by saying politics had been adjourned as far as I was concerned."

"I think it might be worked out," he said.

I told the President the affairs of the post office were in good order and did not need my attention every moment. I asked him not to give his decision at once but to give my suggestion every consideration. He said he would do that. But I never heard of it again.

Urging Neutrality Repeal

The President asked me to talk to members of Congress in behalf of neutrality revision. On September 22, 1939, I went to the White House to report on the situation.

"Boss, if I may say so," I added, "I wouldn't let my personal feelings interfere with my relations with Congress. All your friends will be for repeal. I think it is absolutely necessary that you avoid friction in order to have a united country behind you. And to be perfectly frank, it will strengthen the Democratic party. I think you made a good start seeing Senator Glass."

"Yes, I had an interesting talk with Carter," he said. "You know, he's going to make a short speech in favor of neutrality repeal. That's real progress."

"How are you getting along with O'Mahoney?" I asked.

"Splendidly," he said. "Joe came in and asked how he could help on neutrality repeal, then answered the question by saying he thought he could help by talking to Senator Maloney of Connecticut."

"I think you should see some of the others who have been on the other side of the street," I said. "How about seeing Senator Tydings of Maryland?"

"I would be glad to if there was something we could discuss," was his answer.

On October 2, 1939, I called former Governor Alfred E. Smith to congratulate him on the radio speech he had delivered the night before in behalf of neutrality revision. He bowled me over by reporting he had received a congratulatory message from Roosevelt. He and the President had long been going their own ways.

I was most pleased to see the President so interested in healing the split within the party. But I still felt that the time was not one for politics. I confidently expected to be in the national defense picture and was willing to let politics rest.

About this time I rode up to the Capitol to have lunch with Jack Garner in his office. The Vice-President greeted me with an expression of regret that I could not join him in "striking a blow for liberty," as he invariably described the rite of drinking.

"Jim, you don't drink, you don't smoke, and you don't run out of harness—don't you have any vices?" he asked jokingly.

"Only politics," I answered in the same spirit. "And Mrs. Farley considers that worse than gum chewing, my other bad habit. She's trying to break me of both."

Mr. Garner Goes on Record

"Politics is what I invited you up here for," he said more seriously. "I want to tell you exactly where I stand so that you can govern yourself accordingly. As you know I am opposed to the third term. I don't know what the Boss is going to do, but I know he doesn't dislike third-term talk and he's doing nothing to discourage it."

"That's only natural," I put in. "Presidents find it hard to believe anyone can fill their chairs. Alice Longworth told me her father (Theodore Roosevelt) began to worry about the future of the country as the time came for him to turn over his office to Taft. Joe Tumulty said that Woodrow Wilson had similar fears and Coolidge spent restless nights in his final days down the Avenue. Not that they wanted to stay particularly; they didn't like to see themselves replaced."

"Maybe so," he said thoughtfully. "I am not worried about the Boss. It's those people around him. All they are interested in is staying in power. I don't think that they give a damn for the Boss at heart. They would climb onto Wallace's coattails if they thought they could sell *him* to the people. Wallace is a dangerous character, Jim, not because he's bad at heart, but because he doesn't know where he's going."

"I agree with you thoroughly on the men around the President," I said. "I am convinced that those about him have no genuine affection for him or they would not ask him to carry them along. I doubt if he can stand the strain of another four years, particularly war years."

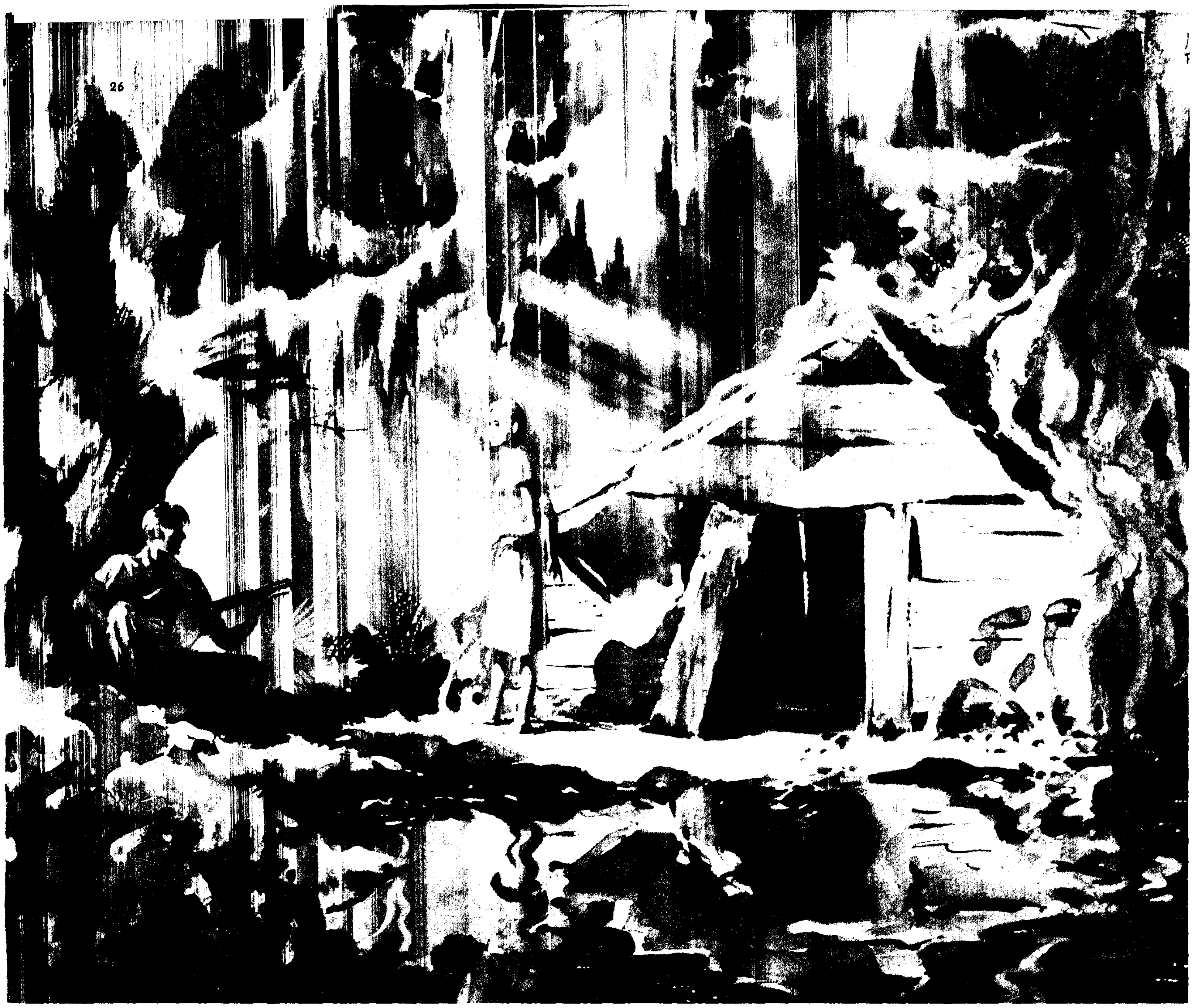
"God knows I hope nothing happens to him," Garner said earnestly. "He and I have had our differences, but I have more honest affection for him in my little finger than they have in their whole bodies. I don't want anything to happen to him and I don't want his job. But I can't swallow this third-term business. I absolutely will not run with him for a third term. I don't want to run for anything, but if no one else will come out against him for a third term, I'll do it, even if it's only for the record."

"I feel the same way," I told him. "There is only one thing that would cause me to change my mind about the third term and that is if the very existence of the country were threatened. I don't mean just a threat, but actual danger."

"I don't want him to run again," Garner said, "whether we are at war or not. I see a dangerous precedent in this third-term business. The Boss could never be a dictator, but someone might come along who could be."

On October 27, 1939, I had lunch with the President right after Henry Wallace shattered the unnegotiated truce on partisan politics. With the 1940 Presidential election a year and eleven days off, the Secretary of Agriculture told an audience at Berkeley, California, "The war situation obviously makes it clear that the

(Continued on page 83)



"Who are you?" Becky asked. "I'm Cull Bence, ma'am," said the man. "Ain't a mother's son of us amounted to a hill of cow beans in three generations"

STRANGLER FIG

—Its life was the death of beauty

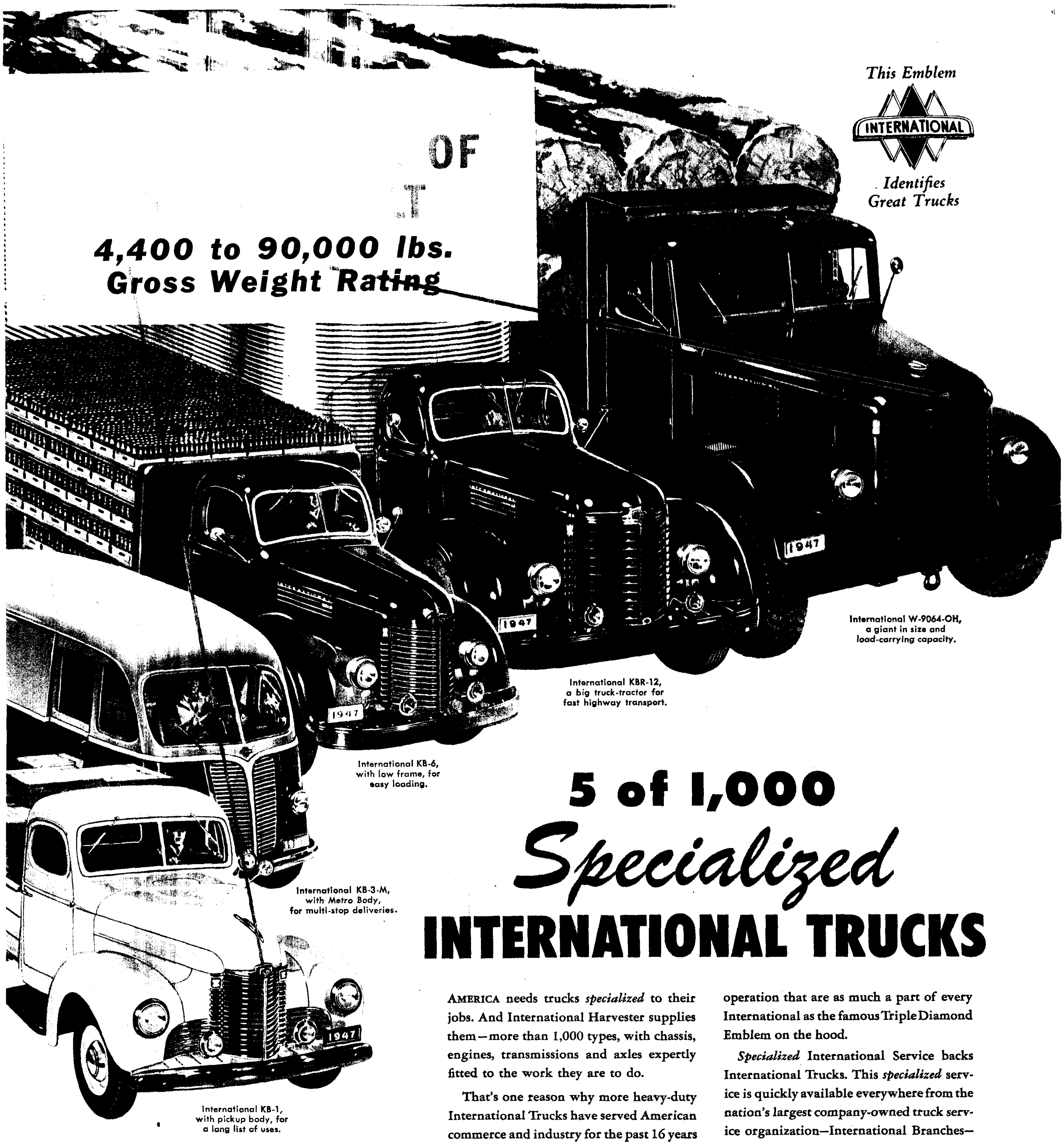
BY WILLIAM FULLER

BECKY stood stiffly on the back steps of the small frame house in the clearing until she saw her husband's truck disappearing around the first curve in the rutted road. Her sense of release was immediate. Swiftly on bare feet, she padded into the bedroom she shared with her husband. She opened the bottom drawer of the bureau that squatted in the corner of the room. She groped quickly beneath muslin for the three paper-thin reproductions of paintings that Lonnie Rand, the storekeeper in Fruitville, had given her months before. She had hidden them away, waiting for Norlee's first-of-the-summer trip to Arcadia. Now she spread them on the patchwork quilt of the bed, sighing in admiration, trying to decide which was her favorite.

Niagara Falls was pretty, she decided. That Grand Canyon was fine. Mighty fine. But the Gloucester Fisherman, the sailboat slanting through that bright and maddened sea, well—Becky reckoned that was about the finest of the three. That one reminded her of the time—five years before, when they had first been married—that Norlee had carried her across the state to a place called Tarpon Springs. She had seen boats there, boats with

(Continued on page 58)

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN PIKE



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HOLLYWOOD'S MILLION-DOLLAR SHOESTRINGS

BY CAMERON SHIPP

You too can be a movie producer. All you need is an idea, a little cash and a tolerance for headaches. If you doubt it, take a look at the flock of independents making much from little

The King Brothers—Morrie, Frank and Hy (top)—launched themselves on the arts with an improved version of the claw machine. Now they're all wrapped up in producing films

HAPPEN to have $800,000, mister? $200,000? $5,000? $500? No? Well, don't give it a second thought. Do you have an idea? No idea? That does make it a shade more difficult—but you *know* somebody with an idea, no doubt? All right.

You are now in business as a Hollywood motion-picture producer and you stand to make one million dollars this year, on which the nice men in Washington will smile indulgently and demand a mere 25 per cent capital-gains tax. That is, this charming possibility is wide open to you unless you insist on such stultifying devices as cost accounting, art for art's sake and eight hours' sleep every night.

The opportunity may not last long, for a very practical reason indeed: Hollywood is rapidly running out of stage space for all its would-be producers. But until the last stage bursts its seams, splattering excess adrenalin and glamor over southern California's French pastry landscape, Hollywood is the republic's last roaring frontier of free enterprise, *laissez faire,* and the good old-fashioned custom of pyramiding shoestrings into fortunes.

In fact, independent motion picture production is already very Big Business. One hundred and fifty free-as-the-birds entrepreneurs will manufacture around $100,000,000 worth of film during 1947. The Society of Independent Motion Picture Producers, a lusty organization comprised of 25 of the healthiest independents, is now headed by Donald Nelson, a gentleman who grew accustomed to large-scale operations as executive vice-president of Sears-Roebuck and as War Production Administrator.

Ex-dentists, ex-theater managers, ex-publicity men and a startling proportion of actors, actresses, directors and writers are becoming producers faster than you can mutter "Louella O. Parsons." How come? And in particular, how?

The opportunity exists for two sound reasons. First, the federal courts have loosened up distribution markets, breaking the theater monopolies of the majors; and second, the major studios are making bigger but fewer pictures.

Consider the Brothers King (formerly Morrie, Frank and Hy Kizinsky), who operated slot machines in Los Angeles a few years ago. They launched themselves in business with a simple but shrewd improvement on the claw machine, which operates on the grab-bag principle. They offered expensive wrist watches and cigarette lighters, which, to be sure, the cash customers found as difficult to capture as cheap gewgaws, but which raised the machine's income from $5 to $200 a week.

From claw machines, the Kings advanced in the art world to slot-machine movies, for a while with a distinguished partner—Cecil B. de Mille. This alliance lasted for days only.

"It took too long to get in to see De Mille," says Morrie. "Guess he has an inferiority complex. And his ideas

Its cleaner, brighter Taste means cleaner, brighter teeth! New Pepsodent, the only tooth paste containing Irium, removes the film that makes your teeth look dull— uncovers the natural brilliance of your smile!

Pepsodent
DENTAL CREAM · CONTAINS IRIUM
Pepsodent

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS COMPANY

Use Pepsodent twice a day—
see your dentist twice a year

keeps bugs away from your . . .

porch and doors

outdoor fun

favorite service station

drive-in, amusement park, and road-side stand

Better visibility in smoke, fog and smog, too!

enjoy delightful summer evenings with the light most bugs don't like.

the original "INSECT-REPELLENT" LAMP

cuts attraction for pesky night-flying insects as much as 92%

Use them for all outdoor lighting.

Get them at your favorite store today . . . 60 watt, 25¢; 100 watt, 35¢ plus Fed. tax.

A PRODUCT OF VERD-A-RAY CORPORATION

TOLEDO 5, OHIO

MAKERS OF VERD-A-RAY PASTEL GREEN LIGHT BULBS.

about pictures for slot machines were to have Sally Rand and some trapeze artists for performers.

"Now, you know yourself, if you're out with a girl relaxing at a bar, you don't want any bubble dancer or acrobat interfering. You want some good music, like Crosby, maybe. De Mille might make big epics, but for us he didn't have class."

The Kings went out of the juke-box movie business fast, brooding over De Mille.

"What is this movie racket, anyway?" asked Morrie. "If De Mille can lick it, why can't we?"

They knew nothing about the art of motion pictures, but they knew what they liked. They liked an idea they had about two orphans, a boy and a girl, who grew up in a life of crime and dirty politics.

Morrie met Jack La Rue, the actor, at the races. La Rue was betting ten-dollar bills.

"Like to bet hundred-dollar bills?" Morrie asked him.

"Yeah," said La Rue.

"You're in my picture," said Morrie.

Rochelle Hudson applied as leading lady, but she turned up with two agents. The King Brothers winced, said they'd let her know if anything turned up. Joan Woodbury heard about the new picture, dropped in to see if these wild men perhaps had something.

Morrie asked her to wait while he went next door and borrowed a chair. Joan said not to bother and sat on the floor. The King boys beamed, figured that was exactly the kind of star they needed and signed her to a run-of-the-picture contract—exactly six days.

Nice Profits from a Cheapie

The picture they made, subsequently released as Paper Bullets, cost exactly $18,000. According to the Kings' deal with Producers Releasing Corporation, they received $19,500 on delivery of the film and 50 per cent of the profits. Paper Bullets grossed $750,000 during its first run, and is now fetching in a handsome $2,000 per month from the foreign markets.

This coup enabled the Kings to make the most sensational low-budget picture of all time, the smash hit, Dillinger, which they turned out in 23 days at a cost of $180,000. Dillinger grossed $2,000,000 domestically, and is currently breaking records in England, India and South America.

Now well-heeled, the ebullient King Brothers are marching rapidly onward and upward. Their latest picture is a big Class-A production costing close to $1,000,000. But the Kings are faithful to the mob and scornful of carriage trade. The new picture is called The Gangster.

The King story is reasonably typical. It is especially representative in this respect: As soon as your small independent begins to lay hands on respectable cash, he spends more on his pictures, moves up, and makes way for the next man with a borrowed shoestring.

Edward A. Golden, a ruddy-cheeked benevolent character universally known as "Doc," practiced dentistry in Boston, drifted into motion-picture distribution because his office was over a theater and wound up as a Hollywood producer as a result of his interest in an educational campaign on syphilis.

Doc sponsored a cheap nine-day picture, called No Greater Sin. This film, which was later approved by the U.S. Public Health Service, made a little money because its subject matter lent itself to sensational exploitation.

Doc let most of his profits trickle through his fingers and decided to recoup with another picture. He read a magazine condensation of Gregor Ziemer's book, Education for Death, sought out the author and pressed $500 on him for a 30-day option.

In Hollywood, Doc got to know every studio receptionist by her first name, being thoroughly rejected by every lot in town, until RKO, which was in corporate distress, decided they might risk a few dollars on a good title before the receivers closed in. The good title which exploitation-wise Doc had applied to Ziemer's work was Hitler's Children.

RKO gambled a pittance, a mere $175,000—the price of one good star name in most A productions—and 21 days of shooting on Hitler's Children, hoping to get the money back with a reasonable profit. The picture grossed $3,500,000, put the studio on its feet financially, and showered fortunes on virtually everybody associated with it.

Author Ziemer, an ex-schoolteacher, received $5,000 cash and 50 per cent of Doc's profits as his share. Eddie Dmytryk, who had been called in to direct the last eleven days' shooting when another director fell ill, bounced to fame and made Murder My Sweet. Bonita Granville became a star. Emmett Lavery, who had written the screen play and retired to the Smith College campus to teach when RKO dropped his option, returned to Hollywood as one of the highest-priced writers in town and became president of the Screen Writers Guild. Doc's son, Bob, a literate Amherst graduate, became an associate producer.

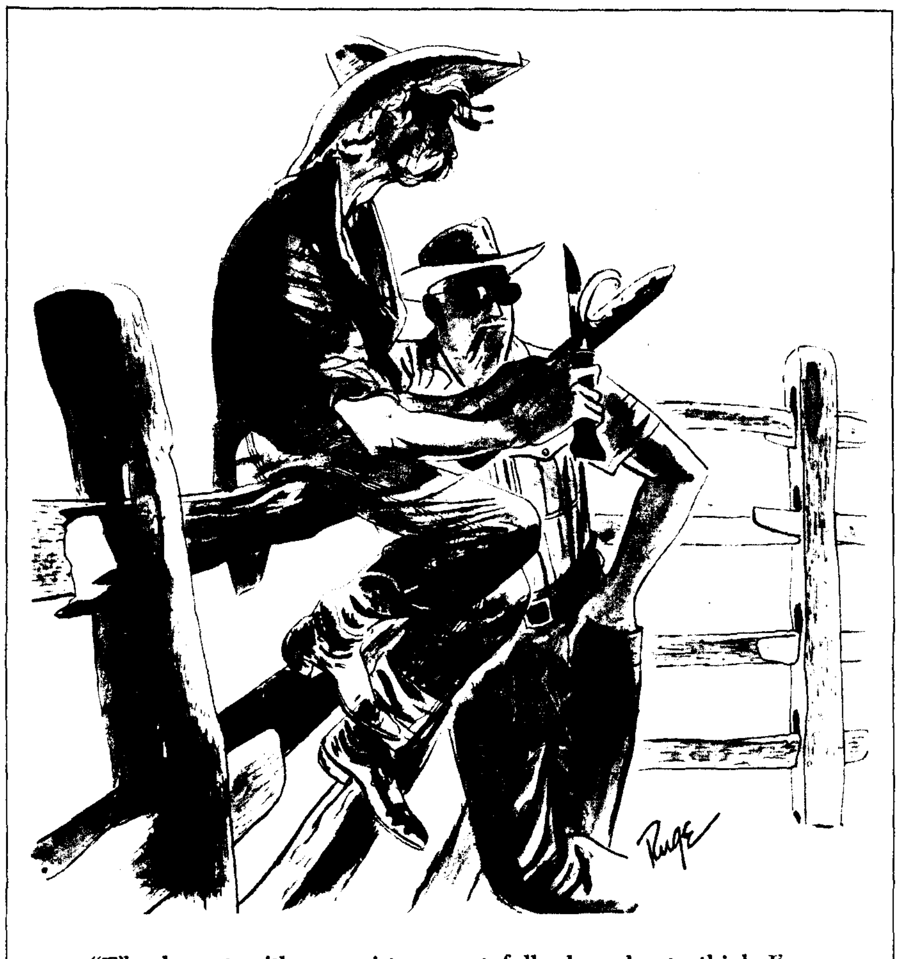
The Goldens today are able to roll a disinterested eye at any bank president and refuse his money. They are interested solely in quality productions and first-rate stories. They are now making a picture based on the book, Eddie and the Archangel Mike.

Unless you write your own story, you'll have to make at least a small cash outlay to become a producer. Five hundred dollars is about as low as you can get, since the first step is invariably acquisition of a story. Writing people are spoiled these days and demand pay for their wares. But the public libraries are stacked high with tales the high-priced producers never heard of, and bootlace operators are ferreting them out daily, tying them up with short-term options, and going into business. It works like this:

Would-be Producer O'Malley acquires an option on a story. He then hires a press agent, or becomes one himself, shouting in the better saloons and through the trade press that he owns a story every star in Hollywood wants to appear in.

This impresses the stars more than you might think. All of them are avidly, often desperately, in search of vehicles suited to their special talents. Assume, then, that our fictitious Mr. O'Malley and his good story do attract a major star's interest.

With that backing, O'Malley can approach a distributing company, such as United Artists, which will not hesitate to sign an agreement to release any picture a first-caliber star cares to appear in. Mr. O'Malley can then go to a bank with his story, star, and release agreement and come away with actual cash in hand.



"T'be honest with ya, mister, most folks hereabouts think I'm pretty much of an old bore—but the tourists think I'm pitcher-esk"

COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE

If Mr. O'Malley is considered an exceptional risk, he can get as much as 70 per cent of the money he needs from the Security-First National Bank of Los Angeles, the Bank of America, or the Bankers Trust Company of New York. The interest will be 5 per cent, and the picture itself will be security.

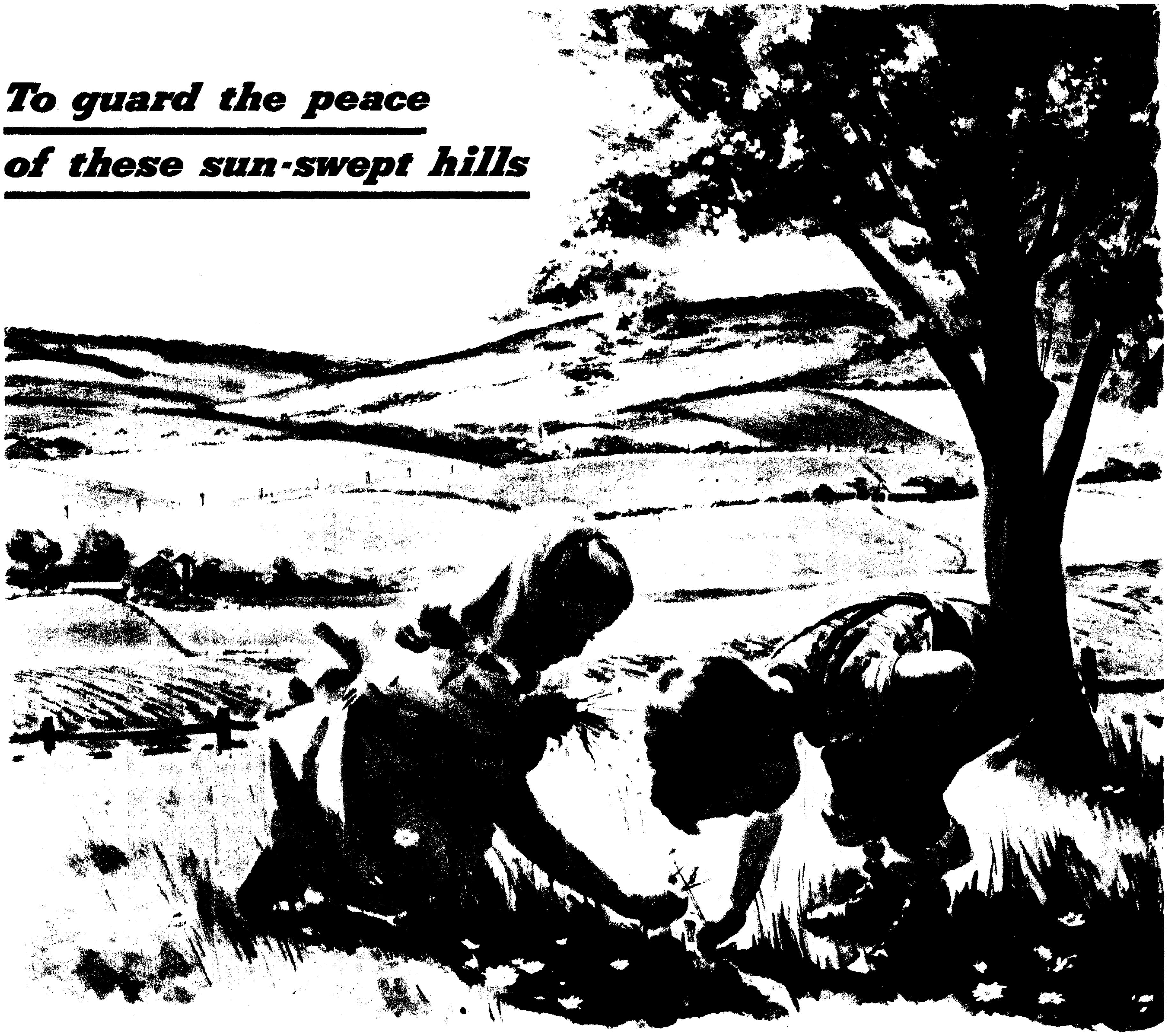
In a factory town where the chief hands receive wages running into thousands a week, Mr. O'Malley does not from now on find it too difficult to raise the remainder of the money on personal loans.

It all works out approximately like this: A competent director will throw in for 15 per cent of the take. The distributor wants 25 per cent, and the backers will get 45 per cent. That leaves 15 per cent to the entrepreneur.

And even if it costs Mr. O'Malley $100,000 to pay good writers to get a screen play out of his original material, and $350 to $1,500 a day for stage space, he stands to make a fair-sized potful of money on his original $500 investment.

Walter Wanger's Arabian Nights cost $900,000 to get on film. It returned $4,000,000 to the distributor, Universal, and

To guard the peace of these sun-swept hills



THAT is the role of the red-blooded men who serve in the National Guard. It's an historic role—the most significant in this proud organization's long and illustrious history.

The new National Guard's 27 divisions and 27 air groups, superbly equipped and highly trained, will be America's M-Day force of citizen soldiers. Standing shoulder to shoulder with the Regular Army, they will be a stabilizing influence in a restless world.

Famous regiments, with unit histories older than the nation itself, are reorganizing daily under National Guard banners to resume their peacetime mission. Young men from every walk of life are joining up, men who measure up to high physical and mental standards.

These men will be the leaders of business and industry in the days and years to come. For service in the new National Guard teaches them the principles of leadership and gives them a chance to learn valuable skills that will serve them well in civilian life.

The National Guard needs many virile, alert young men to help it guard the peace. It offers a full day's pay at new high Regular Army rates for one night each week of Armory training and for each day of summer field exercises.

★ *Listen to the "National Guard Assembly," with Paul Whiteman, Wednesdays, 8:30 P.M., EDST, ABC Network.*

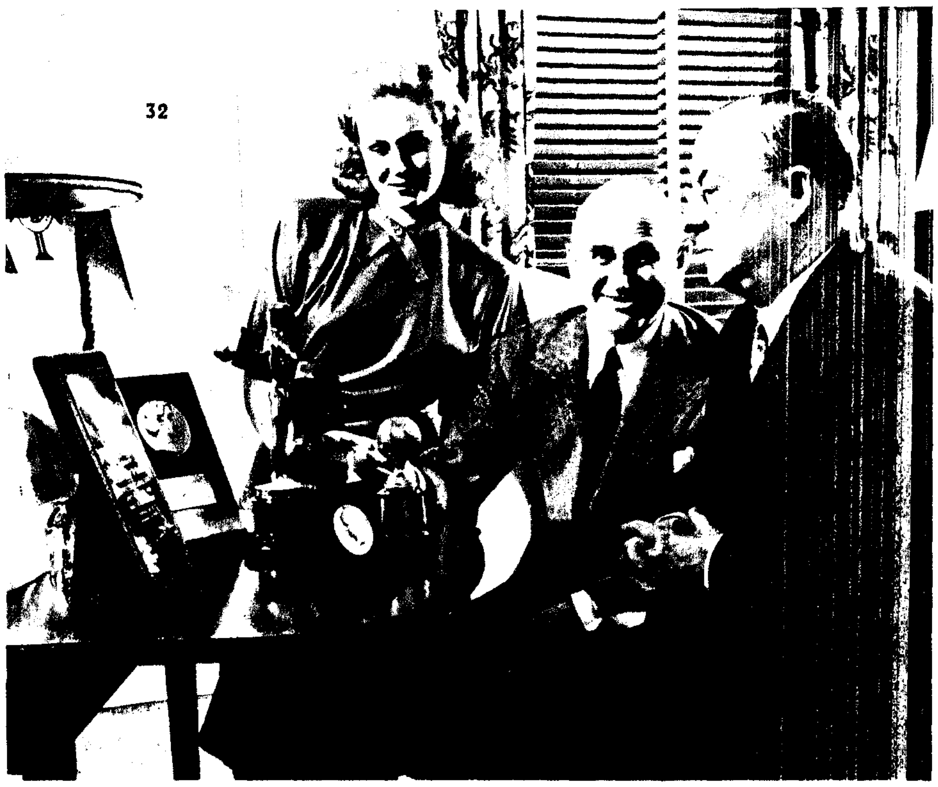
• • •

Many employers recognize that National Guard training helps make better employees. They further the National Guard's mission by granting their Guardsmen-employees time off for summer field training without sacrifice of income or vacation period. "Your National Guard helps guard the peace."

For full information about the new National Guard, contact the officers of your local unit, or write the Adjutant General in the capital city of your state.

The National Guard

☆ ☆ ☆ OF THE UNITED STATES ☆ ☆ ☆



Sam Goldwyn (center) looks over his awards with star Virginia Mayo and Donald M. Nelson, head of the Society of Independent Producers

At Enterprise, biggest new independent studio, employees get free meals, insurance, shoeshines and other pampering. Above, studio secretaries relax on the sun-roof during their lunch hour. Seated in the barbershop (below) are carpenter Lazarus Feldman and Joel McCrea

netted Mr. Wanger $1,241,000. This was a pretty good picture, but Hollywood proves every day that the American appetite for screen entertainment is so voracious that it is almost impossible to make a film so bad that it won't show a profit.

Most new independent producers, like the Brothers King and Doc Golden, prudently start at the bottom with low-budget pictures that lend themselves to exploitation—sexploitation, the boys like to say. Some, like Bette Davis, Ginger Rogers, James Cagney, John Garfield, Constance Bennett, Paulette Goddard, Gary Cooper, Bing Crosby and an ex-press agent named Charles Einfeld, start at the top.

Mr. Einfeld, to be sure, was no run-of-the-salt-mine press agent. He was vice-president in charge of advertising and publicity for Warner Brothers and is reported to have earned $156,000 a year. But like many another employee, when he quarreled with his boss he found himself jobless.

The upshot of Mr. Einfeld's hurried departure from Warner Brothers is Enterprise, biggest, fanciest, and happiest of the new independents. Enterprise came about when Einfeld and David Loew, the movie financier, met at a dinner party and agreed to become producers.

Taking over six sound stages at the California Studio, a rental lot, Einfeld and Loew have established what at first examination appears to be a kind of country club with free lunch. Breakfast is served at the desks of all employees. Later in the morning, white-coated waiters urge extra cups of coffee and doughnuts on everybody, following up this service with hot tea or cold drinks in the afternoon. All cars parked on the lot are immediately seized and washed, for free. Shaves, haircuts, shoeshines, steam baths, manicures, and $10,000 insurance policies are also free. There are no private dining rooms—all the hands eat together, catered to by a top-flight chef, no checks or tips allowed.

"All this and wages, too!" a worker in a rival studio moaned. "When I die, I want to go to Enterprise."

This largesse on the part of Einfeld and Loew is not entirely a calculated talent trap. It springs in large measure from Einfeld's social consciousness, which inspired many of Warners' "Good Citizenship" pictures, and it represents revolt against the somewhat penal atmosphere of the major film factories. Recently there were reports that the studio was in trouble, but these were vigorously denied by Einfeld and Loew. Enterprise halted production for the summer, rented its stages to other independents hungry for space, and will reopen in September with a new Ginger Rogers picture.

Percentage Lure Attracts Star

Enterprise started production with Arch of Triumph, a $4,000,000 picture starring Ingrid Bergman and Charles Boyer, made possible by the new technique. Miss Bergman, who is by a dozen leagues the most desirable star in town and can write her own ticket, joined the brand-new and untried outfit because she receives not only a salary of $175,000, her usual fee, but 37½ per cent of the profits. Erich Remarque, who wrote the story (which was serialized in Collier's), gets 20 per cent, Producer David Lewis 17½ per cent, and Director Lewis Milestone, two per cent.

Meantime, Einfeld and Loew let their friendly point of view be known to other stars. Barbara Stanwyck was attracted by $150,000 and a percentage. Ginger Rogers and John Garfield, who produce as well as act, and Joel McCrea, who gets one half the profits from his films, also found it pleasant to be served hot coffee and percentages. And with this bright handful of star power as security, any Hollywood bank in its right mind would bust a gusset to lay cash on the Enterprise barrelhead. That is precisely what happened: $20,000,000, of which the Bank of America put up the largest bite, is constantly available.

Envious screams of "Capital gains!" echoed through the Hollywood canyons when all this became known. But Enterprise has announced eight major productions on a $16,000,000 budget and cannot be accused of incorporating one-shots merely to escape taxes.

Apparently, the jaywalking jurists who led certain Hollywood acting talent into incorporating individual pictures solely to take advantage of that 25 per cent capital gains benevolence, did not correctly foresee the mood of the Department of Justice. There has been cracking down recently, and all the legal angles are not yet clear.

Government Takes a Smaller Bite

Still many a star has become a producer and has legitimately profited by capital gains. Gary Cooper, whose salary is $175,000 a picture, formed his own company and made a net of $400,000 on Along Came Jones. James Cagney works half as hard and makes three times as much, as star and backer of the small company headed by his brother, Bill. Lester Cowan formed his own company for The Story of G.I. Joe, then sold his interest as a stockholder in it for a flat $1,000,000. The government let him keep $750,000. The tax on a million-dollar salary would be $900,000.

Bette Davis and Errol Flynn, of Warner Brothers, now have deals which allow them to become producers for one picture a year on their own lots. These deals are not so much money-making arrangements as they are concessions to the stars' demands that once in a while they be allowed to make a motion picture the way they think a motion picture ought to be made.

If some of the preceding anecdotes about small-potato producers and a country-club studio seem to mark the independents as a whimsical and raffish lot, consider the Society of Independent Motion Picture Producers, headed by Donald Nelson. Mr. Nelson, who as Production Administrator during the war, was unquestionably the second most powerful man in the world, came to Hollywood at the behest of David O. Selznick, most distinguished of the upper-crust independents.

These independents, who include Sam Goldwyn, Charlie Chaplin, Mary Pickford, Sol Lesser and other such stable operators, fetched Mr. Nelson out as president of their society at high salary largely because they feared the big distribution guns of the majors—Metro, Warner, Paramount, Universal, Twentieth, Columbia and RKO.

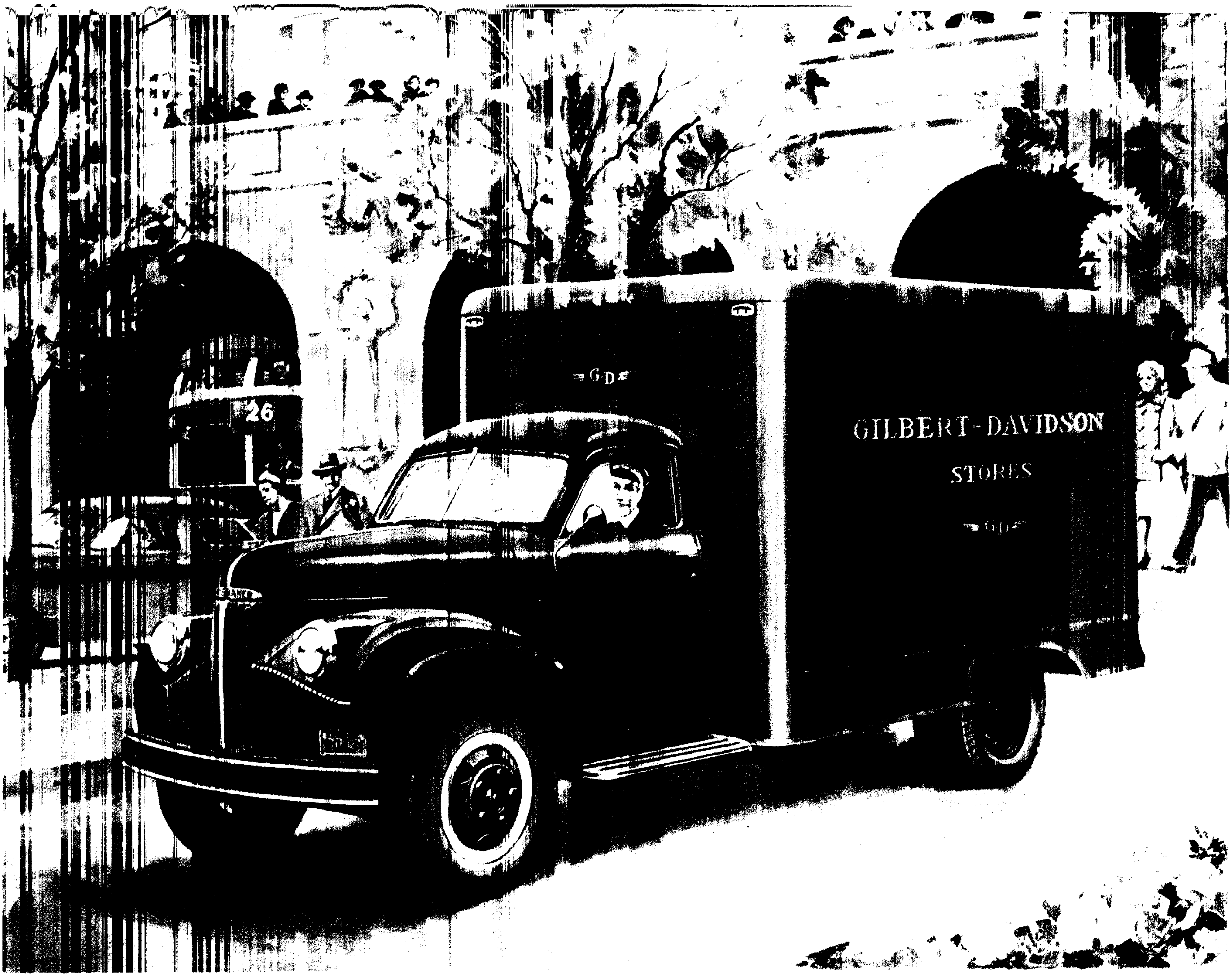
But Nelson, who started as an industrial chemist and rose to the board chairmanship of Sears-Roebuck, discovered quickly enough that there was nothing to fear from the majors. The trouble, as he instantly saw, was to get the daggers of the independents away from each others' necks.

Early in his administration, even before he had succeeded in getting all the members of his group to speak to each other, Nelson ran into Petrillo trouble.

James Caesar Petrillo, as czar of the musicians' union, informed the independents that, whereas musicians could afford to work for the major studios at $13.30 per hour, they would have to have $25 an hour for a minimum of fifty men from such casual customers as the independents. The ultimatum was to go into effect in four days.

Staggered by this demand, Nelson took a plane to New York. He had one factor in his favor, in that he and Petrillo had come up together on Chicago's West Side. He opened the conversation thus: "Jimmie, I knew you when you didn't

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY SHARLAND



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He's Still Got a Lot to Learn!

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I HEARD THAT CRACK! NOW EXPLAIN! I WANT TO KNOW EXACTLY WHY I FLUNKED OUT WITH YOUR FRIEND JANE!

OKAY, I'LL TELL YOU! WHAT YOU NEED IS A GOOD STIFF LECTURE FROM YOUR DENTIST—AND THE THEME, PAL, IS BAD BREATH!

TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!

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LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream

JANE THINKS JIM HAS LEARNED A LOT! NOW THINGS ARE BUZZIN' FOR MY COUSIN!

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM Cleans Your Breath While It Cleans Your Teeth!

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Always use COLGATE DENTAL CREAM after you eat and before every date

have a seat in your pants. Let's get together."

This brisk approach won a grin and a delay, concessions not even the President of the United States had been able to win from Petrillo before, and the delay gave Nelson time to work out something. What he worked out appears to be far more than a solution to a musical labor problem, but a formula of vital importance to independent motion picture production.

Nelson formed a co-operative, full-time, all-year-round orchestra of fifty men—to be paid at major-studio rates. The novelty of any kind of co-operation stunned the independents, and awed the musicians, too, but charm and argument won out for Nelson in the long run. If you have seen Selznick's Duel in the Sun or Goldwyn's The Best Years of Our Lives, you have heard the co-operative orchestra. Playing together constantly, the only recording orchestra in Hollywood that has this advantage, it promises to develop into an unusual instrument.

Extends the Pooling Principle

With this problem licked, Nelson sailed into his independents again with an idea. The revolutionary notion this time was that they share not only an orchestra, but everything. When the independents recovered from shock, they realized that by pooling their resources, such as expensive properties, stock shots, and equipment, they would not only save enormous sums of money but make available to each producer facilities comparable to those, say, at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, largest studio in the world.

The next idea, which the independents swallowed with smacking lips this time, allowing that Donald Nelson was a remarkable fellow, was to catalogue personnel, to list stage space and make it available to members instead of concealing it, and to start organization of a story analysis office.

All this and labor peace, too, is the happy lot of the 25 independents under the Nelson regime. No independent studio has yet been closed by strike, due largely to Nelson's co-operative approach. The indies revel in freedom, but are now thoroughly convinced that in union—or Nelson—there is strength.

Mr. Nelson's clients, of course, represent the cream of the minors. All would-be producers who come to town with ambitions of setting Vine Street ablaze do not enjoy the happy experience of easy financing and quick success.

Louis K. Ansell, of St. Louis, is a case in point. Mr. Ansell talked himself into motion picture producing. Owner of a prosperous chain of theaters for many years, and a first-rate exploiteer, Mr. Ansell was in the habit of telling his wife nightly that producing would be a cinch. Early last year, Mrs. Ansell announced firmly that she was tired of hearing this brag, and that she thought California would be a nice place to live. Challenged, Mr. Ansell moved on Hollywood.

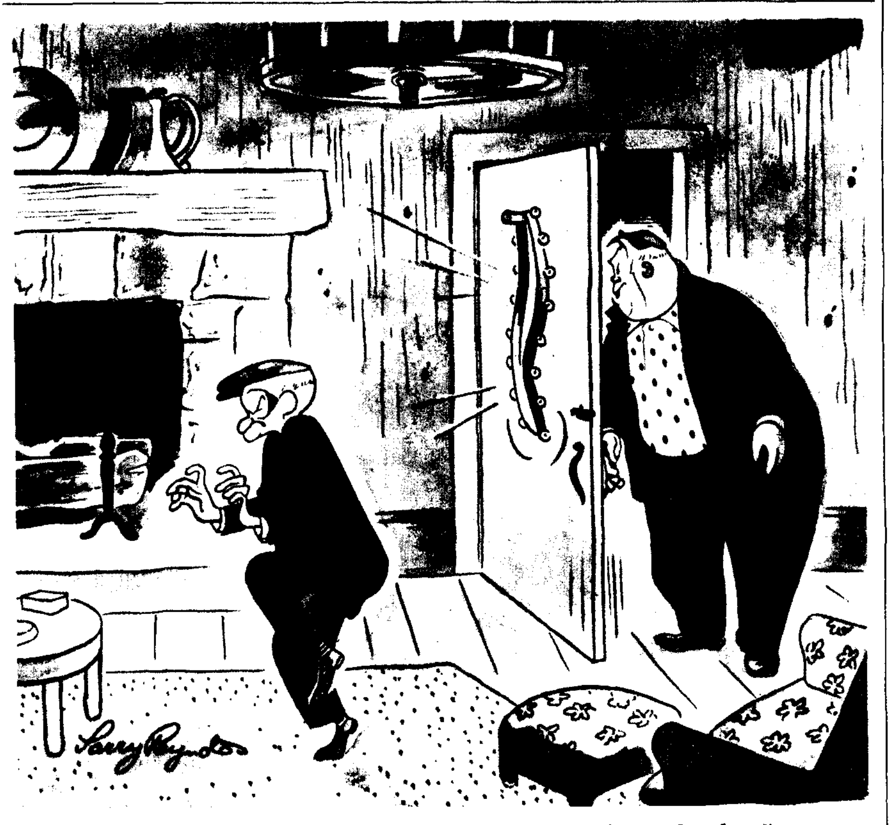
He had neither story, star, nor idea, but he had cash. He found, to his dismay, that cash was no great novelty, that stage space was rare, and that agents wanted to peddle stories to him which he knew at first glance were not exploitable. It took him several months to get in touch with William Rowland, the director, who did have an idea. Rowland thought it would be a fine thing to make a picture about how the Japanese army mistreated white women in Shanghai. Ansell saw box-office possibilities in such a theme and went for his pocketbook.

Mr. Ansell's trials in producing his first picture constitute a saga of endurance and grief. For stage space, he was compelled to rent an abandoned hotel in Ensenada, Mexico, transporting all equipment from Hollywood. He ran afoul of the Mexican army, which playfully maneuvered around him and tore down his electrical connections. Both the Mexican unions and the United States unions demanded jurisdiction. His steam heating plant broke down and his actors caught colds. He had to rent a camera for $3,000—and another at the same price in case the first camera came apart. His four weeks' schedule dragged into two and a half months. He spent $800,000 where he expected to spend $225,000.

But Mr. Ansell now has a full-length motion picture, called Women in the Night because titles like that always sell well. He is happy, and he is a producer, even if he had to use cash.

The End

BUTCH **by LARRY REYNOLDS**



"Sa-ay, that's kind of a cute idea—sleigh bells on the door"

COLLIER'S

MERCHANT OF VALOR

Continued from page 23

henceforth thou dost turn the jewel inward, or better still dispose it in thy pouch. Thou art the Englishman, Peter Carew? Well, there be two horses awaiting thee," he said, "and in my own room for safekeeping, certain other properties."

These, to the delight of my guide, whose name was Christoforo, turned out to be two good swords with baldrics, and proper shoes, together with two plain but serviceable daggers, and other matters of comfort and necessity right thoughtfully provided. Also there was a great harquebus for Christoforo, which gave him pleasure because he understood the art of using such a machine. As for me I was afraid of it, and never to this day can I bring myself to stomach the things, nor their greater brothers the cannon; for to my simple mind they be no fit and Christian weapons for men to kill one another with.

SO, BEING dressed and refreshed, and packing our belongings together with some food upon the two mules, which until now had been our mounts, and fastening on our swords and daggers, we got upon our horses and rode northward toward Trebbio.

To make the time pass more pleasantly I entered into talk with my guide Christoforo and asked him how it came about that he was doing me this kindness, and at whose behest it was.

"I know not, nor do I care a soldo's worth, for it gave me release from an employment that I greatly detest," he said. "When I was fifteen my father put me to work for the goldsmith Marcone, though my fingers were clumsy and my desire was to be a soldier." He shook his head and sighed. "I be more soldier than goldsmith. I do miss my fellow, one Benvenuto Cellini, but he hath gone to Rome to make coins for the Pope and salt cellars for the cardinals. So when he was gone the shop grew more dreary. Thus it was that when Marcone came to me and asked me if I would guide an Englishman to My Lord Giovanni, I rejoiced, and if he will have me I will enlist in the Black Bands."

"Why," I asked, "did thy master Marcone bid thee be my conductor?"

"How should I know?" he said gaily. "But I thank God for it." Whereupon he burst into song in a raucous and unlovely voice, bellowing out words so ribald I was fain to close my ears against them. And I was none the wiser than when I commenced to question him.

So we rode along, entering a steeper and wilder country—he continuing to bellow his happiness that he was leaving a peaceful profession for a warlike. Which I could not understand, because for myself I would rather sell woolen cloths than have my throat cut in battle. I was not happy, first because my business had been sorely interfered with, and second because I could not stop my mind from thinking about Betsy, or whatever her true name might be, and the beauty of her, and the badness. We had ridden steadily but slowly, being hampered by the mules, and the day was waning.

"Let us seek out a piece of soft earth, sheltered from the night winds," I said, but before I could finish we turned a bend in the rocky road and came upon a sort of meadow between two crags and it was dotted with little, gnarled trees. And under one such tree were three gaunt dogs that slavered with their muzzles pointing upward, while two men sat horses and watched. But the quarry was none such as men should hunt, for it was a girl, scarce more than a child, who sat in a crotch of the tree, barelegged and ragged, with unkempt hair about her face. She sat dumb with terror and gazed down at the gaunt dogs and the laughing men, and when she saw Christoforo and me she stretched out an arm piteously toward us.

Now the customs of the country are the customs thereof, and it were wiser for strangers not to interfere with them, but it did seem to me that to hunt a maiden with dogs were an evil thing even if the maidens were brought up to it and expected it. It goes against me to see a weak thing harmed. So I turned aside.

As I approached nearer I saw that the two were young and one was very handsome with pointed beard and azure cloak, but the other, though also dressed as a young lord, was black and ill-favored with bushing brows and heavy shoulders. They turned in their saddles and stared at me arrogantly.

"What's to do, young sirs?" I asked gently.

"A thing that concerns thee not," said the ill-favored one.

"That is to be seen," said I. "I be stranger here. In my own land we do not harry maidens with dogs, nor tree them like wild beasts."

"In this country," said the handsome one, "we do what gives us pleasure."

"Hath the girl done ill to thee, or is she guilty of some crime?" I asked.

"Oh, sir," said the child piteously, "I have done no evil, and I have not wronged nor sinned against this gentleman. My only fault is that I be young and not ill-favored and a maid, and desire to remain so till God sends me a husband."

"Go thy ways," growled the heavy one, "lest I put the dogs upon thee for a meddler."

To threaten me is an ill way to gain my favor or to cause me to desist from anything, and already I was burning hotly at sight of the maiden's plight, and the evil intentions of the young gallants. So I said in high tones, "Wilt send thy dog to do a task thou thyself fearest to undertake?"

I RODE nearer to the tree, hoping they would do something about it. Whereupon the one with the eyebrows and black beard spoke sharply to his dogs and pointed to me. They leaped toward me, slavering and growling in their throats. I snatched forth my sword, and as the first gaunt animal sprang, I split its skull cleanly, and Christoforo did as much for the second, and then my horse reared and as the third dog leaped I struck at it with downward sweeping blow and severed its head from its trunk. The two gentlemen drew their swords, when I heard Christoforo's voice.

"Ho, sweet gentlemen!" he said in his unmusical voice. "Ho, my gallants who chase young maidens into treetops! Stand still prettily, Messires, and nibble your thumbs, for, by my patron St. Christopher, otherwise will I let fly at you with leaden bullets, and with pleasure."

He was standing beside his mount menacing them with his harquebus, and they did pause irresolute.

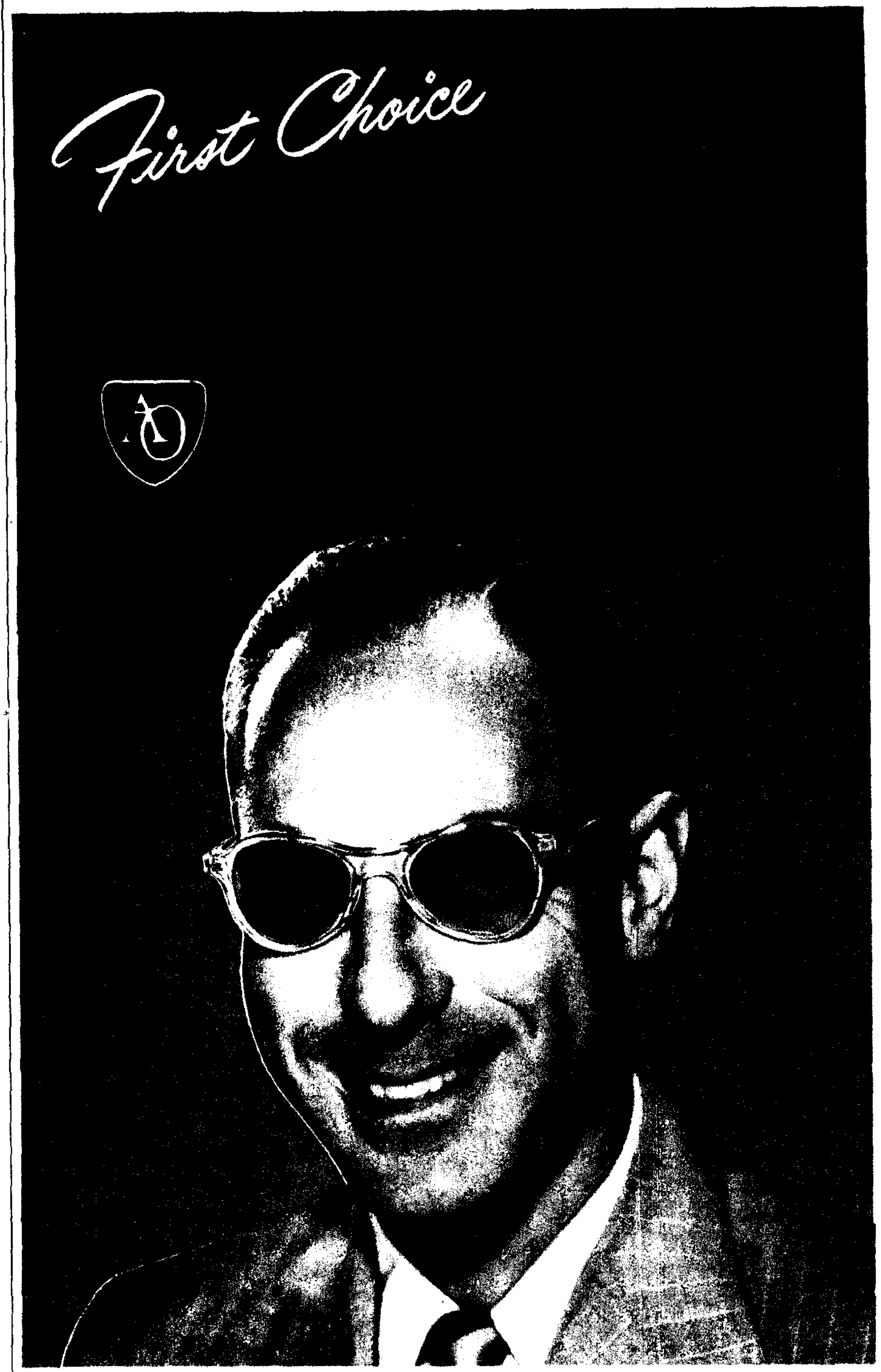
"Wouldst dare," shouted the swarthy one, "to threaten the Count of Monte Cavallo? Wouldst dare to pull filthy trigger upon Piero Riario, intimate of the Cardinal Passerini?"

"Aye," answered Christoforo, "and upon the Emperor himself if he came riding at me sword in hand. A gentleman is equally dead if he be slain by king or swineherd. So go!"

They consulted together, scowling, but had no stomach to charge a weapon loaded with powder and leaden pellets.

"Scum," said the handsome one, "for this I will have thee flayed alive."

"That is as God wills," I told him, "but on this occasion you will do nothing." As I spoke I caught sight of movement behind the rocks and saw peering a most



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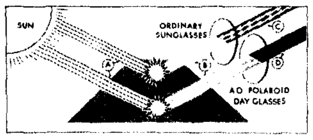

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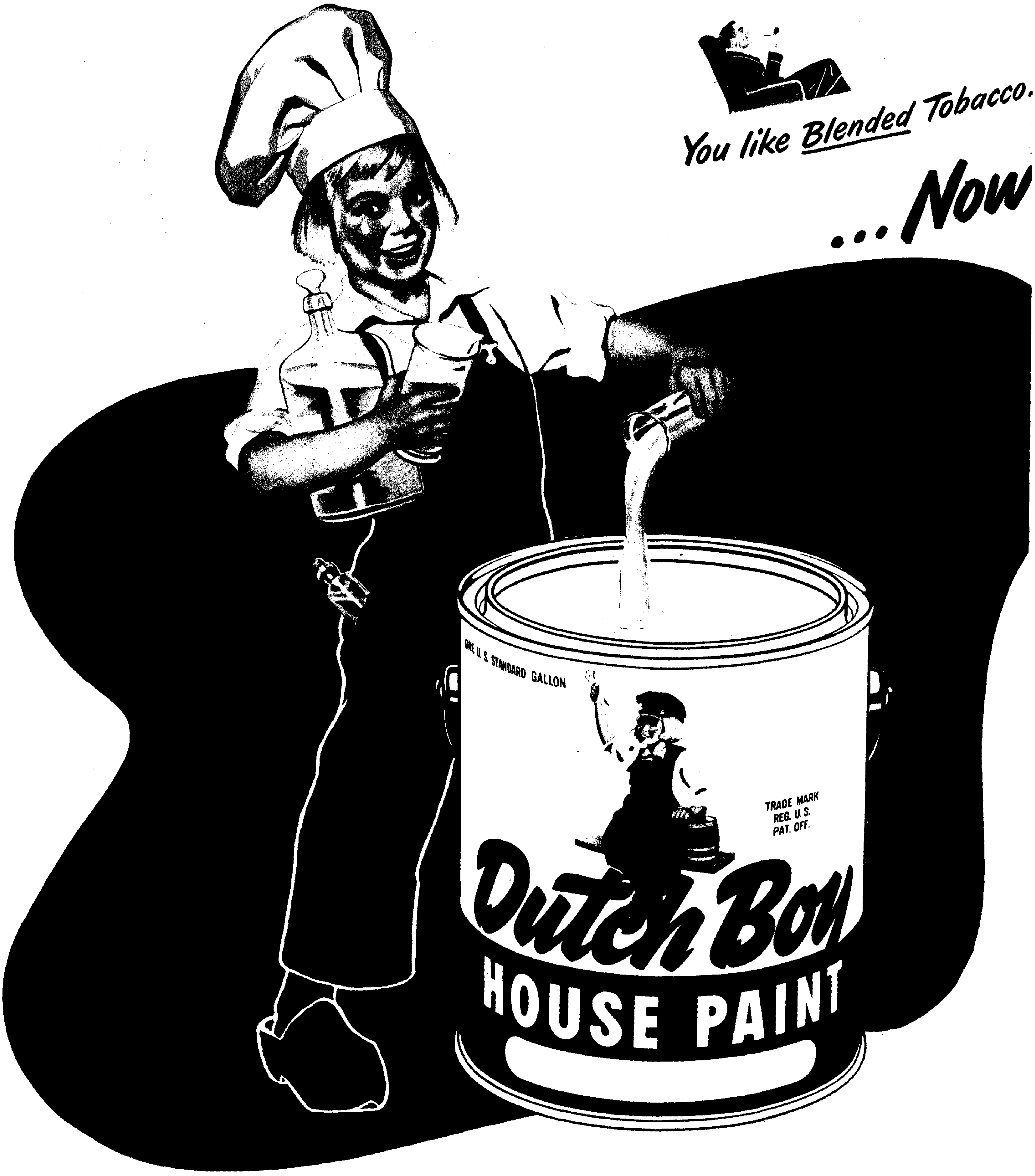
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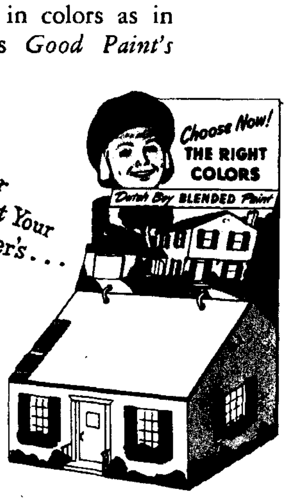

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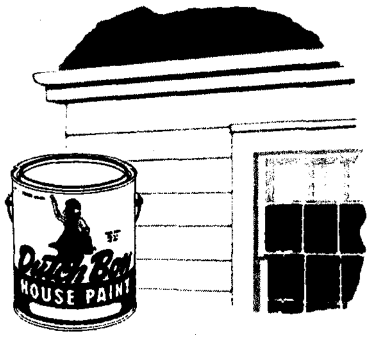

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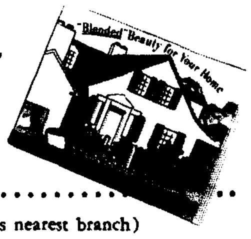

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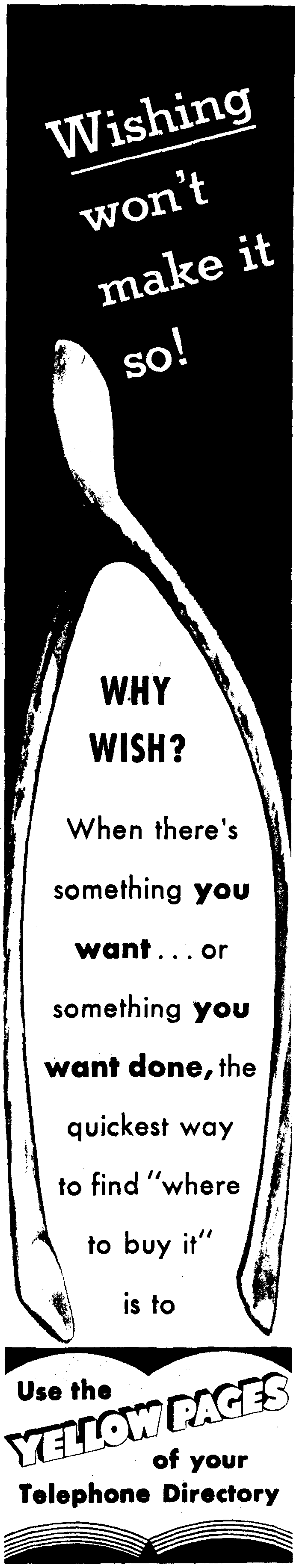
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malignant face distorted with hatred. "Also, were I in your shoes I would touch spurs to your horses and ride abruptly. For behind you lurk enemies more dangerous than ourselves."

Even as I spoke a thrown stone bounced off the ribs of Riario's steed, and harsh, wild cries arose so that the hillside seemed alive with men. The two glanced behind them, and he of the beetling brows uttered a curse. The air filled with clods and stones, and the pair, at disadvantage between us and these men of the hills, clapped spurs to horses' flanks and galloped away.

I RODE beneath the tree and stretched upward my arms, and the maid lowered herself into them trustingly and I placed her upon the saddle before me and covered somewhat of her nakedness with my cloak. She was small and slight, but well rounded withal, and with pert, tear-streaked face.

"Oh, sir," she said in her gratitude, "both morning and night will I pray for thee—for thou hast preserved to me what I hold most precious, and I am beholden."

The tattered, gaunt, fierce mountain men vainly pursued the pair of lordlings, but presently returned to the tree. There were a couple of score of them, hairy, with knobby, protruding bones, and there was scarce a weapon among them, save clubs and a few bows and knives. They surrounded our horses, seeming more animal than human.

"Who be these creatures?" I asked of the maid.

"Homeless ones," she said bitterly. "So doth war betwixt princes deal with those who desire but to till the soil and live in peace. And, being driven to the shelter of the mountains, we be hunted here like vermin by My Lord Piero Riario and his men, as thou didst see me hunted."

"Aye, young sir," said the leader of the pack. "But give us arms; give us wherewith to defend ourselves and there will be a different story." He advanced to my stirrup strap. "The maid is my daughter," he said, "and I be chief of these. For what thou didst this day thy name will be remembered in these hills." He turned to his followers. "Look well on these two," he shouted. "Print their faces upon your memories. Always they shall find welcome in these hills, and refuge and shelter. And if need be, men to follow them."

"It was no great deed," I said to him, "and requires no thanks."

"We be the judges of that," he said. And then, "Thou hast made a potent enemy, young sir. You have thwarted and shamed him, and he will be revenged upon thee. This night his men will search for thee and lie in wait for thee. No road will be safe for thy passage. What is thy destination?"

"We fare to Trebbio," said I, "to My Lord Giovanni de' Medici."

"General of free companions," said the man, and then with dour humor: "We also are free companions, like to his Black Bands in all things except that we starve for lack of food, and die for lack of weapons. Of him we hear much good, though his men be playful and overrough at times." He became grave, even courteous: "Come with us, young sir, and we will see thee warm and safe through the night. On the morrow we will guide thee by secret ways to Trebbio."

There was nothing else for it, so we suffered them to take our horses by the bridles and lead us by fearsome paths into the secret heart of the mountains where was their lair. And far into the night we sat with them about a blazing fire and listened until our hearts were sore to tales of horrid suffering and cruelties that could be inspired only by the Father of Evil. The little maid whom we had saved from ravage sat beside me, and from time to time, with her great hungry eyes she looked up into my face like a starved dog that finds unexpected friendship. And then we slept, wrapped in our cloaks while the mountain men served the fire to keep us warm.

In the early dawn, when the sun had scarce risen above the circling crags, I was aroused by the rough hands of the leader of the mountain men and bidden to make ready for our journey.

"The rascals of Piero Riario are afoot," he said. "My men have watched through the night."

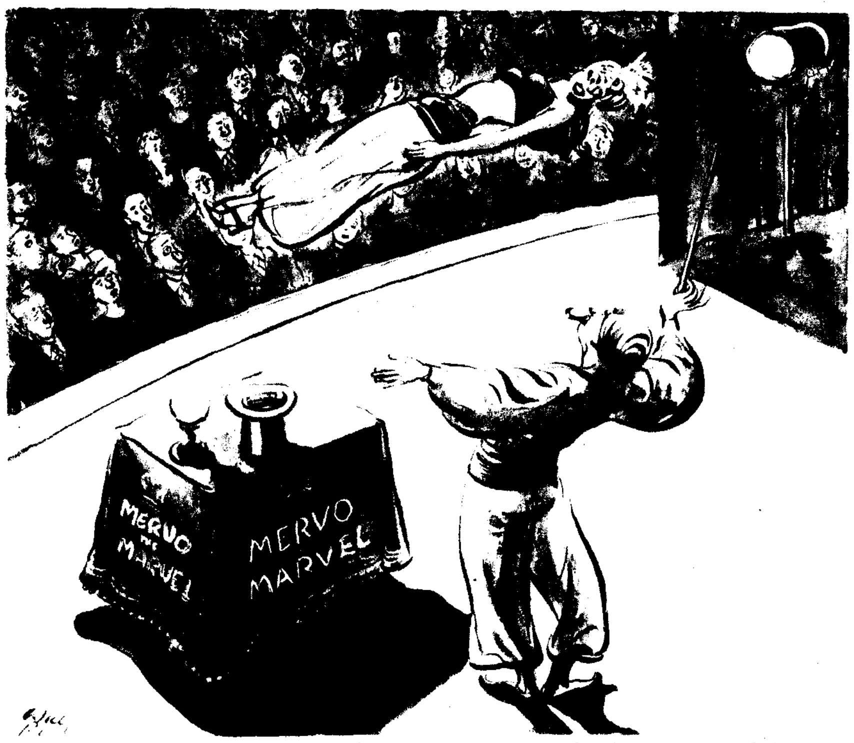
"My thanks to thee."

"There is scant food," he said, "but we share it with you."

"Nay," I said, and then to Christoforo: "Bring forth thy pouch of bread and sausages. And the wine. We will not take from these who have so little."

So we breakfasted, sharing with the girl, whose name was Beatrice, and her father, and left our bottles of wine for their future use. The maid was silent, crouching in her rags, and all the time staring at me with big, hungry eyes so that I was discomforted by it.

Then we mounted, our mules at our horses' tails, and the captain of the mountain men got up on a scrubby forest pony and led the way.



"Can you speed it up, Professor? The air is a bit bumpy tonight"

COLLIER'S CARL ROSE

"Farewell, Beatrice," I said, "and may your desires come true."

She grasped my hand in both her small ones and pressed her lips to it, and again looked wide-eyed into my face.

"For such as I am," she said, "there is not hope of happiness, but only a prayer to escape from evil. I pray God keep me undefiled against the day of the coming of love," she said, "and then to bestow such love as woman ne'er gave to man."

I was abashed and knew not what to say, for never before had I heard woman or maid speak out so straitly of her craving to love and to be loved.

"Heaven send thee thy wish," I said, and so we rode away, with her standing slim and straight upon a rock gazing after us with haunting eyes.

I was thankful that our horses were sure of foot, for we were to follow frightening paths that day, and thread defiles that turned the heart to water. Dark abysses yawned and torrents raged, but following close upon the heels of our conductor we passed in safety.

"We pass far to eastward of the hold of My Lord Piero," said the mountain man, "a hold that one day I shall tear stone from stone. For he hath done much cruelty to us and to others. Aye. We add to our store of weapons, sword by sword, and pike by pike, and bow by bow, until one day we shall have enough. When that day comes, there will be reckoning writ in blood and fire. We be called robbers and masterless men and doers of evil deeds. It may be so. We must keep ourselves and our women alive by food—against the day when vengeance shall be ours."

He was a bitter and dangerous man, but the fault was not his, but rested upon the souls of them who had driven him to it. He remained with us through that day and through the night. At noon on the day that followed he left us saying, "The mountains are free to thee and thine. Mention the name of Tasso, which is what men call me, and thou goest without scathe. Or if ever thou requirest service of me, speak my name and thou wilt be conducted to me wherever I hide. What I promise, that I perform."

"My thanks to thee for thy friendship."

"A day may come when thou wilt need it," he said, and rode away leaving us to proceed upon the traveled road.

So at last we came to Trebbio, a fortified and grim castle in the Mugello in the district of Santa Maria. There was dwelling for My Lord Giovanni with a tower, a little meadow and garden, with stables and other buildings for grain and animals. It was a fortress of massive stone with moat and drawbridge. Mountains and forests hemmed in this stronghold. Sentinels, wearing the black shoulder belt and markings of the Black Bands, stood on guard at the drawbridge.

TO THESE watchful men I named my name and craved admission to the presence of My Lord Giovanni. I was bade to wait while one clanked through the gates and disappeared within the castle. Anon he returned and motioned for me to follow him, which I did with Christoforo at my back.

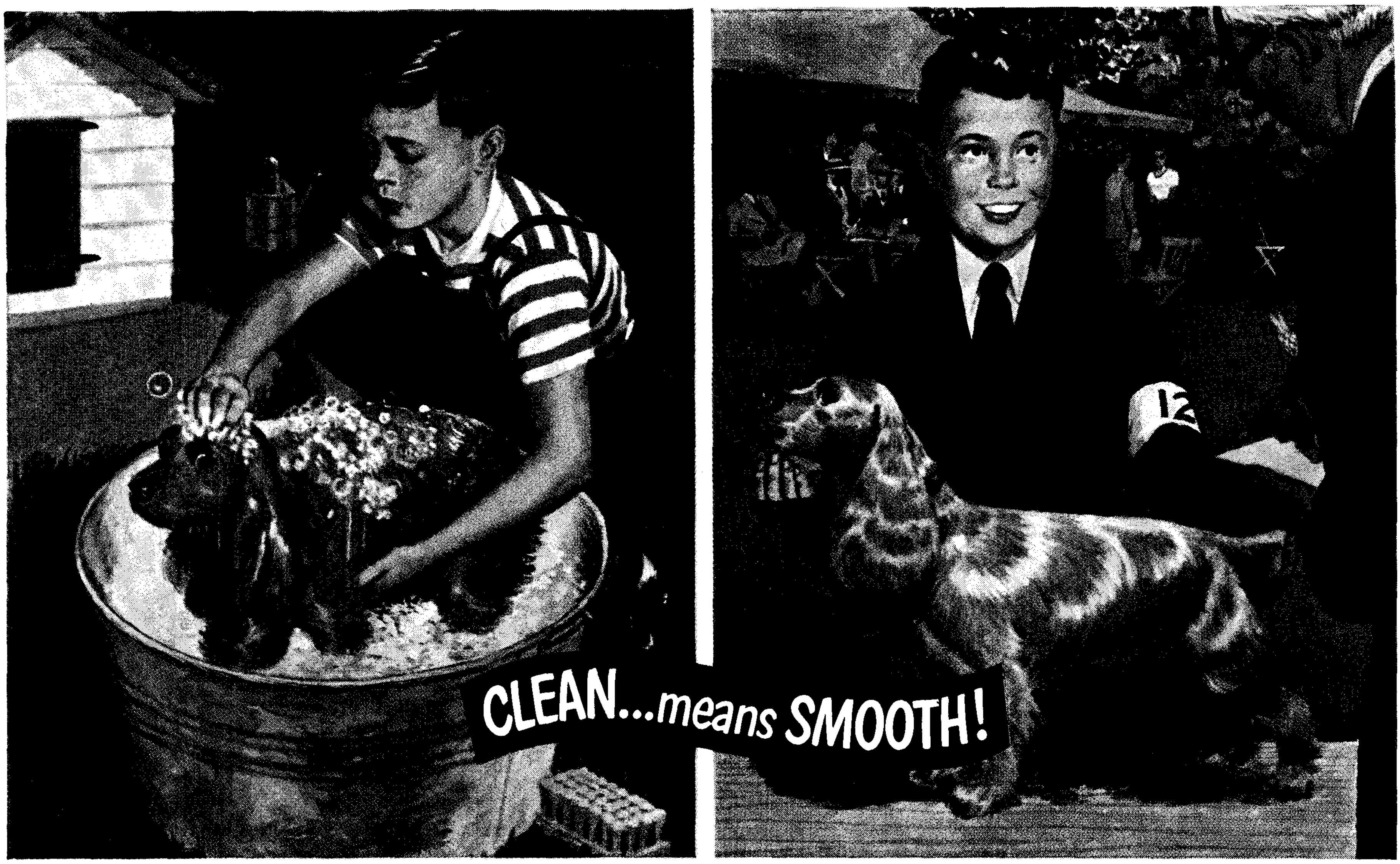
My Lord sat at ease in such a room as you would expect to find in so grim a structure, and on either side of him lay great dogs whose noble heads he fondled. His keen eyes scrutinized me as I approached; I was in doubt as to whether my reception would be good or evil.

"What brings thee to Trebbio, Ser Englishman?" he asked.

"Necessity, My Lord," said I, "and because I had no alternative."

"This necessity came upon thee suddenly," he said.

"My Lord," I said, "I have no claim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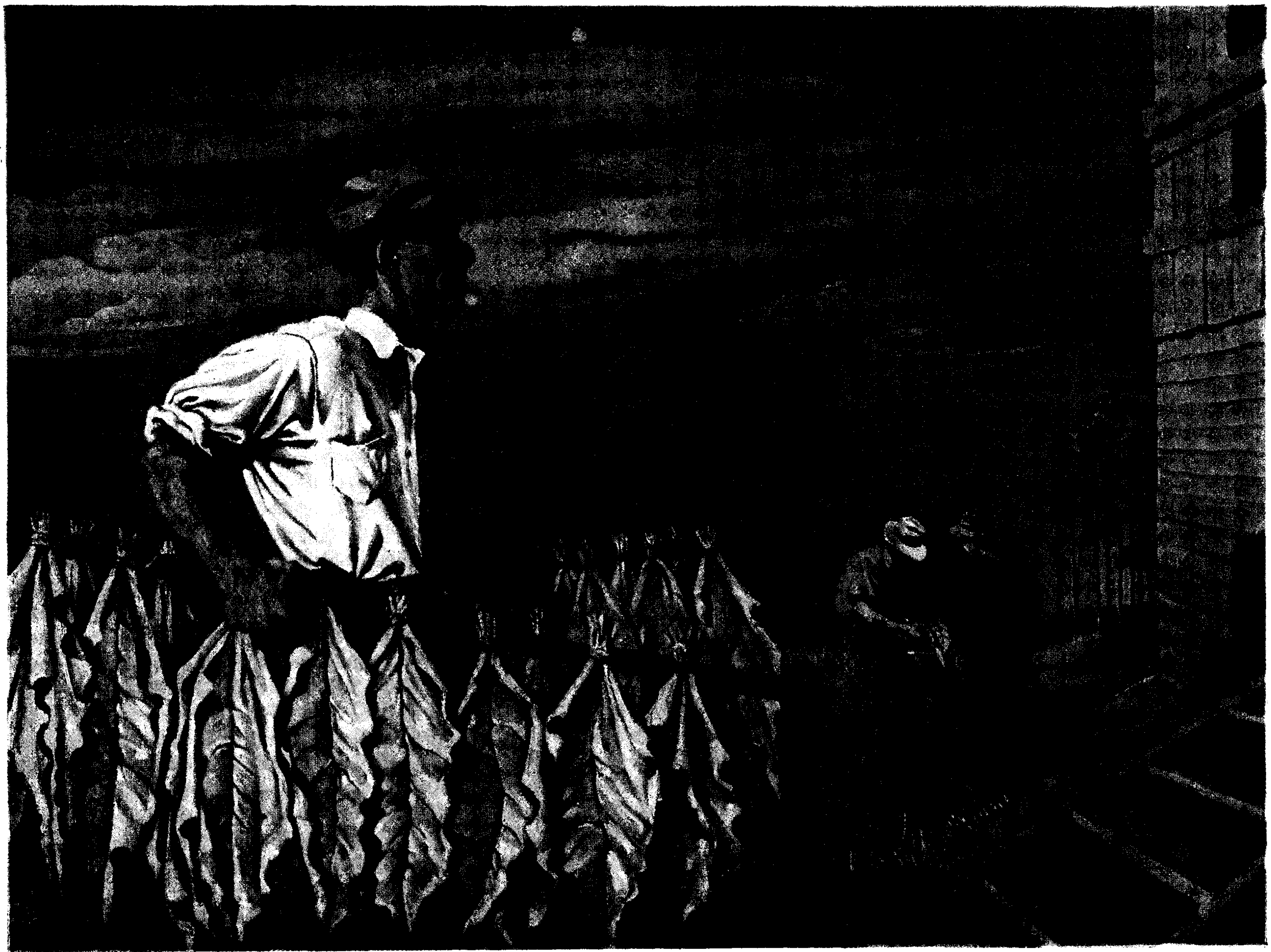

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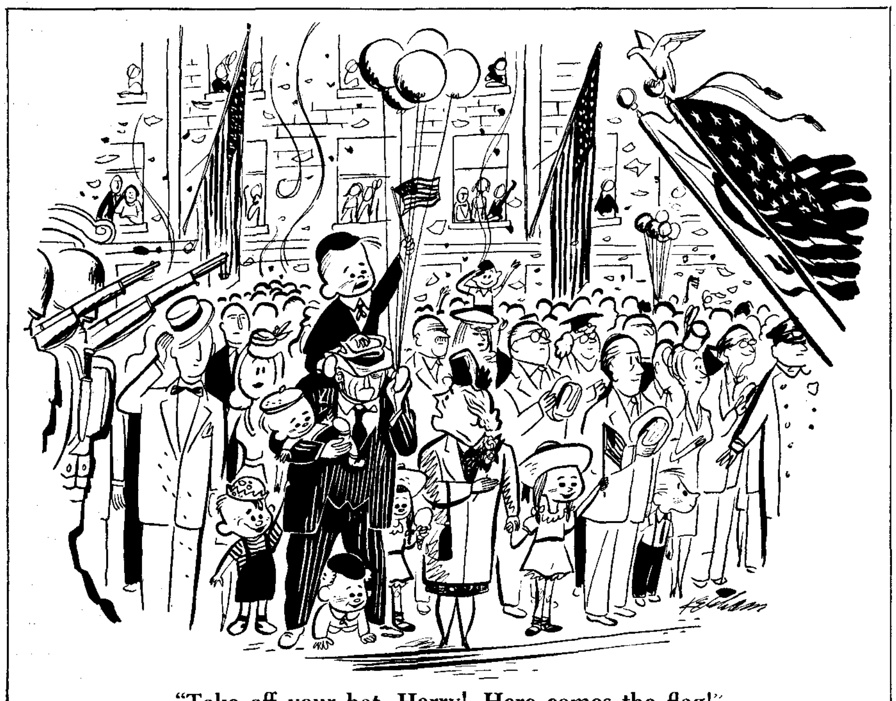
upon thee nor upon thy hospitality. I came because I was bidden to do so, and because I knew not where else to go. I regret that my coming is unwelcome, and so beg permission to take my leave."

His eyes studied me a moment without softening. "Art a stiff-backed fellow," he said. "Before we discuss the matter of welcome, tell thy tale."

MY PRIDE forbade me to mention the service I had done him or our conversation together in the Salviati Palace. But I told him of the mysterious letter and of my interview with Cardinal Passerini and Ippolito, and of the convent.

"The Annalena Convent," he said musingly. "The abbess sent thee?"

"I saw her not. 'Twas a woman who moves in darkness. It was this woman, pretending to be a sibyl, who diddled me into carrying the letter. Soldiers of the Cardinal Wolsey sought to take her prisoner in her pavilion at the fair. She escaped to the forest where I came upon her and her dwarf and took them home with me to stay in safety. I saw her next in the street beside the Palazzo Vecchio where she warned me of the guards of the Cardinal Passerini who came upon me suddenly. Before they came at me to arrest me I returned to her the packet she had given me in England. She was clothed as an apprentice boy. She awaited me in the convent, not as witch nor scullery maid, nor apprentice boy, but as high-born lady, richly arrayed. It was she who managed my coming hither."


COLLIER'S "Take off your hat, Harry! Here comes the flag!" HANK KETCHAM

"Never," said My Lord Giovanni, "have I heard more unlikely tale."

"I am loath to believe it myself, My Lord," said I.

"What further befell?" he asked. "A teller of so romantic a tale must have other wonders in stock."

I told him of my experience with Piero Riario in the mountains, and of how Tasso led me to safety.

"Thou shouldst write it down with goodly rhymes and make a romance of it," he said gravely. "Who is this woman, or girl, or witch who doth appear in various disguises?"

"I know not, My Lord, save that I call her Betsy."

"So she sent thee to me. Doubtless with some message."

"With none, My Lord." I spoke then with bitterness against her. "She did flout me and speak hardly to me and tell me I was but a tool to be used at will, and a fool, to boot. But, My Lord, she was beautiful beyond words to describe and cast a spell upon me. I fear her, My Lord, and most wisely do I detest her. But my soul is endangered by her magic."

His eyes kindled and he smiled faintly and said, "I would like to feast my eyes upon this uncanny woman." He opened his mouth and called loudly, "Hey, Filippo," and a servant entered.

"Bid my sweet wife hither, if it suit her convenience," he directed. And then to me: "I have deep faith in my wife's wisdom and judgment of men with strange stories. Shalt repeat thy romance to her and we shall abide by her judgment."

"I am no teller of lies, My Lord," I said firmly.

"At least thou dost relate most divertingly," he answered.

So, after a little time entered the gracious lady who was wife to My Lord, and I was required to repeat in detail all that I had told him. While I talked she studied me gravely and made no interruption. At the end My Lord Giovanni said, "Now, my sweet, what thinkest thou of this strange tale?"

She did not speak at once, but studied my face steadily, and her eyes met mine and I did not flinch from her gaze.

"He hath plain, honest face," she said softly. "He is a doer of deeds, and is a simple man without the imagination to invent such a romance. So I read him. There is forthrightness in his eyes, and not guile. My Lord, it is my rede that he hath related these things as they befell, and that he is true man."

"So it seemed to me," said My Lord Giovanni, "but it almost passeth belief. Thou hast heard, Ser Pietro. The judge hath listened to thy case and handed down her judgment, by which I abide. Thou art welcome to Trebbio, my friend, and he who seeks to spirit thee away will have his hands well filled."

"I thank thee, My Lord," I said. "I bring a fellow, this Christoforo, who greatly desires to enlist under thy leadership."

"He, too, is welcome." My Lord smiled. "He craves fighting, eh? He shall have his gizzard full of it. But thou, Ser Pietro, wilt also wear the uniform of my Black Bands?"

"I be a merchant," said I.

"But a most potent one, as I have seen."

"It seems," I said slowly, "that I have no alternative. Besides I read it in the crystal ball. Man cannot escape his fate, nor shall I struggle against it. If it please you, My Lord, I am your man, pledging fealty and loyalty to your banner."

"First," said he, "thou shalt serve as volunteer until thou art trained in our ways and in the art of war. Then we shall see, Ser Pietro."

So it was that I entered the service of My Lord Giovanni of the Black Bands, and though suffering came of it, and danger and great agony of mind and heart, I would not undo it, nor have it other than it was. For though My Lord was at times a fearsome man, ready to anger and harsh to those who did less than their duty, I came to love him more than I ever have loved any man. And as for his gentle lady, I became most devoted to her. Unhappiness and tragedy were her portion. Adoring her husband, she was ever separated from him, lying lonely at night, and not knowing from one minute to the next when word would come to her that he would never come again. Truly a gracious and noble woman.

My sweet lady seemed to find pleasure or solace in my society, and she was much alone during the daylight hours. Little Cosimo, their son, took to me mightily. While My Lord hunted and exercised his men, My Lady turned the talk often to England and the safety enjoyed by our island from jealous invasions, and of our pleasant customs; but mostly her mind turned to My Lord Giovanni, for she loved him greatly.

"The Pope," she said somberly, "would see him dead. There stand but two boys between my husband and the rule of Florence," she said. "Ippolito and Alessandro. Pope Clement fears the Florentines, being a turbulent people, will have neither of them, and will turn to my husband."

"He hath often declared his love for My Lord," I said. "And employs him constantly."

"He dissembles," she said. "He is a devious man and full of deceit. He promises and withholds performance, and treachery is in his heart. It is true, Ser Pietro, that he employs my husband, but always in places of peril, hoping that My Lord's rash valor will bring him to his death."

"He is the greatest soldier of his age," said I, "and the most chivalrous knight."

"Aye," she answered proudly. "There be none like him. But he is rash and covetous of glory. He throws himself headlong upon the enemy."

"His men love him," I said.

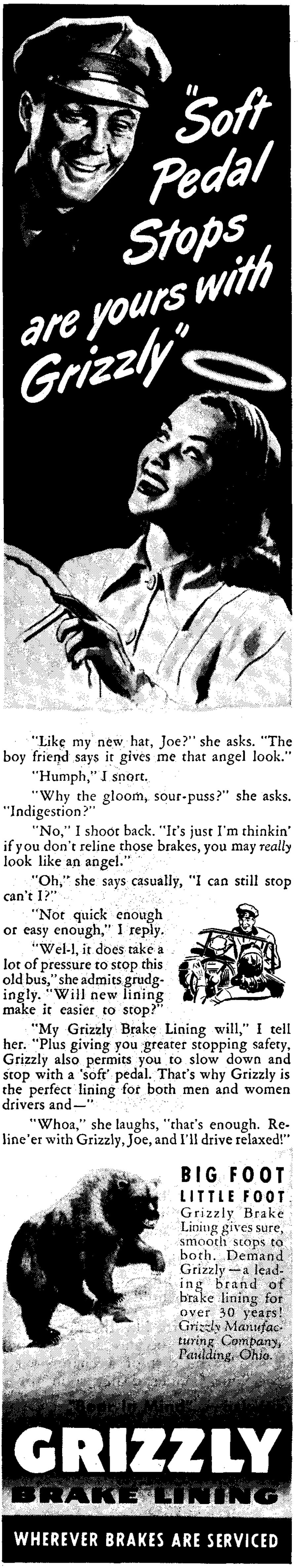
"Why should they not?" she said, bitterness still in her soft voice. "Always his first thought is for them. For their feeding and their equipping and their comfort. They are My Lord Giovanni's children to nurture and cosset and defend. Were it otherwise, would they cling to him when there is no money for their pay? I find it in my heart to be almost jealous of his ruffians."

APART of the Black Bands were in Fano, on the Adriatic, lawless in their idleness and causing great annoyance to the people. They caused great trouble to My Lord. Letters of expostulation came from His Holiness, so urgent that late in August we set out for the sea to see what could be done about restoring discipline and quelling the turbulence.

The salt smell of the sea came to us as we neared the little port in midafternoon, and soon we entered the camp to be received by the cheers of the soldiers at sight of their beloved general. Never have I seen so hard-bitten a company, nor have I seen the equal of the fourteen captains who were summoned forthwith to My Lord's quarters.

While they held council I was free, and as is the way with young men, I was curious to see strange towns and new peoples, so I sought out Christoforo, and together we strode down into Fano, seeking sights and amusements.

The people looked askance at us and gave us room and muttered, but we paid no heed and walked onward to the wharves to look at the sea and the ships, of which there were few. As we stood beside the lapping water a cockleshell put out from a low, brightly painted galley that was moored a hundred yards


"Soft Pedal Stops are yours with Grizzly"

"Like my new hat, Joe?" she asks. "The boy friend says it gives me that angel look."

"Humph," I snort.

"Why the gloom, sour-puss?" she asks. "Indigestion?"

"No," I shoot back. "It's just I'm thinkin' if you don't reline those brakes, you may *really* look like an angel."

"Oh," she says casually, "I can still stop can't I?"

"Not quick enough or easy enough," I reply.

"Wel-l, it does take a lot of pressure to stop this old bus," she admits grudgingly. "Will new lining make it easier to stop?"

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"Whoa," she laughs, "that's enough. Reline'er with Grizzly, Joe, and I'll drive relaxed!"

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from the shore. We could see that its passengers were a monk and another in plum-colored cloak.

"Ho!" exclaimed Christoforo, whose eyes were of the sharpest. "It is he!"

"It is who?" I asked.

"Him who doth hunt damsels with dogs," he said.

"The Count of Monte Cavallo? Piero Riario?"

"The same," he said. "If his anger has not cooled, this is an ill spot for us."

But I lingered, for now the faces of the two were more distinct. But it was not at Riario that I peered, but at the monk, his companion. For I recognized that round, jolly face with the keen little eyes of a pig, and the sight of it gave me unease. It was the man I had caught in the act of rifling my baggage in the inn at Livorno.

"Draw back to a spot where we may see and not be seen," I said, and we retreated to the archway of an ill-smelling warehouse, where we stood in the shadows to watch their landing. They scrambled upon the wharf, the handsome young gallant and the brown-robed monk.

"Where be those who were to meet us?" Riario demanded surlily.

"Patience, My Lord, patience," said the monk. "Daylight remains. Our business requires darkness."

"I like not this chase of the wild goose," said Piero.

"But if there be a beautiful, sleek goose at the end of it?" said the monk slyly.

"Again I ask you, how dost know she is here?"

"I know neither that she is here, nor that she exists at all," said the monk. "We do pursue a phantom and a mystery. It may be we pursue a wisp of air. Yet who could make such trouble as has been made but a woman! Who could accomplish what has been accomplished but a beautiful woman, using her beauty to cozen weak men! I am but the hunting dog of His Holiness, but my scent is keen."

"No one has seen her," Riario said.

"There was a woman in England. There is evidence to that. That she was in Florence, I am certain, and had skillful hand in the rescue of the Englishman. He was a great, wholesome dolt, incapable of helping himself. You may recognize the painting of Botticelli by the brush strokes, even though his name be not signed to the picture. So you may recognize the plottings of this woman by the identical deftness employed."

"You are positive she came to Fano?"

"I am positive of nothing. I but follow the faint scent like a good hound, hoping it will lead me to the game. I have subordinate noses everywhere, even in Fano. They have been sniffing. If there came to this place a strange, beautiful woman, they will lead us to her."

"Why should she come hither?"

The monk shrugged. "In my business one follows chance. You guess. One hundred times you are wrong, but if you be right once, it pays for the trouble. You say the Englishman went to Trebbio. Now, Giovanni will come here to sit upon the heads of his wolves and stop them from biting innocent folk. Mayhap the Englishman comes with him. There is some bond betwixt this Peter Carew"—he pronounced my name the English way—"and this woman. It is a faint, slender thread, yet I follow it hopefully, it being the best that offers."

As HE finished speaking I heard the soft pad of hurried sandals upon the flagstones, and a second monk, a spare, lantern-jawed man, joined My Lord Piero and the fat one.

"At last," said he who boasted of being hunting dog for the Pope. "Hast been diligent?"

"To a town where the Black Bands camp," said the monk, "come many strange women to pander to their lusts."

"You have winnowed the chaff to find the grain of corn?"

"There is one, Brother," said the emaciated monk.

"Why single you out this one?"

"Because of an oddity. In such as these women be, it is an oddity indeed. She doth not ply her trade. She is freshly come, but since her arrival no man hath passed her door. She cometh not out of her house, and none has seen her face. Also she is attended by a dwarf. A deformed, ill-tempered gnome, who cannot be persuaded to talk even with silver."

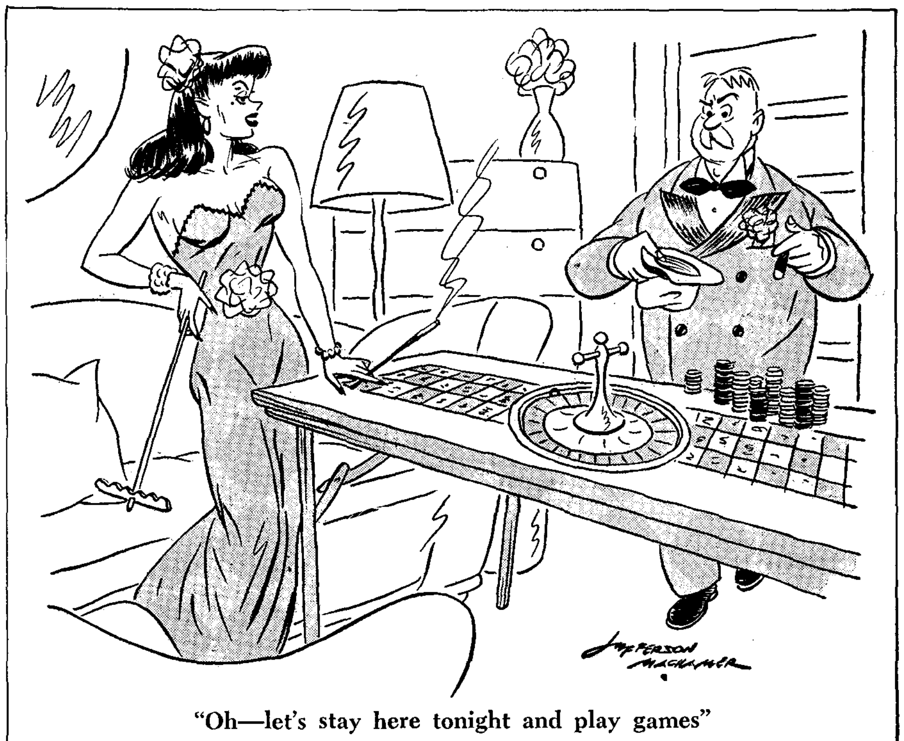
The Pope's hound grinned across his broad face and spread fat hands. "Meseems," he said, "we have come to the end of the chase. Now remains but to set dogs upon the quarry. It will be thy part, My Lord, to provide the pack."

"They await. Half a dozen fellows."

"It goes well. Let us to an inn, for my stomach clamors within me. Then, when darkness covers the deeds of men, we carry out the prank. Aye, wearing the badges of the Black Band so the depredation shall be laid at their door."

They moved away together, and Christoforo and I, giving them time to make some distance, followed at their heels.

"Now what is this affair?" Christoforo asked. "And how art thou concerned in



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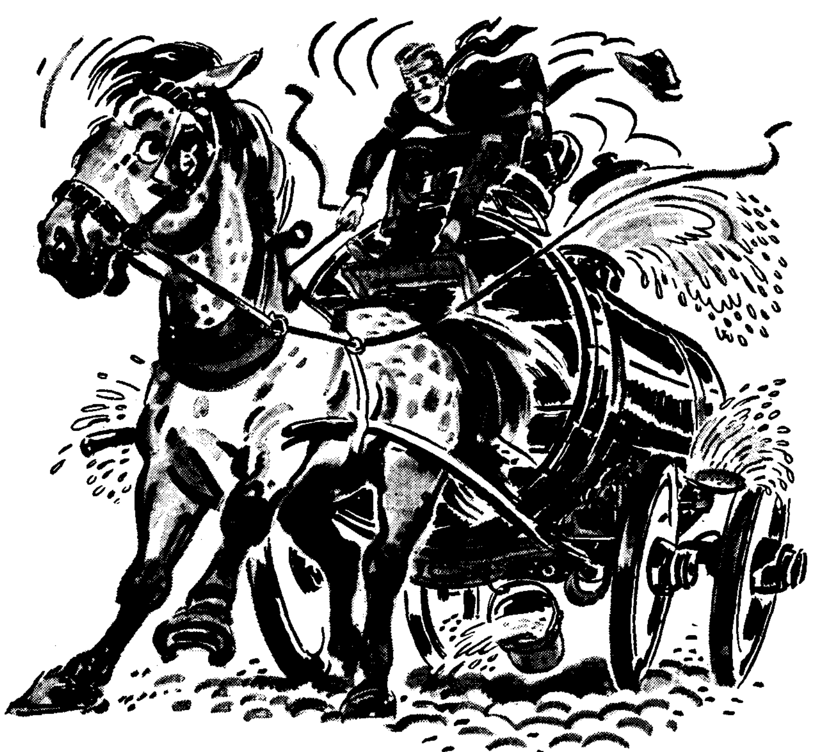

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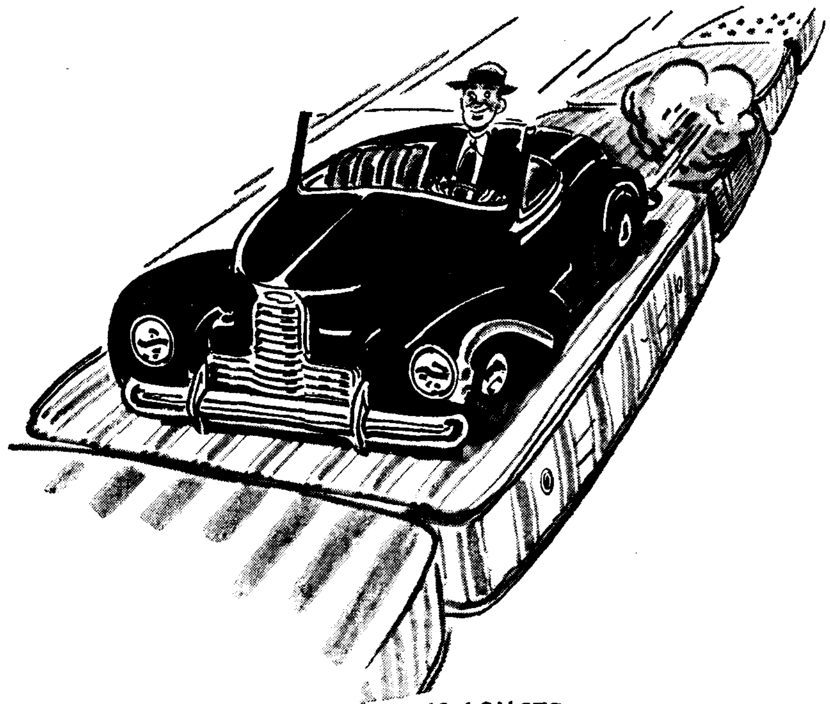

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it? I heard mention of an Englishman."

"I am concerned to thwart it," said I shortly. "We will follow them."

"I will get some of the companions," Christoforo said. "They will be glad of the frolic."

"Four will suffice," said I.

We followed Piero and the monks to an inn where I remained on watch whilst Christoforo went in search of reinforcements. In an hour he returned with four companions and we awaited the coming of nightfall.

AS NIGHT descended, half a dozen ruffians armed with swords came to the inn and joined Riario and the monks. I drew our little party together. "It is not enough," I warned them, "that no harm shall come to the lady. But none must see her face to recognize her."

Though it was my duty to hate and to fear her, I was strangely rejoiced that Betsy was near and that I was to see her once more—even though it was to be flouted again. I rejoiced that I was to fight for her, because it gives a sort of exaltation to a young man to know that he is going to draw blade for a lady. I did not say that I loved her, but she had put a charm upon me. I do not say that I could not have loved the girl Betsy as I saw her in the forest and in our farm kitchen, but I was afraid of her, and feared that my hankering after her came more from the devil than from heaven. Besides which her mind was too sharp and subtle for the wife of a merchant in woolen cloth. My mind buzzed with it all, and I was unhappy.

Before the moon rose, the party of our enemies arose from their food and wine and set off upon their errand. We followed as closely as we dared, concealing ourselves as well as we could manage. There was much roistering in the streets against which the good citizens had barred their doors and closed the shutters of their shops, but we passed through it without argument until we came to a part of the town where the houses were scattered.

I saw the gaunt monk pause before a house and point to it, and Piero Riario went to its door and pounded with the pommel of his sword. Whereupon I ordered my companions forward and I was put to it to keep ahead of them—they were eager for a brawl.

"What clamor is this?" I shouted, as we came up behind the party.

Riario turned and in the beginning did not recognize me. "Attend to your own concerns, my friends," he said. "This is a private matter."

"There be two minds about that, My Lord," I said. "Come away from the door."

"I will come to thy regret," he said between his teeth, "if thou dost not cease to meddle."

"Then I will have to endure it," I told him. "If thou dost not come to me I will come to thee."

He stared a moment. "The Englishman," he said to the monk, and he leaped from the door and came at me. He was no weakling, but a man able to wield sword with strength and skill. As he and I closed with each other, our followers plunged into a melee of clanking blades and panted curses and there was a fight of it, with the monks squalling on the fringe.

As our blades crossed, Riario cursed me for a meddler. "I'll split thy heart," he said between his teeth, "and then have thy woman."

"Save thy breath for the business," I told him. "Art like to need it."

I found I was like to need my own breath as well, for he was strong of wrist and skilled, and he fought with rage. We thrust and parried and slashed at each other, with neither having the best of it until his ruffians found themselves no match for the trained veterans of the Black Bands, and I was aware of feet running in flight, and I saw hesitation in his eyes.

"I have no desire to kill thee," I told him. "Take to thy heels while there is time and learn to make war on men instead of women."

He gave back two paces and looked beyond me. He was alone, for two of his men lay on the pavement, and the rest had run for it.

"This is not the end of it, Englishman," he said arrogantly, turning on his heel.

So I let him go, and to my everlasting regret; for, had I slain him myself, or let him be slain that night, I and others would have been spared much suffering and heaviness of heart, and more than one good man now dead would have remained alive.

The monks would have followed him, but I seized the fat one by his robe.

"Thy scent is too good, hunting dog," I said. "Beware where thou dost come sniffing hereafter, lest I cut off thy nose to stop thee from smelling at all."

He grinned at me impudently. "Englishman," he said, "either thou hast more brains than I credit thee with, or thou hast luck. With brains I can deal—but who can cope with a man endowed with luck!" He paused and regarded me, and, I thought, without malice even though I had thwarted him so sorely. "Friend," said he, "thou hast a very special talent for making powerful enemies. Look to thyself hereafter. Get thee back to England, Peter."

"There is nothing for which I yearn more heartily," I said.

He passed away from us and I turned to my companions. "Keep safe guard," I bade them, "while I complete this errand." So I went to the door and rapped upon it. "Betsy," I called. "It is I, Peter Carew. Let me in. I would have word with thee."

BOLTS were withdrawn, a chain rattled and then the door swung inward cautiously to disclose the misshapen body of the dwarf, John-Peter. He was very fierce, with a great sword in his hands that was longer than himself.

"Let me in, John-Peter," I said. "I must speak with your mistress."

"Away with you," he growled. "Speech with my mistress is not for such as thou."

"Stand aside," I said impatiently, "or I will take thy sword away from thee and belabor thy backside with it."

He glared at me malevolently, but stood aside to let me pass, and then bolted and barred the door behind me. Candles lighted a room ahead of me and I strode into it. There stood Betsy, not a princess now, nor a 'prentice, nor a hag—but garishly and seductively arrayed so that she might be mistaken for one of those women who gather about the encampments of soldiers.

"I would see thee clad otherwise than this," I said shortly.

"The English," she said, "are stupid and prudish."

"If," said I, "it be prudish to revere the chastity of woman and stupid to defend it, then we be guilty," I answered.

"A lark," she said, "may wear the feathers of a hawk and still be a lark. Come to thine errand, if it be a proper one for maiden's ears."

I ceased to bandy words with her, because she would always have the best of that sort of combat. "Didst hear the sound of swordplay in the street?"

"I heard it, but deemed it but a brawl betwixt the Black Bands and the citizens."

"It was My Lord Piero Riario and his ruffians, urged on to seize you by a certain monk who boasts of being hunting dog for His Holiness—the planning of which I did overhear by chance."

"And you flew to my defense like some knight of old," she jeered.

"I know not why you speak to me thus, and flout me and strive to make me appear a figure of fun," I said. "For I have done thee no despite, but have even been of some small service to thee."

"There be many things you do not understand," she said, "and the first of them is woman." She pressed her lovely lips together and became grave and concerned. "How did My Lord Piero know to search for me here? How did this monk become aware of me? Did either speak my name or anything about me?"

"Nay," said I. "Thy identity is hidden from them as it is hidden from me. But this monk is a dangerous man who doth put little things together to make a big thing. He knows not for certain that you live at all, but he has reasoned that there must be such a woman. He follows slender chances and faint hopes." And I told her of what I had overheard.

Her brows drew together. "A skillful and dangerous man, this monk," she said thoughtfully. "And so you collected men and came hither to save me."

"As I would have done for any woman," I said.

"I am sure of it," she said. "Oh, I am very sure of it. A most chivalrous and gentle—merchant."

"Why are you here?" I asked. "Why do you masquerade in Fano?"

She brushed aside my question. "Having come so close to me," she said, "they will return. Were you recognized?"

"I crossed swords with My Lord Piero Riario," said I. "He had reason to know me. We have a quarrel."

"Thou and Piero? Thou hast a quarrel with him? How arose this feud?"

I told her in brief about the maid Beatrice and the dogs and the mountain men and she eyed me with her strange, lovely eyes and was silent; this time she did not jeer, as I feared she would.

"It seems," she said, "that I bring thee only danger and enemies."

"Aye," I said, "and prophecies, and the friendship of My Lord Giovanni and his lady which balances the scale. Now, whether you deal in magic and have cast some spell upon me, I do not know. But I do know that this spell, or fate, or the will of God has created something betwixt you and me. We be bound together for some object. I know not what object, nor if it shall bring joy or woe to us." I paused and peered at her, and then I fancied I understood why it was that she treated me so hardly and flouted me. Which thought I put into words. "It is because you knew this before I knew it, and cannot escape from it, and fear the consequences of it, that your manner toward me is as it is. It makes thee ill at ease with me, and consequently thou art contemptuous toward me."

I saw the blood mount from her shoulders to her throat and make rosy her ears and her cheeks. Whereat she was angry. So I knew I had guessed aright. Which gave me singular pride in my astuteness, which I had not greatly valued to this moment.

"You speak nonsense," she said. "There be more important matters to vex me than what may lie betwixt thee and me."

"This monk," said I, "having once laid his nose to your trail, will not be easy to throw off. You must away from here, and speedily, before he returns."

She nodded briefly and left the room.

In a time so short that I was incredulous that a woman could change so quickly, she came back to me, and she was a lad in bonnet with white feather and long, black cloak, and a dagger to her belt and boots for riding.

"Saw you ever more lovely boy?" she asked, and smiled at me, which she had done rarely. "I am ready."

LOVELY boy she was, slender and lithe as a sword blade. There was no fear in her but a sort of gay excitement in face of danger. Never had I liked her so well since the day I found her, a scullery maid, in the forest; for she seemed more honest and human. It was as if she had laid mystery aside and had in reality become a wholesome lad, and I was less afraid of her and her wiles.

John-Peter scowled in the door and I said to her, "Thou art marked by this homunculus," I said. "It were best to rid thyself of him, for he has been seen and will not easily be forgotten."

She patted the scowling, misshapen gnome on his pate and smiled down at him. "Where I go, there shall go John-Peter," she said. "God cursed him with strange, unsightly shape, but in his breast He placed a faithful heart, and in his head such shrewdness as few normal men possess."

So I opened the door and we passed out to my companions and we strode rapidly toward our camp where I sought audience with my general.

"My Lord," I said, "I crave permission to go upon an errand, and Christoforo for companion. Also four good horses."

"What errand is this, Pietro?"

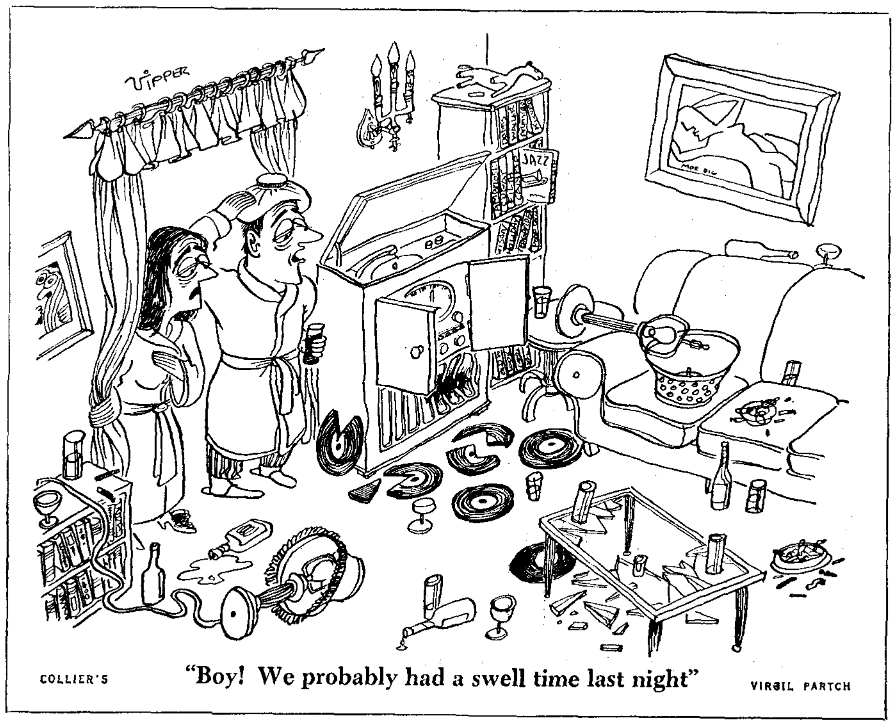
"To escort a woman to a place of safety," I said.

He smiled and his eyes lighted. "And I thought thee sober, and overgrave for such frolics. Fetch her to me, Pietro, that I may see what manner of woman can overturn thy virtue."

"My Lord," I said earnestly, "I pray thee excuse me. She most explicitly fears to have thee see her face."

"I can send men to fetch her," he said with no friendliness.

"So you can, My Lord," I said gently,



COLLIER'S "Boy! We probably had a swell time last night" VIRGIL PARTCH

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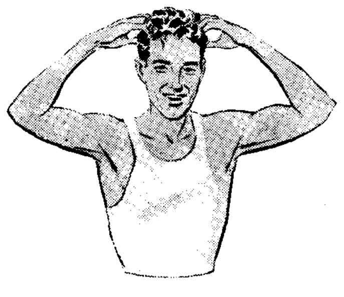

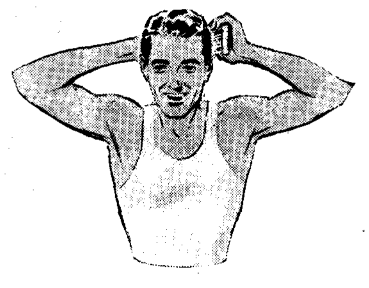

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"but I pray you will not, for I am indebted to this maid. Also thou hast given me thy friendship, which is sweet to me. In this matter may we not behave to each other as friends and not as commander and subordinate?"

That softened him somewhat toward me, for never was such loyalty as that of Giovanni de' Medici to his friends. He was a sharp man and harsh, but underneath was kindliness. Withal he was not one easily to be deceived.

"Pietro, is this the woman—the one who was witch and scullery maid and apprentice boy and great lady?"

"It is she," I answered.

"She rescued thee from Passerini and sent thee to me?"

"Aye."

HE WAS thoughtful, considering the matter doubtless from the point of view of war and politics. "Dost guarantee she is no enemy of mine?" he asked.

"I cannot so guarantee, My Lord," I said honestly. "But this I think: that she doth hate the name of Medici and all who bear it, excepting thee alone."

"In whose service is she?"

"I know not."

"Is she maid, or wife, or courtesan?"

"I cannot tell thee."

"Does she love thee, Pietro?"

"She holds me in contempt, My Lord."

"And yet you would serve her, risking even the loss of my friendship. Why?"

"I think, My Lord, she has cast a spell upon me."

Now he smiled broadly. "I think I can put a name to that spell," he said. Then, gravely: "Pietro, I have a fondness for thee, and my sweet wife holds thee in affection. Also I am beholden to thee for my life. But presume not too much upon it. But because of it I will take a middle ground with thee and with her."

"Yes, My Lord," I said.

"It is dark this night. I will go out to her and speak with her. She may stand in the shadows concealing her face. I will question her, but in the darkness."

It was better than I had dared to hope. He arose and threw cloak about his shoulders, and strode out into the night. "Lead me to this riddle," he said.

I conducted him to the spot where she waited with Christoforo, and as I approached I called out to her.

"Betsy," I said, "here is My Lord Giovanni, who would speak to you. But he permits that you stand in the darkness hiding your face from him."

"The word of a Medici!" she said scornfully.

"We deal with the word of Giovanni of the Black Bands," said My Lord sternly.

"I will trust the half of thee that is the son of thy mother," she said.

"What purpose brings thee to Fano?"

"To watch," she said, "and to be ready."

"To spy upon me?" he demanded.

"I be no spy," she said. "A spy watches for others. I watch for myself. And not as an enemy to thee, Giovanni de' Medici. It might even be as a friend if things fall out that way."

"You stole a letter in England."

"So I did," she admitted.

"Who wrote this letter?" he asked.

I was astonished when she answered frankly. "Your kinsman, the Pope."

"To whom was it addressed?" he demanded.

"To Cardinal Wolsey—who hopes to be Pope," she answered.

"To whom didst deliver this stolen letter?"

"To Venice," she answered.

"For what reason?" he asked.

"Because in the hands of Venice it would cause the greatest trouble," she answered.

He considered that in silence. "Whom dost thou serve?"

"Myself," she replied. "In serving myself I must sometimes seem to serve others. As tonight I may do thee a service."

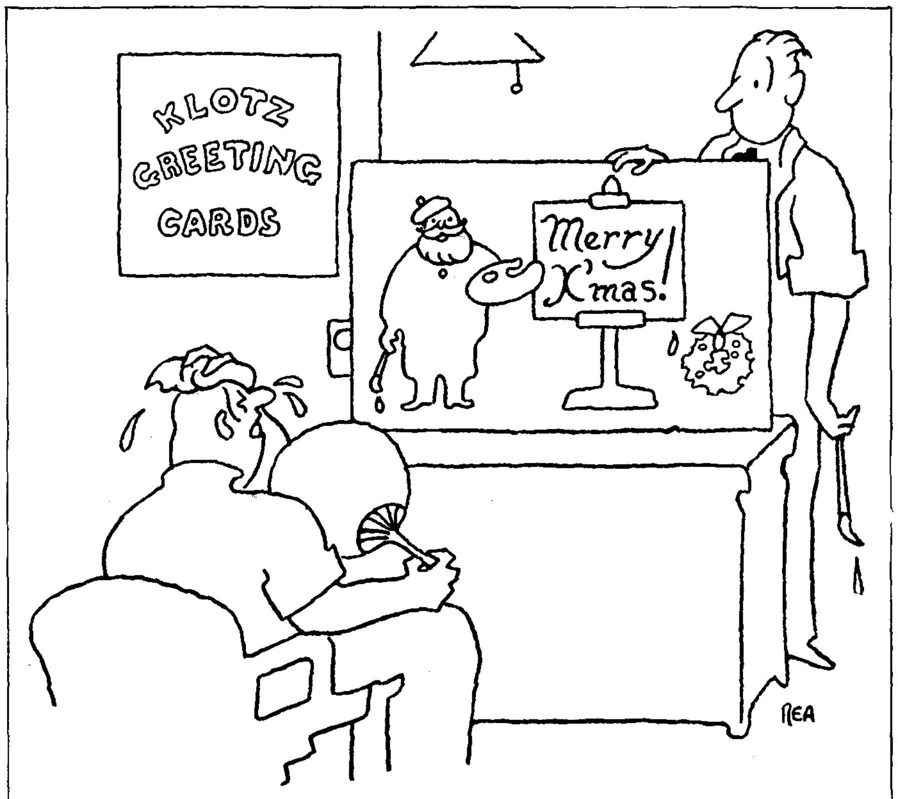
"Of what nature?" he asked.

"The Chevalier Bayard is dead," she said. "The siege of Marseilles will fail. The King of England withdraws his army from France. The French king will be free to follow his ambition."

"Which is Milan," said My Lord.

"And more," she replied. "Messengers are on their way to thee, My Lord, from the Court of Francis. They will seek thee here. They will have important words to say to you, and upon your reply may hang the fate of Italy. When they come to thee, Giovanni de' Medici, recall thy dealings with the Pope and the Emperor and the Duke of Milan, and their conduct toward thee, and that at least one of them desires thy death. Keep in mind their broken promises, and their treacheries to thee. Keep them well in mind."

"Art sure of this, that Francis sends messengers to me?"



"Maybe it's okay. Maybe it's just that I don't feel Christmassy this morning"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

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ED'S MY DRUGGIST . . . a good one, too! And since I've been his Doctor of Motors for years, I could talk to him like a Dutch uncle.

"Look, Ed," I said, "you're happy with the way your car runs now, but you have only had part of my prescription."

Then I told him what I'd done. Ground the valves, replaced the gaskets, installed a set of Perfect Circle Piston Rings to stop her oil pumping—and a lot of other things she'd needed for a long time.

"If you want to *keep* your car in tip-top shape," I said, "Here's the rest of my prescription—just bring it in regularly for periodic checkups. That way I can correct little troubles before they have a chance to become big ones—and save you a lot of worry and money."

Ed said he would follow that suggestion and that it sounded like a good prescription for every car owner.

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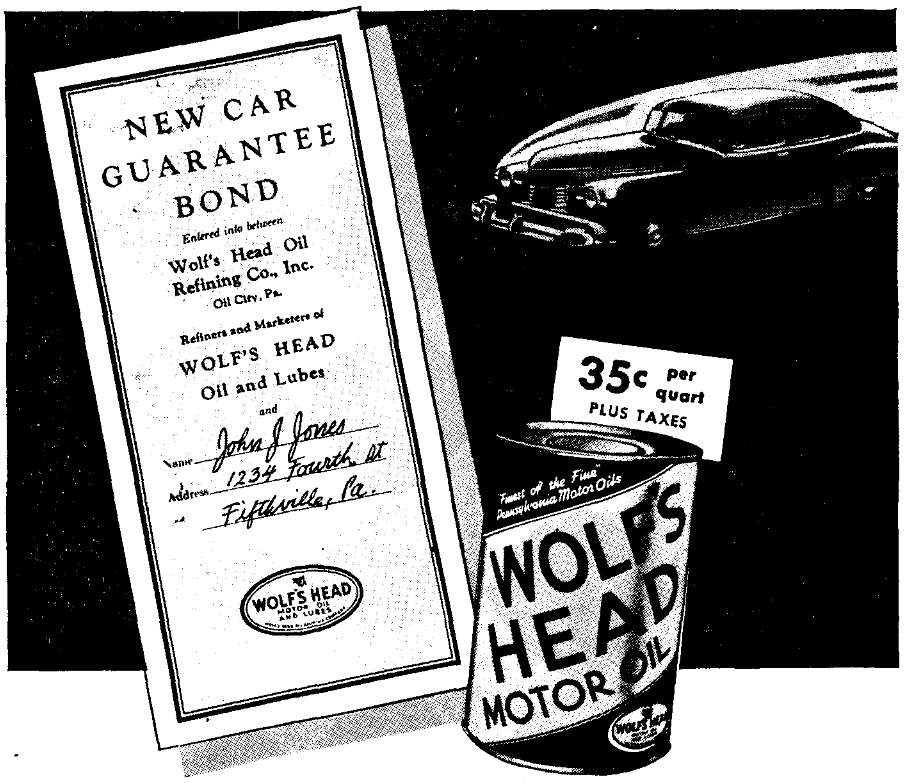

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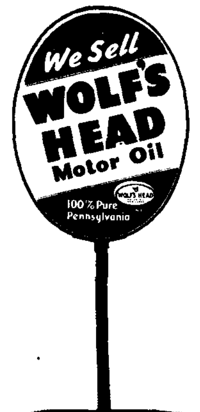

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"I am certain of it," she said.

"Were I like to some I know," My Lord said, "I would have answers from thee. But I have given my word not to look upon thy face nor to interfere with thee." He stood silent for a time, and then spoke in a different voice, not the voice of a commander surrounded by sore perplexities, but in the voice of a young man avid for life, and perhaps a little lonely, and not distant from his boyhood. "Madonna," he said, "I have some friendship toward this overlarge Englishman. I will not deny him his adventure, which I envy him. But I charge you, whoever you be and whatever your purpose, to deal with him honestly and not treacherously. For he is as simple as he is huge, and hath no guile with which to defend himself against such as thee."

"My Lord," she said clearly, "I will deal with him as the future permits." Her low, musical laugh sounded briefly. "There be times," she said, "when I question if he doth not wear simplicity as a cloak covering what lurks beneath."

"I fear I am conducting like a fool and should clap thee into a cell, Madonna," said My Lord Giovanni. "Go, then, before reason returns to me; and fortune attend thee."

CHRISTOFORO returned with horses for us all, and food for the journey. Betsy and I rode ahead, with the other two at our heels, and so left the camp for the darkness of the hills.

It is a strange and eerie feeling to ride forth into the night, in a strange land peopled by men of an alien tongue and to have no knowledge of your destination or plan for the future except flight alone. My life, until this journey to Italy, had been fixed and secure. My future stretched clear before me—to perfect myself in my father's business and to follow in his footsteps. But there was no clear future now, only an unfamiliar road leading into unknown perils and uncivil adventures. Yet, being young and curious as to what might happen next, and riding knee to knee with a most enigmatic maid, I was not cast down, but rather elated at the prospect.

"What plan have you?" Betsy asked, her figure beside me only a moving shape of black.

"I have no plan," I said, "except to get thee safe away."

"And hide me in a cave in the mountains," she said jeeringly, "while you sit at the mouth of it to fend off the wolves. There is more to think of than that."

"Enumerate, then," said I, "what I must consider."

"This monk," she said, "came close to me by following a slender thread. First of all, that thread must be cut. No fragment of it may remain to lead him to me again."

"We drove them off from thy door," I said, "but you may depend upon it that the monk did not go far."

"He would follow us to the camp of My Lord Giovanni—and would witness our riding forth," she said.

"A most persistent man," I said, "and farsighted. He will have provided a pursuit."

"Ample," she said, "to overcome two men, a woman and a dwarf."

"Art afraid?" I asked.

"He who is not afraid when danger threatens," she said, "is a fool. Fear was created by God to urge men to take measures for their safety."

"We must not stay upon the public, traveled road," I said. "Yet I hesitate to leave it, for thou art a woman, and the hills be rough and inclement."

"For every hour of hardship thou canst endure," she said tartly, "I can suffer three."

"We shall put that to the test," I said somewhat surlily.

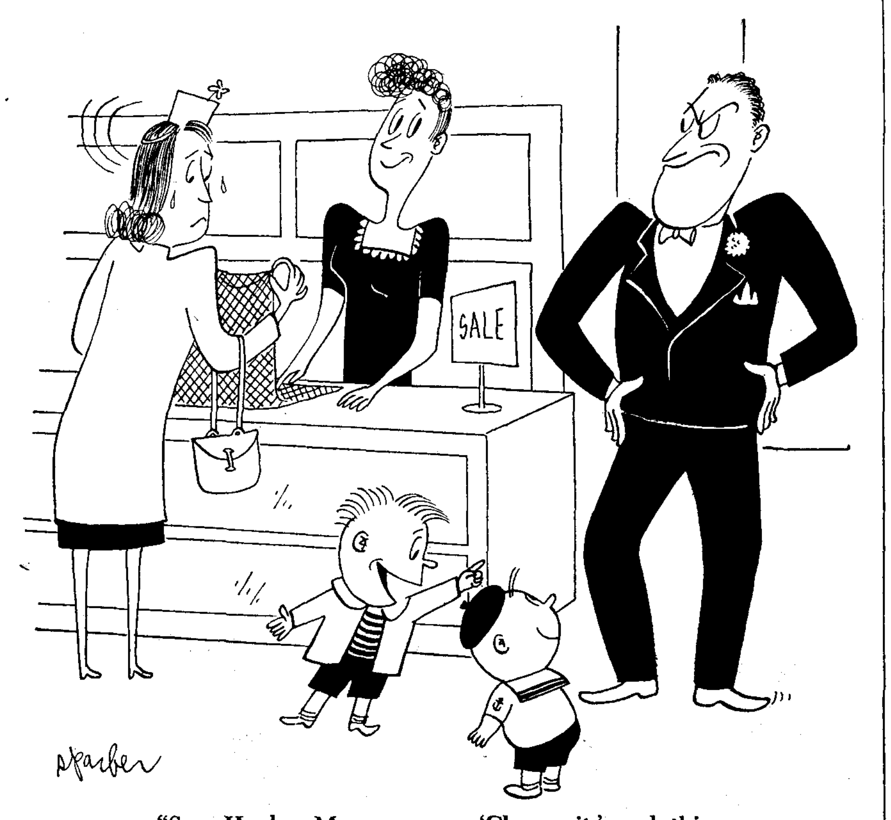
I called a halt and we listened for sounds of pursuit. The night was still, and the sky overcast and the wind was toward us, so that it could carry sounds to our ears.

"Horses at the gallop," said Christoforo.

"Then," said I, "we turn from the road. Not at some easy spot where our turning might be suspected, but at a point which fugitives will be thought to avoid. I hope these horses be sure of foot."

We galloped on, sure that the sound of our horses' hoofs would not be borne backward to the ears of our pursuers, and always I kept my eyes sharp for an unlikely spot. We came to such a place, steep and tumbled with rocks, and I set

TIMMY **by HOWARD SPARBER**



"See, Hanky, Mommy says, 'Charge it,' and this man sends us a letter for Daddy to tear up"

COLLIER'S

"But, dear, I'm not supporting a herd of relatives!"

CRIED ELSIE, THE BORDEN COW

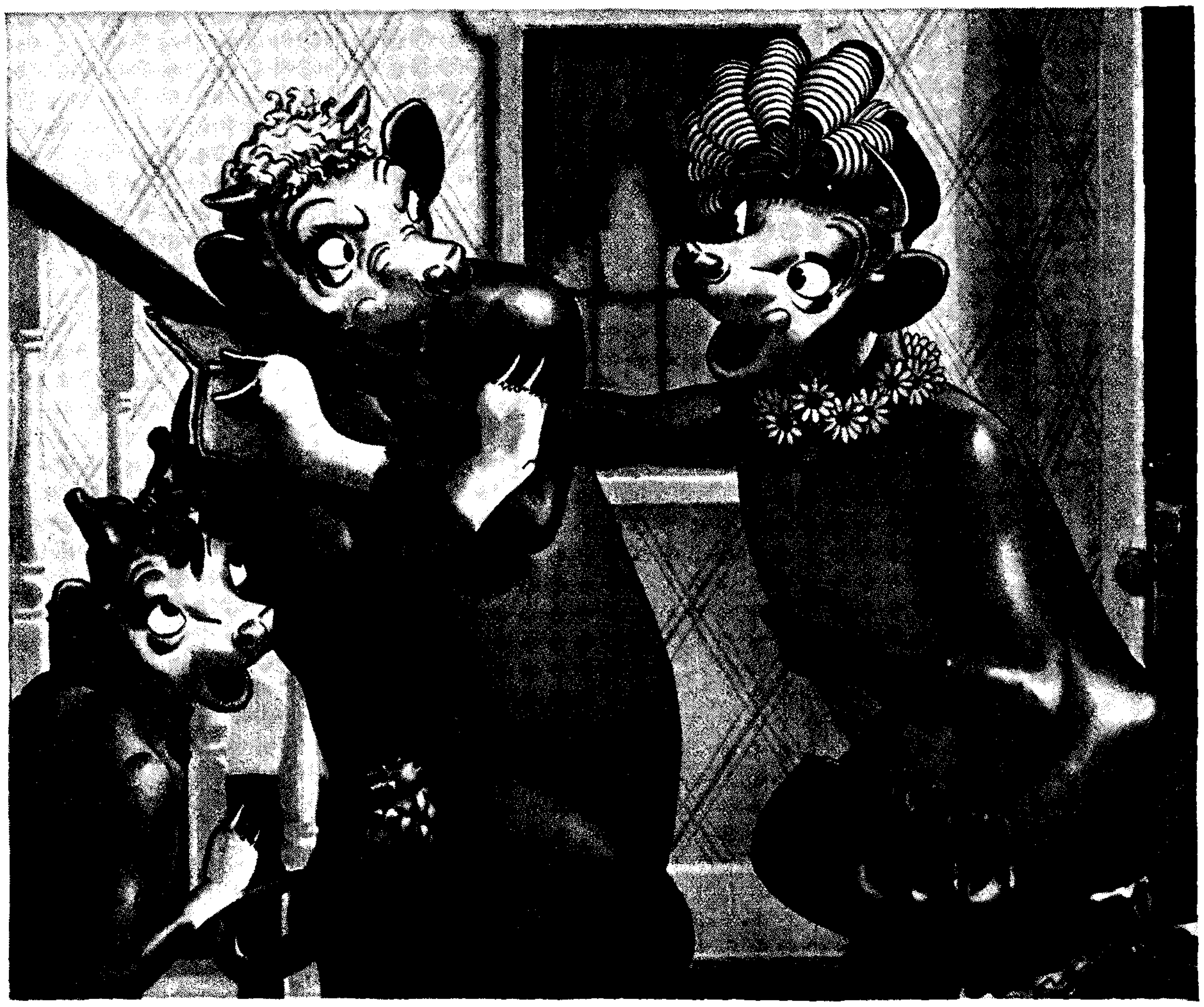
"If you're not supporting your kinfolks," bellowed Elmer, the bull, "where *does* the money go? What do you do with it—*eat it?*"

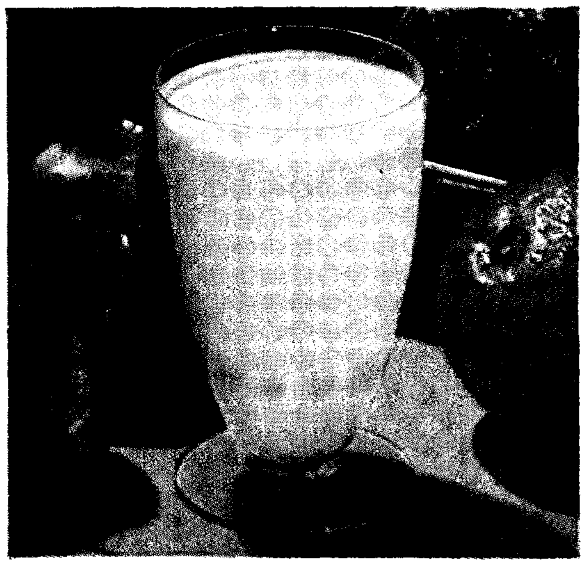
"That's not as funny as you seem to think," answered Elsie. "Food costs real money these days, dear."

"Can't be costing that much!" snapped Elmer. "I say, there's a poor uncle in the bull pen."

"And *I* say," smiled Elsie, "that it takes a heap of sense to plan meals so that your family gets a full penny's worth of nourishment for every penny you spend."

"Cents! Pennies!" roared Elmer. "Woman, I'm talking about dollars—*husband's* dollars—that wives spend so freely."





"Sensible wives," corrected Elsie, "think in terms of pennies, and weigh cost of foods against their food *values.* That's why so many of them are adding more and more of *Borden's Milk* to the family diet. You see, women have found out that, *penny for penny, your best food buy* is *Milk!* And naturally I mean Borden's."

"Borden's! Borden's! Borden's!" mimicked Elmer. "Milk! Milk! Milk! Can't you think of anything else?"

"Why certainly, dear!" said Elsie. "But milk *is* nature's most nearly perfect food. Look what it gives you—vitamins, minerals, protective fats, proteins—and I do mean *complete* proteins—the kind you get from meat, and—"

"Complete, incomplete," argued Elmer, "no he-blooded husband wants to drink milk all day, every day."

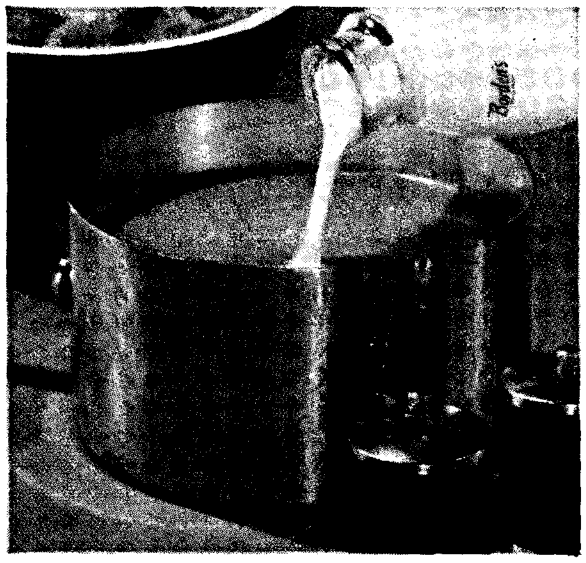
"Then," giggled Elsie, "let husbands eat their milk!"

"That tears it!" exploded Elmer. "How in Cowdom Come can you *eat* milk?"

"Hundreds of ways," blithely answered Elsie. "In puddings, in sauces for fish and meat and vegetables, on cereals, in ice cream, in cream soups and pie fillings, in —"

"Pick up the marbles," sighed Elmer. "Maybe milk is wonderful. But I *still* say you get enough extra bucks from me to support someone. And I still say *further* that someone is eating more than milk!"

"Now, darling," soothed Elsie, "I never even suggested that *any* one should live on milk and no other food. I merely mentioned that it's smart to get more



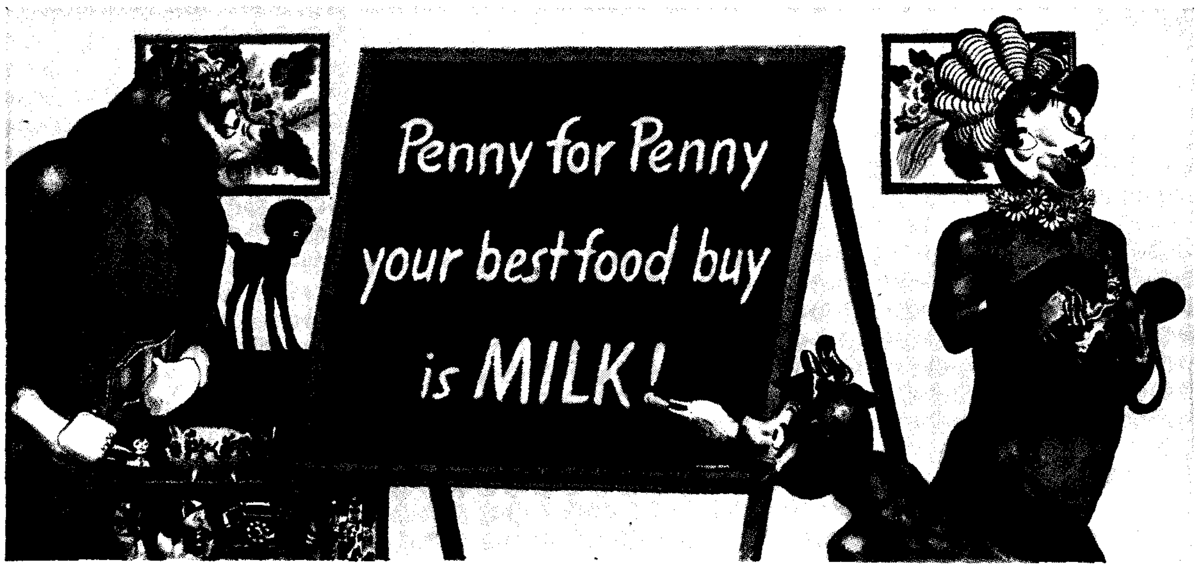
of the wonderful nourishment of milk into meals, because —"

"I know, I know," groaned Elmer, "because, *penny for penny, your best food buy* is *Milk!*"

"How terribly smart of you, Elmer!" flattered Elsie. "And it amazes me to think that anyone as *brilliant* as you can't figure out why a wife might need some extra shopping money."

"Save the soft soap!" ordered Elmer. "Here—take the money. It's worth it to me to hear the end of this."

"But you haven't heard the end," teased Elsie. "And that's always good—*if it's Borden's, it's GOT to be good!"*



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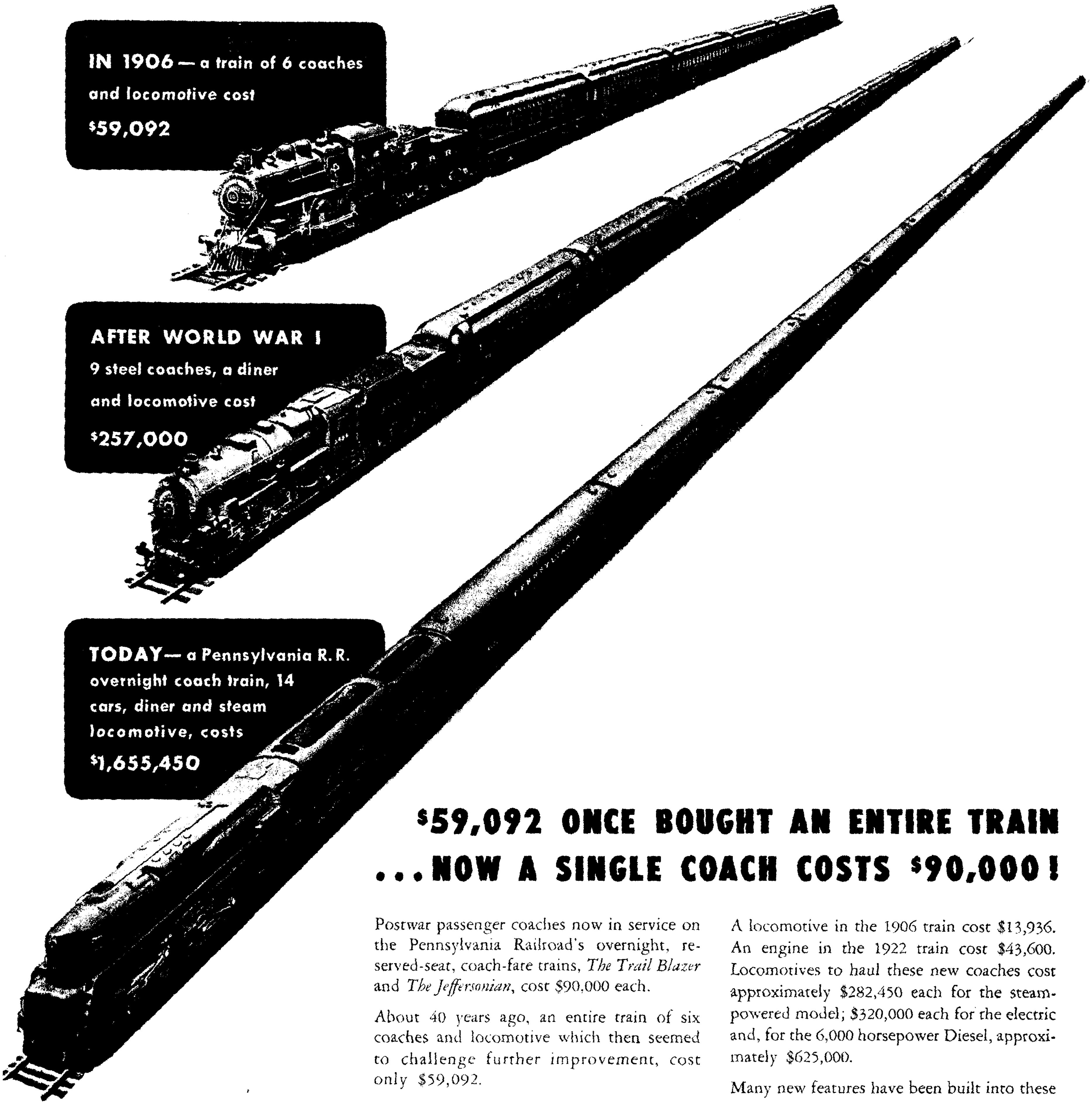

IN 1906—a train of 6 coaches and locomotive cost $59,092

AFTER WORLD WAR I 9 steel coaches, a diner and locomotive cost $257,000

TODAY—a Pennsylvania R. R. overnight coach train, 14 cars, diner and steam locomotive, costs $1,655,450

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A locomotive in the 1906 train cost $13,936. An engine in the 1922 train cost $43,600. Locomotives to haul these new coaches cost approximately $282,450 each for the steam-powered model; $320,000 each for the electric and, for the 6,000 horsepower Diesel, approximately $625,000.

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my horse at it, scrambling upward until I had no idea if I were going north or south or east or west, but hoping the moon would come out in the sky that I might have some sign to ride by. There was nothing but the wind, which I was at pains to keep upon our backs. So we rode for hours with John-Peter uttering shrill complaints and curses, and Betsy silent and uncomplaining.

We came at last to a valley where there was grass underfoot, and stunted trees.

"Here we rest," I directed, and, dismounting, helped Betsy from her horse. We made secure our horses against their wandering away, and took off the saddles for pillows.

"For myself," I said, "I shall say a prayer before I sleep."

"Dost believe in the power of prayer?" Betsy asked.

"I believe at least," said I, "that it can do no harm. It might even be that God chances to be listening."

So I got down upon my knees, and she knelt beside me, and I told God what I wanted and suggested what He could do to help if He were in the mood. After which we rolled in our cloaks, making the best of what grass we could find; and before I could rightly count a flock of my father's sheep I slept dreamlessly. And Betsy slept at my side within touch of my hand, but so tired was I that her nearness did not disturb me.

I WAS the first awake in the morning, considering our plight and studying what to do about it. As to where we were, I knew that we were a few miles to the west of Fano. I knew that Rimini lay a short distance up the coast of the Adriatic, and that Florence itself was far toward the west, and Urbino was to the south.

But what lay betwixt us and these cities I did not know, save that wherever we turned we would traverse uneasy country, infested by bandits and homeless men, and made more dangerous by wandering, disbanded soldiers and the retainers of petty, predatory lordlings.

John-Peter snored in his wrappings, and Betsy slept, her cheek pillowed upon a rounded arm. Christoforo stirred, rubbed his eyes and arose upon his elbow, but I motioned him to silence. Presently a ray of sunlight touched Betsy's eyes and they opened wide and stared about her, and in that moment of awakening, they were as innocent and lovely as the eyes of a babe. Her face was the face of a sweet and timid and gentle maid. But then full awareness came to her, and her eyes met mine and became inscrutable, and her face lost its sweet gentleness, though losing no whit of its beauty. She became again in a twinkling the woman I could not understand, nor guess if she were pure or impure, good or evil. And I wondered which of the two was her real self.

"Good morrow," she said.

"Good morrow, Betsy," I responded.

Her lips bent in an ironic smile. "Doubtless," she said, "you have solved all our problems whilst I slept."

"There is one problem I never shall solve," I told her. "And mayhap it is best that I never do. That is thyself."

"Then apply thyself to solving the problem of breakfast," she said shortly. Whereupon Christoforo arose and came back with food from our store, and John-Peter being aroused, we four ate silently until we had enough.

"Shall I saddle the horses?" Christoforo asked.

"We be safe here through the daylight hours," I said. "I deem it wiser to travel by night."

"Must we sit here with folded hands through a dragging day?" asked Betsy.

"Better in the free hills," I said, "than in the Cardinal's dungeon. Or the chamber of Piero Riario," I answered.

"Good," said Christoforo. "I have always coveted a day of laziness, though I have been blessed with few. I shall sleep. I shall eat. And then, to amuse myself, I shall dig among the rocks for the jewels of Gian the Good."

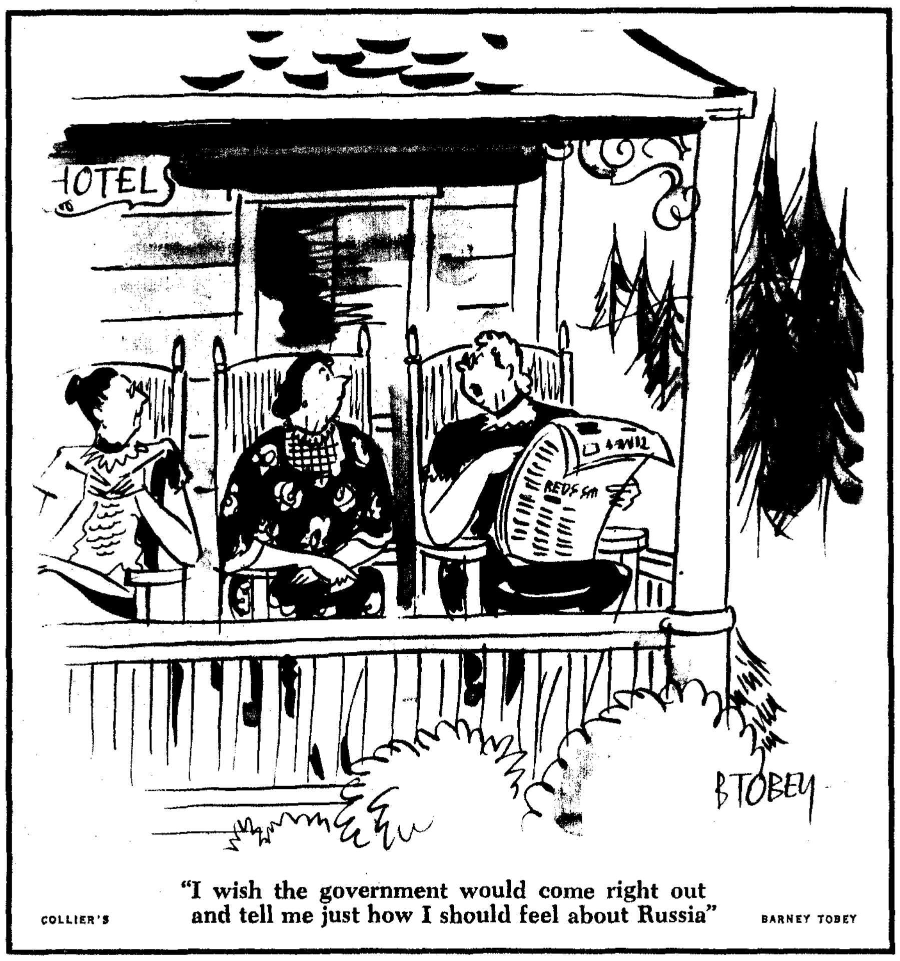
When time hangs heavy on the hands, as it was like to do for us this day, it is good for tales to be told. If the mind be not occupied it is like to fall into evil mood.

"This be no likely spot to dig for diamonds and emeralds and rubies," I said.

"As good as any, if accounts be true," he said.

"Who," I asked, "is this Gian the Good? And why buried he his jewels?"

"He came to his end," Christoforo said, "because the people called him good and because of his popularity with them. It was not safe to be popular in the days of Piero de' Medici, against whom we arose for his arrogance, and drove forth from Florence. Gian degli Albizzi, of ancient family in our city, fed the poor on saints' days, and raised his voice in defense of the rights of the people. So Piero hated him and feared his popularity and was jealous of him. He sought and found pretext. So, charging treason he caused to be sacked the palace of the degli Albizzi and murdered Gian the Good and all his family. So that there was left alive not one to claim the farms and vineyards and estates and the great wealth that made Gian dangerous."



COLLIER'S "I wish the government would come right out and tell me just how I should feel about Russia" BARNEY TOBEY

"But what," I asked, "of the jewels?"

"This Gian," said Christoforo, "was a great lover of precious gems, and it is said he collected them all over the world until his coffers bulged with them. But when the palace was sacked, there was not a jewel of them all. It is said he sent them away to be hidden in a safe place that the Medici might not enjoy them."

"A tale to be told to children at the bedtime hour," said Betsy scornfully.

"Yet a story believed by many," Christoforo said.

"Wealth," I said sapiently, "doth ever arouse envy. And it is a dangerous thing to be loved by the poor when a tyrant rules the state."

Most futilely that day, as a young man will in the company of a lovely maid, I endeavored to draw nearer to her, not to her body but to her mind; and, as young men also will do in their vanity, to make her think well of me. It is not easy for me to boast, but I did my best at it. But she ever held aloof, and when I sought to impress her with tales that made me appear better than I was, her face was faintly amused as if she watched the antics of playing colts in a pasture or puppies in a barnyard. In the end I gave it up and went off alone to sulk. She would answer no questions and when she talked at all, it was to say such things as only increased my doubts of her goodness. When I voiced these doubts, she laughed.

"Look, you, Englishman," she said. "God hath given me beauty of face and body. For what purpose? To use them to the greatest advantage to further my fortunes. What is a body, Messer Pietro, but skin and bone and flesh? What am I but one woman among millions? I am my own property. What, then, is it to thee or to any man, what I do with mine own? Where is the importance of it?" She was bitter.

It was a point I could not argue, and I was sore embarrassed.

I deemed it both safe and wise to ride southward in early afternoon. The Metauro River lay to the southward, and the road by which we could make our way inland. This would provide daylight hours for the harsh mountain miles that would lie between us and easier riding. It was sundown when we saw the river below us, and the narrow road. So we halted to rest our horses and to refresh ourselves with food, and then, when it was fully dark we descended to the highway, and alternately walking and galloping our horses, we set about the business of putting miles behind us.

AFTER a couple of hours the moon topped the hills. It was a great silvery moon that cast an eerie light and made the world a pallid, fearsome place, fit to be the abode of ghosts and witches and things that are abroad at night. I was discomforted. Even Betsy was touched by it, and rode closer to me so that, now and then, her knee touched mine. Which was a pleasurable thing and took my mind off goblins.

"Hast a cross about thee?" I asked. "Or mayhap thou have potent friends among magicians and warlocks. If so, I pray thee use thy influence in our favor."

She laughed once more. "Which wilt have?" she asked. "The Holy Cross and prayers to ward off evil ones; or magic charms granted to me for the sale of my soul to Beelzebub? They do not work together, Messer Pietro."

"Thou art a most uncanny maid," I said. "Would I knew if thou art good or evil."

"That thou wilt never know. For it may be I do not know myself."

"Then leave the matter alone," I said testily, "and I will attend to the praying myself, for I be a Christian man."

After that we rode in silence and I heard her sigh with weariness and the galling of the saddle, but because of my resentment against her I would not call a rest. She did not complain. It was Christoforo who voiced discomfort.

"Messire Pietro," he said, "an we come not soon to a resting place my backsides will be clean chafed away."

EVEN I, for all my size and strength, had had enough. So, when we rounded a shoulder of the hill and saw a rambling building, black of window and cheerless, but with a sign creaking at its entrance, I turned toward it. It was an inn, and on the sign was a much faded and weather-beaten griffin. So I dismounted and clamored upon the oaken door.

"Ho, landlord," I bellowed. "Here be weary travelers. Unbar the door."

A window opened, and through it was thrust a gaunt, bearded face under a nightcap.

"What hour is this to raise a devilish din?" the landlord demanded. "Stop thy racket or I loose the dogs upon ye."

"We have good money to pay," I called up to him.

He grumbled further, but came down to the door and unbarred it and gave us admission. He was a tall, gaunt man with but one eye, and that a villainous one, and on the stairs behind him lurked his woman, bony and gaunt as he, with wisps of hair about her face and more vacancies in her gums than teeth to fill them. Looking over her shoulder was a lout of a boy, who grimaced at us. The landlord shone his light in our faces, and his anger gave way to leering and cackling.

"Beds, my masters," he said. "Shalt have them. And breakfast in the morning. Aye. There be two rooms, and mattresses stuffed with feathers. Two of ye to each bed for warmth and comfort."

"Nay," said I, blushing somewhat at the thought. "A room for my young lord here," signifying Betsy. "For the rest of us, anything will suffice."

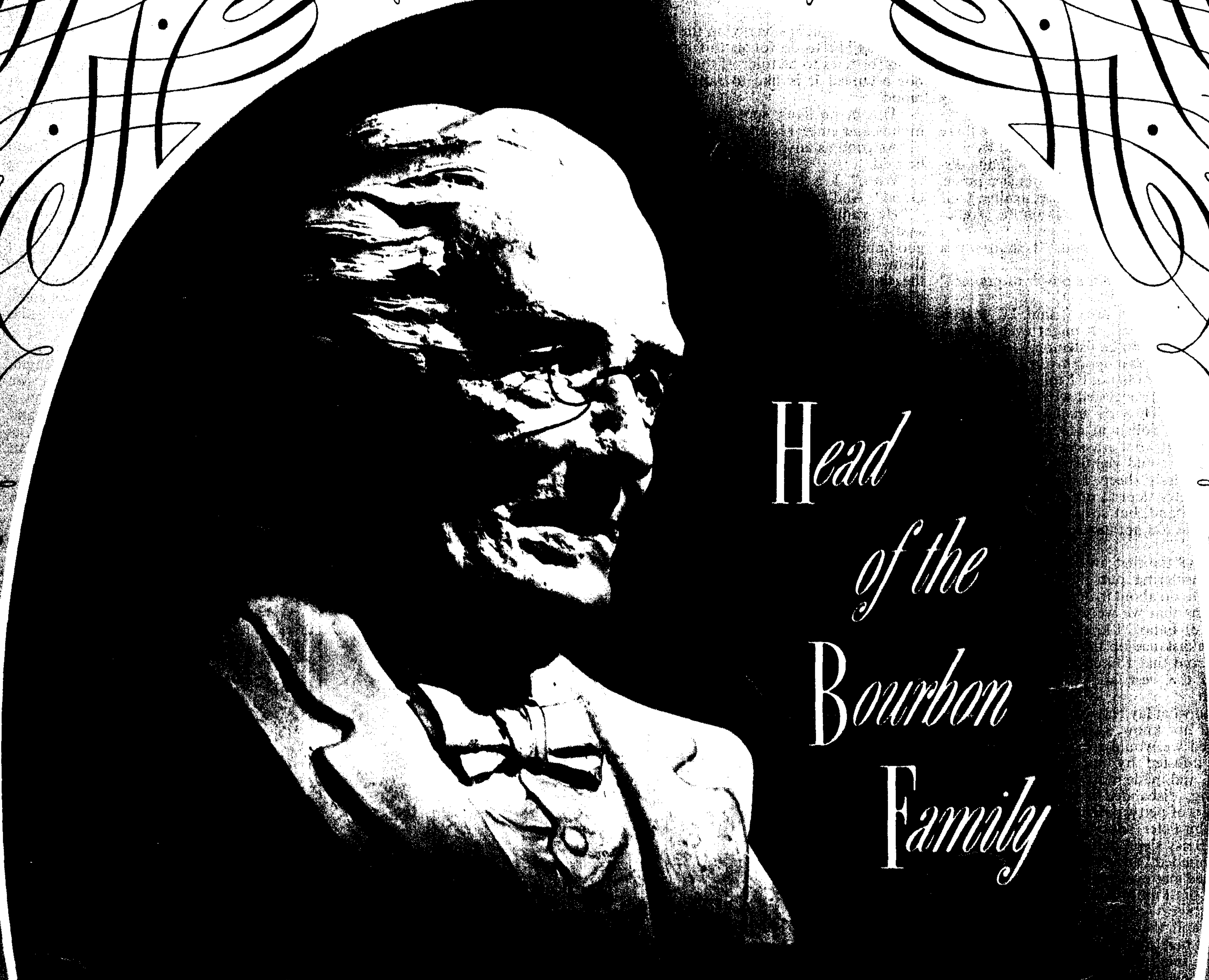
Behind me the landlord's wife tittered. "A most shapely and gallant lordling," she said, and tittered again. The lout behind her guffawed. I liked not the place. There were more rascals among innkeepers than honest men, and it was no unusual thing for guests to go to sleep in an inn never to awaken.

"Follow me, my masters," said the man, and lighted the way up the stairs. A little way from the top, he opened a door and there was a huge bed. There was a bar within the door to keep its occupants safe.

"For thee," I said to Betsy. "John-Peter shall sleep across the threshold."

So she went in and I heard the bar fall in place. The landlord conducted Christoforo and myself to another chamber, and we went in and closed the door upon his leering eyes. I stood just within, my ear against the oak, and knew that they stood without, mumbling and whispering. When I heard their feet slithering away and scuffling down the stairs, I opened the door softly and went to stand at the top of the stairway and listen, for I was suspicious of the place and the manners of those who conducted it.

The landlord, his death's-head wife and loutish son stood heads together and whispered. And then the half-wit went


Head
of the
Bourbon
Family

UNDER SUPERVISION OF U.S. GOVERNMENT
BOTTLED IN BOND
100 Proof
OLD GRAND-DAD
OLD GRAND-DAD
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY THE OLD GRAND-DAD DISTILLERY COMPANY FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY

The high place accorded Old Grand-Dad rests primarily on its gloriously mellow flavor and rich bouquet. But there is also much to be said about the high esteem in which Old Grand-Dad is held by those who prefer a smooth, satisfying Kentucky straight bourbon to any other whiskey on earth.

OLD GRAND-DAD

National Distillers Products Corp., N. Y.

to the back of the inn and disappeared. I descended, and husband and wife leered at me.

"I will stable the horses," I said. "See that they be fed."

We led the nags to the stables and re-entered the inn through the kitchen. I climbed to my room and then went to the window under the eaves that looked down upon the stables and outbuildings, and there I stood, watching and listening. Presently I saw a moving shadow that entered the barn and led forth a gaunt pony which he led away softly by its bridle. My ears are sharp, and after a little time I heard the clatter of hoofs as the loutish boy mounted and galloped away.

"Christoforo," I said, "I wish we had continued to ride. This be no fit harbor for man or beast. Methinks the idiot hath ridden to fetch confederates to slit our throats."

He hitched up his belt and laid hand on his sword. "My bottom be destroyed," he said, "so I can ill afford to have my throat tampered with. Between us we will give these robbers something to chew upon."

"Sleep you," I told him. "I will keep watch."

HE STRETCHED himself on the bed, and I, opening the door softly, went into the hallway. John-Peter, huddled in his cloak, lay across Betsy's door; already he snored. I went to the head of the stairway and listened. The house was silent, but not so dark as it had been, for dawn was lifting the black blanket of night. I found a door at the right opening into a chamber whose window, low and narrow, looked down upon the courtyard below, and there I posted myself to watch the road. I sat there cramped and weary, not daring to close my eyes for so much as a moment lest I fall asleep. Time was a snail. But the morning light commenced to filter among the shadows and a luminous rim appeared over the mountain ridges. So I must have crouched for an hour, for two hours, before I became aware of the beat of horses' hoofs—then they rode into the yard, four of them and the half-wit boy. They were big men, bearded, and I guessed that they were not Italians but possibly Swiss mercenaries in the employ of some prince.

They dismounted and trampled into the inn. I moved swiftly to the stairway. In the room downstairs their voices were guttural, but I heard the squeak of the landlord's speech and the giggle of the idiot boy.

"They sleep like doves in a cote," said the landlord. "Ah, My Lord Piero Riario will reward you handsomely for your swiftness. There will be reward for all." I could see him in my imagination fumbling his hands together with evil eagerness.

A harsh voice in most revolting Italian interrupted him with questions:

"There be four of them, as My Lord informed me. The maid, dressed as a gallant, but most surely a maid, for all that. And her dwarf, and two men of the Black Bands. My Lord orders that you slay the men incontinently, but fetch the maid to him." He tittered. "His business with her is not political."

I crossed the hall, aroused Christoforo and we waited for them to mount. Presently they came, making small effort at silence. And when they were halfway up the stairs I showed myself and spoke to them. "The doves," I said, "have fluttered from the cote."

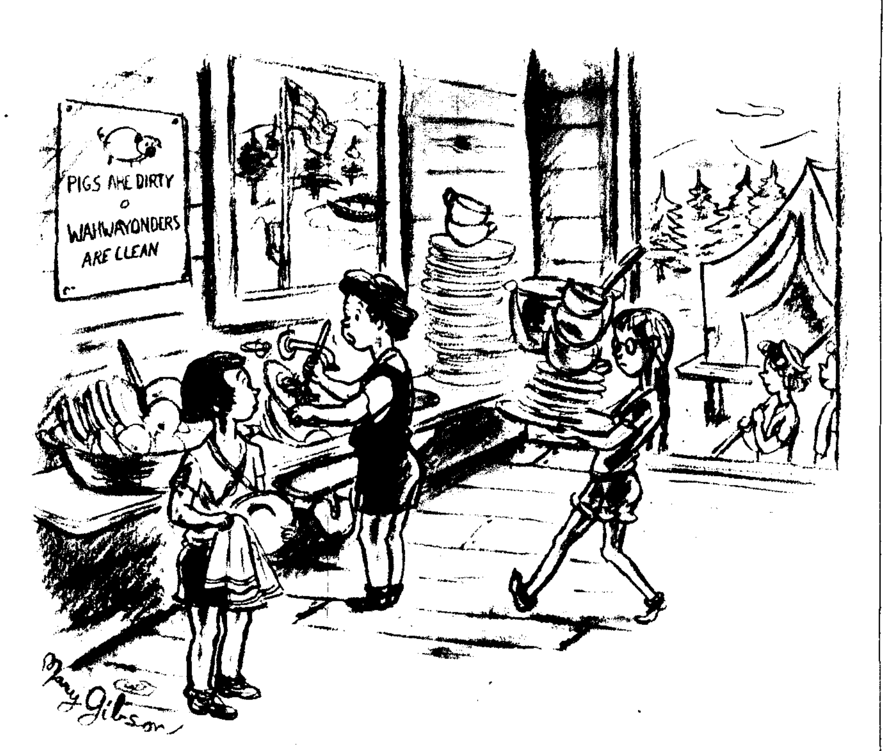
The leader, in whose tangled beard daws might have nested, rapped out a foreign oath, and unsheathing his sword, came at me, leaping upward on powerful legs. I pushed Christoforo aside to give me sword room, wishing I had my bow and half a dozen feathered arrows. I had the advantage of it, being above him, as my sword met his. They could come at me only one at a time, which did somewhat to equalize numbers. And so we hacked and hewed at each other, and the sound of it rang through the inn; I touched him upon the shoulder, whereat he uttered a bellow of rage and pressed me harder. But I was bigger than he, and stronger and I held him there until it entered even his dull, savage brain that I was not going to be an easy nut to crack.

Slowly he backed away, but I was not to be drawn into following him and so losing my advantage of position. It was the first time I ever had crossed swords with an enemy meaning him deadly harm and there was an excitement about it that warmed me and surprised me. It was a sensation, an elation, such as I never had known, and I liked it.

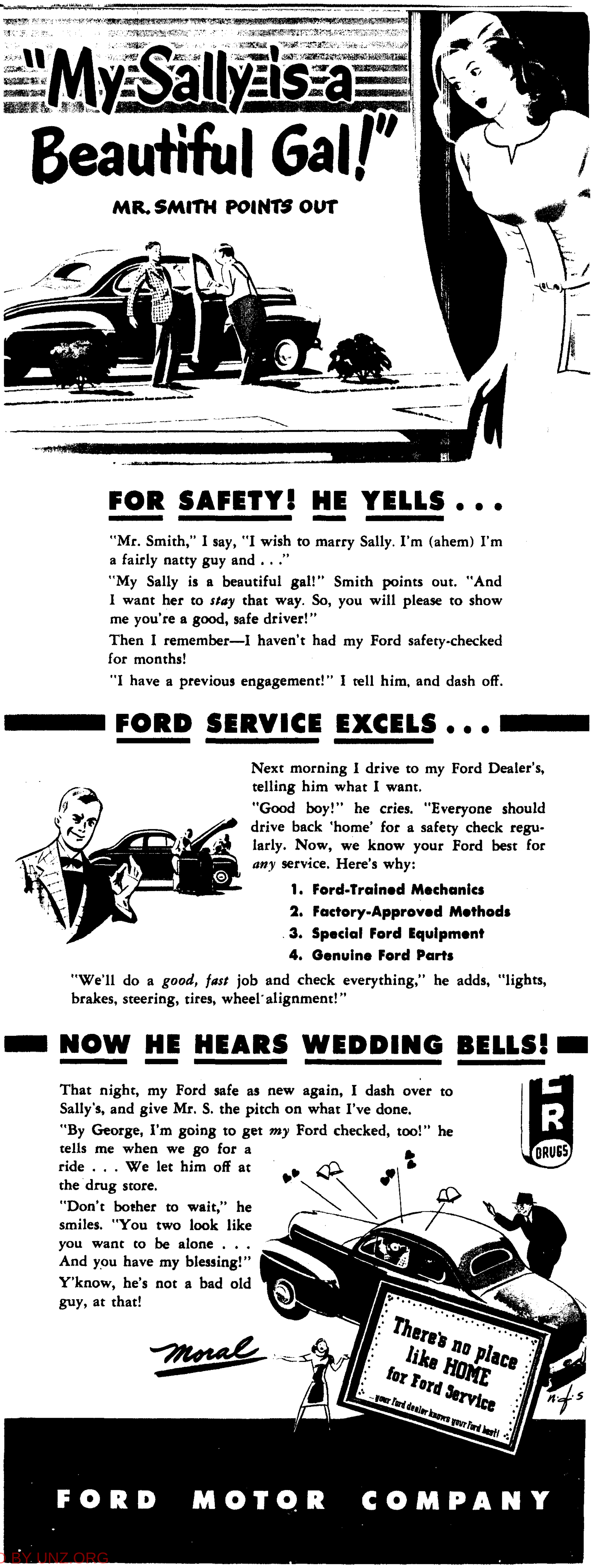
The leader retreated to the foot of the stairs, pushing his three followers behind him, and they backed away into the room below and parleyed. I could hear the bat's voice of the landlord offering advice.

"Leave to me the next turn," said Christoforo in my ear.

"Keep thy eye on Betsy's door," I said,



COLLIER'S "My sister went to a swell camp—it didn't build character or teach self-reliance or anything" MARY GIBSON


"My Sally is a Beautiful Gal!"

MR. SMITH POINTS OUT

FOR SAFETY! HE YELLS . . .

"Mr. Smith," I say, "I wish to marry Sally. I'm (ahem) I'm a fairly natty guy and . . ."

"My Sally is a beautiful gal!" Smith points out. "And I want her to *stay* that way. So, you will please to show me you're a good, safe driver!"

Then I remember—I haven't had my Ford safety-checked for months!

"I have a previous engagement!" I tell him, and dash off.

FORD SERVICE EXCELS . . .

Next morning I drive to my Ford Dealer's, telling him what I want.

"Good boy!" he cries. "Everyone should drive back 'home' for a safety check regularly. Now, we know your Ford best for *any* service. Here's why:

1. **Ford-Trained Mechanics**
2. **Factory-Approved Methods**
3. **Special Ford Equipment**
4. **Genuine Ford Parts**

"We'll do a *good, fast* job and check everything," he adds, "lights, brakes, steering, tires, wheel alignment!"

NOW HE HEARS WEDDING BELLS!

That night, my Ford safe as new again, I dash over to Sally's, and give Mr. S. the pitch on what I've done.

"By George, I'm going to get *my* Ford checked, too!" he tells me when we go for a ride . . . We let him off at the drug store.

"Don't bother to wait," he smiles. "You two look like you want to be alone . . . And you have my blessing!"

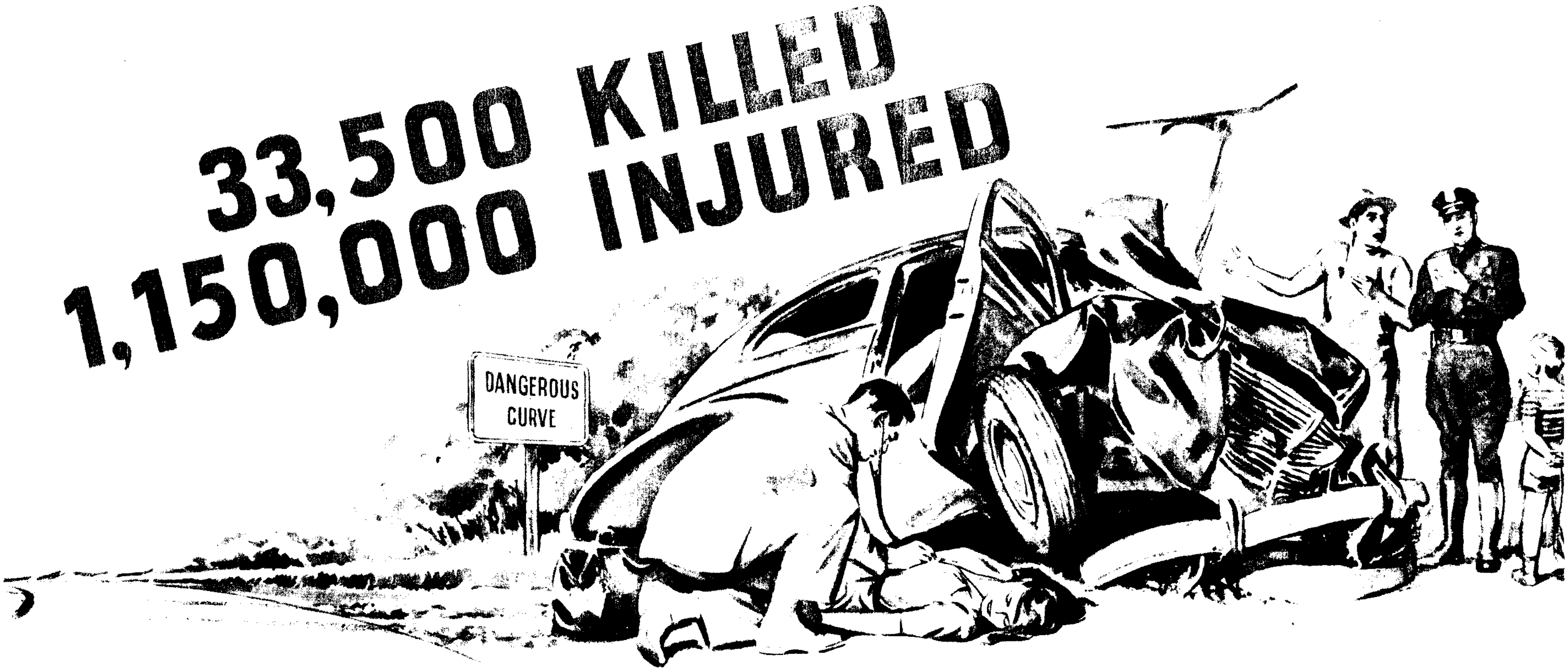
Y'know, he's not a bad old guy, at that!

Moral

There's no place like HOME for Ford Service
—your Ford dealer knows your Ford best!

FORD MOTOR COMPANY

Isn't this too high a price to pay?



An Ounce of Prevention is Worth a Pound of Cure

The casualties of peace — of motor accidents — were greater *in one year*, 1946, than the casualties of war from Pearl Harbor to V-J Day.

Unbelievable? Here are the facts: 1,183,500 auto casualties in 1946 in contrast to less than one million killed, missing and wounded in four years of war!

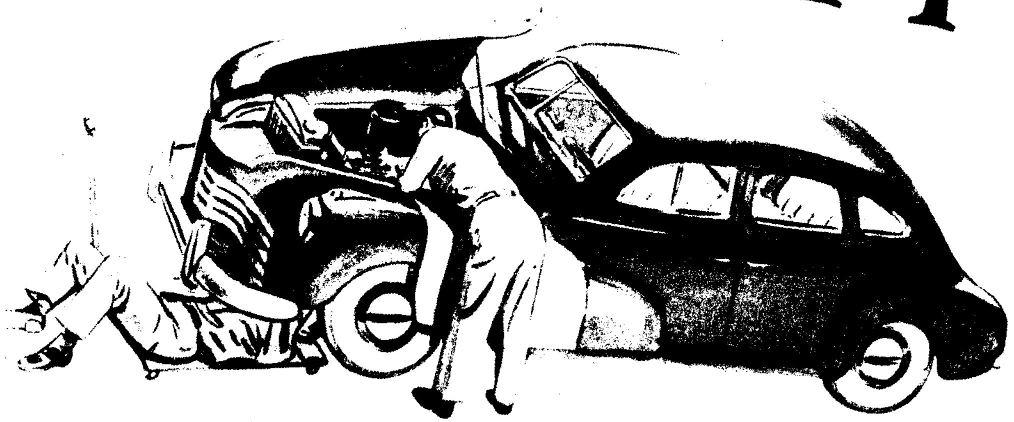
Too large a percentage of these motor accidents were caused by mechanical defects that regular PREVENTIVE SERVICE can forestall. When the critical time comes, and it can come at any moment, your car is only as good as its weakest part.

The cost of PREVENTIVE SERVICE is slight. But the cost in human misery and property damage of avoidable accidents is immeasurable. And every year the toll of life, limb and property damage increases in direct ratio to the number of cars driven.

There is no possible argument for neglecting the proper care for your car—and it is very definitely your responsibility. The five basic PREVENTIVE SERVICE steps suggested by COLLIER'S are essential to safe driving. TAKE THEM NOW.

For years the National Safety Council, the Highway Safety Conference, and the Automotive Industry, through your neighborhood service man have urged regular car inspection. Since 1939, **COLLIER'S** has used its P. S.—**PREVENTIVE SERVICE**—Campaign to impress the motorist, by unbiased and authentic information, that the misery caused by accidents can to a very great degree be lessened by every driver assuming the responsibility of **PREVENTIVE SERVICE** for his own car.

Don't Gamble With SAFETY



Collier's Preventive Service

FIVE STEPS TO SAFETY

BRAKES

① Defective brakes are the chief reason for accidents caused by mechanical failures, and defective brakes develop frequently without warning. Modern hydraulic brake systems cannot function without good brake linings or without fluid in the lines. A small, undetected leak in the line can be the cause of sudden loss of brake power. To inspect brake linings and drums is not enough—the hydraulic lines also require frequent check.

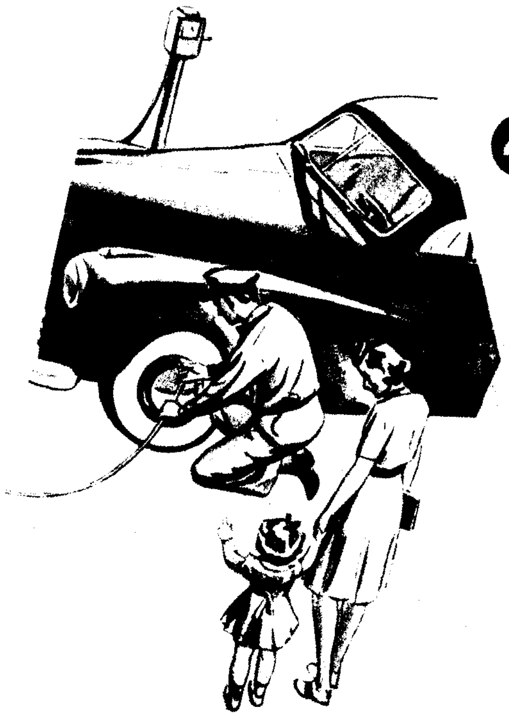
STEERING

② Worn bushings and pins, wheels out of balance and alignment, conditions causing loose control and shimmy—anything less than perfect control of steering can cause serious accidents. Inspect for all possible sources of trouble.

TIRES

③ Replacing old worn tires before they can cause trouble is much wiser than risking an accident. Furthermore, the low cost per mile of tire use makes it the poorest kind of economy to gamble for the last few miles.

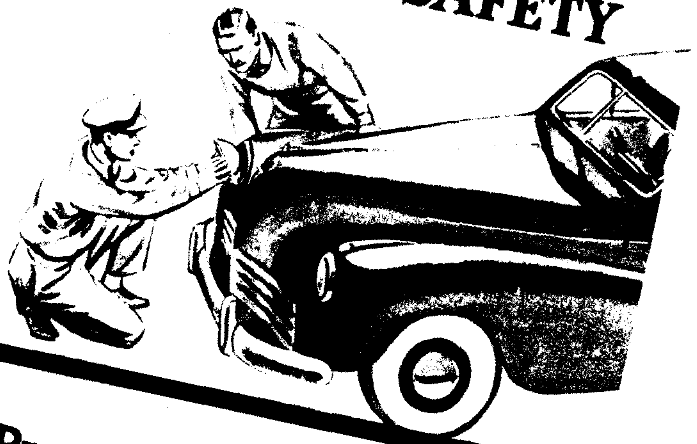
LIGHTS

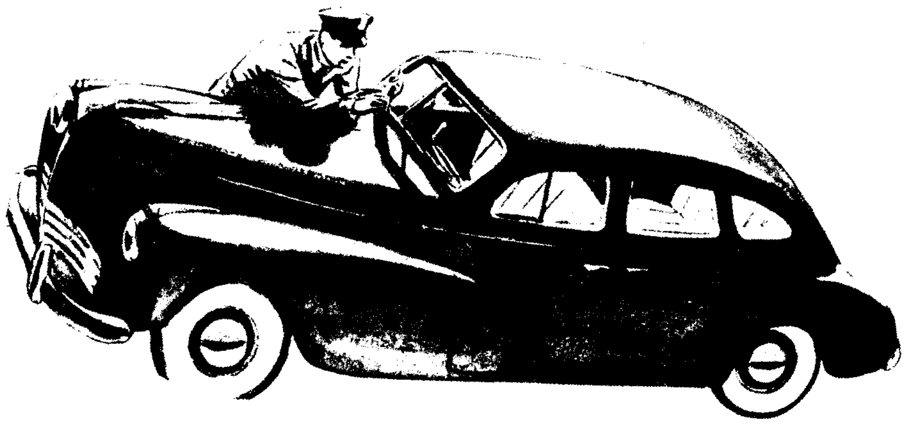


④ Lights out of focus, burned out bulbs, glare that blinds oncoming drivers, lustreless reflectors that give too little light—all are causes of accidents, and night accidents constitute 61% of total fatalities.

VISIBILITY

⑤ Keep driving vision clear night and day. Your windshield wiper should make perfect contact to insure even cleaning without smearing or scratching glass. Sticky stains from bugs and dust tire driver's eyes and blur vision. Equip your car with automatic windshield washer or carry cloth and glass cleaner. Small electric fan will eliminate clouding when windows must be closed.





P.S. Preventive Service for Motor Car Owners

Sponsored by Collier's
For Pleasant, Safe Driving

Squirt
SQUIRT

Squirt*

Quenches Quicker

It's a split-second refresher . . . that's for sure. What's more you'll revel in the taste thrill Squirt provides.

Squirt quenches thirst longer, too. For this new, different drink is made of winter-grown grapefruit. A sweet-tart of a drink, you'll say . . . the kind you'll want for every day.

Mrs. J. J. Fredericks, of New York City, N. Y., says: "I don't want a drink with a syrupy after flavor. That's why Squirt is my choice."

Switch to Squirt 5¢

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"lest there be some other way of getting at her."

I glanced down the hall. The dwarf no longer huddled before her door, nor did she open it to see what caused the clamor. Probably, I thought, she was terrified and had barred herself within.

Now I heard a shuffling of feet below as if men in concert carried a burden, and then they came into my sight and I saw that two of them carried a great oaken table, holding it before them as a shield. With this they advanced upon me, and I could see nothing of them but feet moving as they shoved upward the massive plank of wood. It was clear that I could not cope with this piece of siege machinery. There was nothing for the edge of my sword to strike but oak, and they, using it as a sort of ram, could push me from the stairhead and so come at me from the sides and from behind. There could be but one end to the matter.

"Would we had a spoonful of Greek fire," said Christoforo coolly.

They clumped up slowly, for the weight they carried taxed them. I looked behind me, up the hall, and there against the wall was a huge chest, iron-bound and of bulk so great that I doubted if my back could lift it. And in an ordinary moment or for the mere vanity of displaying my strength I doubt if I could have raised it from the floor. But there was nothing for it but to try.

"Hold thou the stairs," I said to Christoforo.

"Aye," he said, "I will carve a statue on this piece of oak."

I STEPPED quickly to the chest and got my fingers under it and bent my back and heaved with all my sinews, praying to God that they would suffice. Methought my spine would crack with it and my legs splinter. But with a great heave I raised it, and staggered under its weight to where Christoforo stood. And then, straining as I never had strained before until the veins nigh burst through my neck and forehead, I raised it, and somehow it seemed lighter. Christoforo must have lent aid, for I was able to raise it above my head.

"Now," I said to my companion, and together, using our backs as catapults, we heaved the massive thing downward. Nothing could have stood against that weight and the impetus we had given it. It crashed full in the center of their oaken shield, carrying all before it and hurling men and table backward so that they tumbled and rolled into a squirming, shrieking tangle on the flagstones below. Not waiting to find what damage had been wrought, I leaped down the stairs with Christoforo at my heels. One lay pinned beneath the chest, another strove to crawl with shattered legs. My sword split the skull of the leader, and Christoforo gave the point to the fourth, as bewildered and shaken, he strove to gain his feet. There was no more peril in them. I leaned against the wall panting after the exertion of it, for I was spent.

There was something of awe in Christoforo's voice as he leaned on dripping sword. "St. Hercules," he said, "and the holy Titans could not perform the duplicate of that feat."

I had not heard of the canonization of Hercules, nor had I been taught that the Titans were especially holy men, but I had not the breath to argue with him. Presently I stood erect, breathing more comfortably.

"Stand guard over these wounded," I said, "while I speak with Betsy."

So I climbed the stairs again and rapped upon her door. She did not answer.

"Betsy," I called through the oak, "open. There is no more to fear. It is Peter Carew. Open to me."

She did not reply, nor was there sound of movement within. I called again and then, in my impatience, pressed upon the door. It was not barred against me, but opened freely. I stepped over the threshold and halted, amazed, for there was neither maiden nor dwarf within the room. The window was open and beneath it was some sort of sloping shed to whose roof she could have dropped, and thence to the ground.

I ran from the room and down the stairs and out to the place where our horses had been stabled. Two of them were gone.

I stood there, and my heart was heavy, and being young and so easily hurt by conduct in others which did not fulfill my ideals of them, I was the most miserable young man in all Italy. For it seemed an unkind and disloyal thing that Betsy should have deserted me when I fought for her, and had not remained even to learn the outcome of it, and whether I lived or died.

I went back into the inn, and nothing was to be seen of the landlord and his evil family, but Christoforo was content with a great bottle of wine and the carcass of some cooked bird.

"They have fled," I said heavily.

He raised his brows and clucked. "Now there is woman for you," he said. "I remember a girl named Famietta. She had at my ribs with a knife whilst I was kissing her most pleasurably. Their moods," he said with a sigh, "are a gift from the devil and there is no understanding of them. She is gone. Well, so she is gone. But this very succulent goose remains. No matter how beautiful a maid may be, you cannot stay a hungry stomach with her."

"We must follow her," I said.

"Nay. If she had desired thy company she would have waited for it," he said, and I knew he was right.

Whereupon we saddled our horses and turned our faces toward Fano. We had ridden but a hundred yards when Christoforo halted and turned back.

"Now what?" I asked.

"I bethought me of a slight neglect," he said and galloped back to the inn.

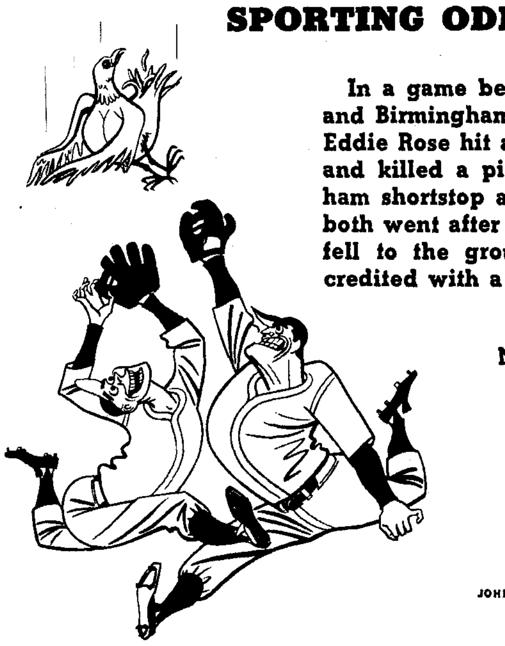
I waited for many minutes until he reappeared and rode up to me with an expression of contentment. I was too sorely vexed and unhappy to question him, but as we topped a rise a mile beyond I turned face to look backward at the inn, and all I could see was a great cloud of smoke with flames issuing from its denseness.

"The inn's afire," I said.

"Can that be so?" he asked with a face of innocence. "Now what could have caused such evil fortune for that kindly, hospitable landlord and his lovely wife and princely son? I think, if I squeezed with all my strength, I could wring out a tear."

(To be continued next week)

SPORTING ODDS



In a game between New Orleans and Birmingham in 1936, Outfielder Eddie Rose hit a pop fly that struck and killed a pigeon. The Birmingham shortstop and second baseman both went after the pigeon, the ball fell to the ground, and Rose was credited with a base hit.

—Fred Russell, Nashville, Tennessee

Larry MacPhail, Dan Topping and Tom Gallery of the New York Yankees were talking in the 21 Club a few years ago when Leo Durocher of the Brooklyn Dodgers joined the party. The conversation turned to the Dodger pennant-clinching celebration of 1941 and the festive train ride back from Boston.

Durocher laughingly began telling the now historic story of how MacPhail, then Dodger president, waited to join the train at New York's 125th Street Station, but was left standing on the platform when Durocher talked the train crew into highballing it right through to Grand Central.

MacPhail interrupted, insisting that he could tell the story better. As he started to describe how he had been excluded from the party and left fuming at the station, he began to get hot again. As he reached the point where the train shot through 125th Street, he pushed back his chair, leaned across the table, shook his fist in Durocher's face and shouted: "You're fired right now, you ——!"

Durocher rose too, poked his face into his former boss' close enough to take a bite out of his nose, and shouted:

"I don't work for you any more, you ——! How can you fire me?"

—David Eisenberg, New York, N. Y.

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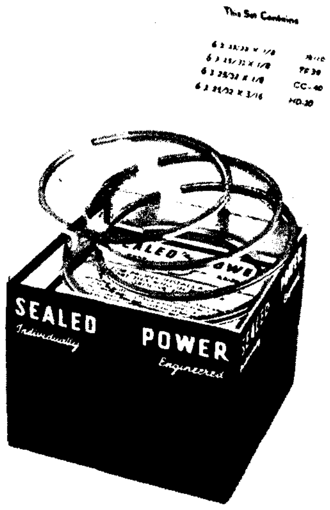

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STRANGLER FIG

Continued from page 26

red sails on them. She hadn't known Norlee so well then, and she had tried to tell him how she had felt about seeing those red sails against the blue sea. Norlee had only laughed. And Becky had learned then, suddenly and shockingly, how laughter—the wrong kind of laughter—can hurt.

But that's the way Norlee was, Becky knew now. He didn't hold with nothing pretty, said prettiness was a waste of time, was vanity. He said the Good Lord didn't hold none with vanity. He wouldn't let her raise no flowers around the stoop, said the ground was for growing things to eat—not things to look at. Wouldn't let her hang no pretties on the wall, said pretties on the wall were for young'uns and old folks. Kept saying, until it was a raw and bitter thing between them, that there'd be time enough for pretties when the young'uns came.

Becky stared at the pictures, but now the pleasure was gone. The room was too much Norlee's: his soiled clothing, the weight-hollowed sag in his side of the bed, the musty field-working smell of him. Becky shook her head, trying to dislodge the sense of his presence. She failed. The scene of his recent departure stood vividly before her:

SHE was standing by the back steps, holding her breath, watching her husband bend to the broken tractor wheel. He'll never do it, she was thinking. He'll not . . .

She saw the muscles in his huge arms knot as he suddenly straightened and heaved the heavy wheel into the bed of the truck. He looked triumphantly at her. He slapped sweat from his forehead. "That's done," he said. "I'm gone. Now mind your chores and don't go to mooning."

"I'll do it," Becky said.

"See you do. And see you don't forget the springhouse. The springhouse ain't fitten."

Becky felt the hated trembling in her legs.

Norlee's voice was heavy. "See you clean the springhouse." He peered closely at her.

The springhouse! Becky saw, in her mind, the springhouse. The springhouse was squatting deep in the bayhead behind the house. The springhouse was laughing at her; laughing at her fears. Laughing and waiting.

"Mind what I'm saying!"

"Yes." *It's the fig, it's the fig! It ain't the springhouse, it's the strangler fig. . . .* "Yes," she repeated.

Norlee laughed. His laugh was thick with scorn.

It's them roots, she was thinking. *Them roots like arms! It's the way the strangler fig had crept its arms around the springhouse! It's the way it hugs the springhouse to its belly, like!*

"Mind you look careful to the heifer," Norlee warned.

Becky glanced at her husband's face. She saw the heaviness gathering at his jowls. She stiffened her body against the hurt she knew was coming.

"See that old May's brood don't get the thumps. . . ."

Becky waited, feeling the loneliness within her.

"I thank the Good Lord my stock, at least, is natural!"

Call me to blame, Becky thought. Call me to blame, and rightly. It ain't that I've not prayed to birth, though. It ain't that I've not cried the night out for loneliness!

"Look for me when you see me coming," Norlee said.

He stepped toward her. He reached forward with a hand, as if to touch her shoulder. Becky, not wanting to, hating herself for her weakness, shrank from his touch.

"Unnatural," he muttered. "Plumb unnatural."

He turned and walked to his truck.

Becky, staring now at the Gloucester Fisherman, managed to drive thoughts of her husband from her mind. She tacked the Gloucester Fisherman directly over the cracked mirror in front of the bed. Niagara Falls went on one side of the room. Grand Canyon went opposite it. She threw herself on the bed. She tried to concentrate on the Gloucester Fisherman, to imagine the smell of the sea, to hear the cries of the gulls that wheeled about the schooner's spars. Concentration became impossible. It was now as if Norlee's heavy body were filling the room. It was as if his coarse voice were echoing in the corners. "Moonstruck," he seemed to be saying. "A moonstruck woman ain't natural!"

Becky clapped her hands to her ears. The voice now was beside her. Becky felt her husband's breath on her cheek. His body was insistent. His voice was now complaining: "A woman can't give a man young'uns, then that woman's no use to a man. . . ."

She felt his arms about her. They were smothering her. They were holding her helpless in their strength. "Leave me be!" she shouted. Her thin, sensitive features were contorted. Her eyes were huge with terror.

She struggled to her feet. She realized then that she was alone. Her terror gave way to the familiar, sickening ache of loneliness—of emptiness and unfulfillment. She thought dully of her undone chores, and of Norlee's repeated warnings about her work. "Mind you tend your chores," he had said. And the springhouse. "See you clean the springhouse." Becky thought of the springhouse and she shuddered. Do it now, she told herself. Do it now, and it'll be done.

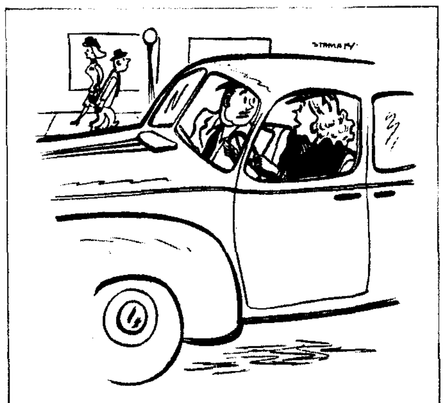
She forced herself on dragging feet through the yard, to the edge of the bayhead and to the dark path through the bayhead She moved slowly, seizing upon slight excuses to delay her arrival at the springhouse: stopping to watch and to wonder at the obvious happiness of two brilliantly striped skink lizards frolicking at the base of a mulberry tree; stopping to gather Spanish moss to scour the limestone spring basin, then discarding the moss, deciding that she could gather more by the springhouse; stopping and starting, but never losing sight of the distressing chore before her. It was as if the banyaned roots of the strangler fig had thrust themselves into her soul and were choking it with fear.

BECKY stood before the springhouse. Magnolias, swamp maples and live oaks joined arms above the structure, formed a glen dark with shadows. Clear water from the spring furrowed the dank floor of the glen and hurried away from its gloom. A grassy ledge formed a natural, body-length shelf beside the creek in front of the springhouse. Becky forced herself to sit upon this ledge. She forced herself to regard, with some semblance of calm, the rotting timbers of the ancient springhouse, and the weird tangle of groping arms that clung to its sides and roof. I ain't a young'un, she thought. I'm fully growed. The strangler fig can't hurt me none. It's an evil thing, but it can't hurt me none. My fearfulness is like a young'un's fearfulness of the dark. I've come to this place times beyond count, and I've got no call to be scairt.

She remembered how Norlee had ridiculed her when she'd asked him to cut the strangler fig away, to destroy it. First, he'd filled the room with heavy laughter and had accused her of being moonstruck, of being tetched. Then when he had become conscious of the importance, to her, of the request, he had lectured her: "That's your vanity, your sinfulness," he'd said. "I don't hear you raising up no ruckus about a magnolia tree, and a magnolia tree don't do a thing but put out a sorry, sick-smelling flower. That strangler fig is doing us a turn. If it wasn't for the fig the springhouse would fall. I'll cut down every magnolia in the bayhead before I'll lay a hand to the strangler fig! Now hush your fuss!"

Becky forced herself to her feet. She stood on the ledge and reached an armful of Spanish moss from the low-hanging bough of a live oak. She hesitated a moment before the entrance of the springhouse, caught her breath, walked through the low, open doorway, then stood in the dank interior. A tiny water snake wriggled beneath sagging timbers. A spring frog darted beneath a root in the earthen floor. These were familiar things, frightened like herself, and these things were as sedatives to her raw nerves.

A fluttering sounded behind a rafter. Becky had seen sparrows build their nest there. She peered through the shadows and saw now the naked heads and gaping mouths of young sparrows, and envy, thin, empty, was within her as she bent to her chore.



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COLLIER'S STANLEY STAMATY

Norlee had hollowed two pits in the slanting floor. The water from the spring above channeled into each of the two in turn. The pits contained earthenware crocks of milk, of butter and of quickly perishable vegetables. Becky removed the crocks from the cooling pits and began gathering the accumulation of moss and slime from the bottom and sides of the first pit. She worked quickly and efficiently. Her whole body was conscious of the weight of the heavy arms that encircled the timbers above and around her. Her mind and body yearned for freedom from the crushing, oppressive weight. As she worked she visualized the final collapse of the rotting timbers, and the swift, inward movement of the encircling arms. She saw herself trapped, and slowly strangled, as she struggled hopelessly for freedom. She worked frantically now.

She scoured the first of the pits with the moss she had gathered. She moved to the second pit.

It was then that she heard the voice.

Her body became rigid. She listened, she felt for the sound.

Nothing.

Slowly her body became less rigid. The trees, she decided. The wind in the trees, and it had sounded like singing, like sweet, muted singing. She listened. The sound was not repeated. She went back to work.

The sound returned. Closer this time. More distinct. And Becky knew now that this was not the sound of the wind in the trees. It was the voice, the low voice, the throbbing, half-singing, half-humming voice of a man. She placed the containers back in the pits. She waited in the darkness, her nerves crying out for light. She waited, not daring to be seen.

The voice was now just outside the springhouse. The song was clear:

Lonely days and lonesome nights,
Sing down, Riley . . .
'Gator barks and often bites,
Sing down, Riley . . .
Blacksnake climbs the mockernut tree,
Seeking a girl, like you and me.
Sing down, Riley . . .

Becky was suddenly less fearful. She waited. There was a pause, then a deep-throated chord from a guitar. The song continued:

Lonesome man ain't got a chance,
Sing down, Riley . . .
Ovenbird jumps, you can see him dance,
Sing down, Riley . . .
Peafowl struts round the sweet gum tree,
Seeking a girl, like you and me.
Sing down, Riley . . .

Becky couldn't remember when, outside of church meeting, she had last heard a voice raised in song. Norlee, away from meeting, never sang. Once, in the second year of their marriage, Norlee had heard her singing over the clatter of dishes in the kitchen. "You'll save your songs for the young'uns!" he had commanded. "Singing's for the worship of the Lord and for young'uns! There'll be time for singing when the young'uns come. . . ."

THE lonesome sounds of the song filled the springhouse. Becky stood and walked cautiously to the doorway. The singer, whom Becky had never seen before, sat on the grassy ledge. He leaned against the trunk of the live oak and cradled a battered guitar in his lap. His face was lean; not young, though relaxed with the warmth and hopefulness of youth; not old, though deeply furrowed. He was dressed in faded jeans and a ragged denim shirt. He was hatless, and a shock of coal-black hair fell across his forehead. He looked at Becky. His face crinkled in a crooked smile.

"Howdy," he said. He waved a long hand lazily.

The voice was soft. Becky relaxed.

The stranger stroked a lazy chord from his guitar.

"What do you want here?" Becky asked.

"Don't want a thing," the man said.

"You're trespassing. You're on my husband's property. My husband don't hold with folks getting onto his property."

"He plant this tree I'm leaning on?"

"No—"

"He build this ledge I'm sitting on?"

"No."

The man laughed softly. "Then he's got no call to worry."

Becky thought it strange that she should suddenly consider this absurd reasoning completely logical.

"Come on out," the man said.

"Who are you?" Becky asked him.

"I'm Cull Bence, ma'am. I'm Cull Bence of the wandering Bences. Ain't a mother's son of us amounted to a hill of cow beans in three generations." He smiled, and the smile was accomplished with his entire furrowed, crinkling face. Becky found herself walking toward him.

This discovery flustered her, and she said, "There's spring water, cold, and a gourd. There's fresh milk aplenty—"

"I thank you kindly," Bence said. "I wouldn't care for none—not right now."

"Help yourself, if you're of a mind. I'll be going." Becky said this, knowing that she should go, yet hoping some logical reason for staying would present itself.

"See that hibiscus yonder!" the man said suddenly, pointing to a plant on the opposite bank of the creek. "You ever ponder on why them flowers is red, like blood? Why they last but a day?"

"No," Becky said.

"I'll tell you why. Them flowers is

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blood red because blood red's the color of life. Them flowers must cram a heap of living into one day. Them flowers live but a day, for that much prettiness can't last."

Becky could visualize, could almost hear, her husband's ranting reaction to this kind of talk. She didn't care. She hoped that Cull Bence would go on talking. The knowledge she had gained of the hibiscus excited her. She wondered why she had never thought of that herself. The hibiscus had grown, the flowers had blossomed blood red and had died, and Becky had watched the process with complete indifference. She wondered why.

"Why must you hurry?" Cull Bence asked her.

"Work," she said uncertainly. "Work to be done—"

Cull Bence laughed.

Becky hesitated. "How come you're laughing?"

"I'm laughing at folks who study work on a morning like this."

"Don't you work?"

"Times. Sometimes I sing for my supper. Times I'll help a man with his harvest. Times I'll turn the earth in a field. I can plow as straight a furrow as any man in this section, if I'm a mind to do it. I ain't often of a mind."

"Where do you live?"

"Where nighttime finds me."

"You're strange."

"So they tell me." Becky experienced an unmistakable quickening of her pulse beat as Bence smiled, a trifle sadly. He bent his head to his guitar. He struck a lonely, minor chord. "Care for singing?"

"I like it."

"And your mister?"

Becky shook her head. She shuddered slightly as she thought of her husband. Norlee didn't hold none with her talking to men. Outside of a howdy or so to the men at meetings and the storekeepers in Fruitville, she'd barely spoken to a man other than Norlee since they had been married. Becky knew that Norlee would throw a conniption fit if he even suspicioned she was passing the time of day with this man Cull Bence.

"What's your husband go by?"

"Mathis. Norlee Mathis."

Becky imagined that she had seen a fleeting glance of hardness come into the man's face. "You know my husband?"

"I know him."

THE new flatness in the man's voice caused Becky to rush loyally to Norlee's defense. Becky had never questioned her husband's right to dominate her. He was her husband. Her duty was to obey. She had obeyed him always to the best of her ability. Now she would defend him to the best of her ability.

"He's a good, Christian man!" she said hastily. "He pays the preacher regular. He pays cash money for his rations!"

"Yes," Cull Bence said.

"There ain't a harder-working man in the section!" Becky said defiantly. "There ain't a lazy bone in his body. He's made this clearing to pay. He keeps a good roof over my head. He don't drink none and he don't frolic!" Becky was almost hysterical.

Cull Bence looked slowly at her. "Are you fussing with me, or yourself?"

"He's a good man!" Becky repeated.

"I never said he wasn't."

"You know him. You know I'm saying it true! Say you know it, Bence!"

The man's eyes, soft, filled with hurt, were on the strangler fig. "That's a God-awful growth, that fig yonder—"

"Say you know it!" Becky shouted.

"How come you don't cut that fig away?"

Becky wondered at the man's understanding. "You—you've got to say it—about Norlee," she said uncertainly. "You can't come here, and him away, and throw off on my husband's name!"

"Look yonder, by the springhouse," Bence said, almost dreamily. "See yonder where the trunk of the strangler fig raises straight up, thick, in a column, like? The shape of that column tells the tale. The seed of that fig come to rest—before you and me was born—on the bough of a straight young tree. The young tree—a magnolia, more likely—gave it to feed. The young tree nursed it. The fig grew and was strong. The branches of the fig pushed upward, seeking light. The roots of the fig shoved downward, seeking the earth. And them roots, like stout arms, wrapped themselves around that young tree. And they throttled her. They choked her and she sickened and she died." He looked strangely at Becky.

BECKY could not meet his eyes. "Let the fig go!" she cried. "You've not said it, about my husband. I—I don't think you know my husband. Where'd you know him?"

"I've hunted the scrub with your husband."

"Then say he's a good man!" Becky's voice was pleading.

"It ain't for me to call good from bad. I've hunted with him. He's—he's a hard man on a dog."

"He's—" Becky's voice broke, and the tears came.

"Good is how you look at it."

"Good is being strong," Becky sobbed. "Good is being hard-working. Good is meeting things—and facing them out."

"Maybe," Cull Bence said. "Now that could be." His eyes were far away. "I know a man, some folks say that good ain't in him. Some folks call him weak. He sort of figures there's more likely things in this world than work. He ain't faced a thing out in twenty years. This feller I know, he passes the time of day, mostly just setting around and trying to understand how folks around him feel."

Cull Bence caressed his guitar. "He's like this old box here, sort of; I get a feeling"—he struck a chord—"and the old box tries to understand." The chord hung throbbing in the heavy air. "There ain't nothing strong, there ain't nothing hard-working about that. There ain't a thing but a little old piece of understanding. Now maybe that, in its place, is good. It ain't for me to say. I reckon your husband is good. All I say is, he's a hard man on a dog."

It occurred suddenly to Becky that she had never before thrilled at a man's words.

"Now it ain't fitten," Bence continued, "you crying, and it such a pretty morning. Set here. I'll sing you a song."

Becky, wondering vaguely at the strange compulsion in the soft voice, sat beside him. Bence stroked the strings of his guitar and the song commenced:

Oh, don't you remember Lucinda, so fair,
With a smile on her lips and a rose in her hair?
Oh, drink to lovely Lucinda.
Oh, drink to lovely Lucinda.

Becky sat on the ledge and listened. The words and music of the old ballad flowed gently through her consciousness. She relaxed.

Oh, don't you remember the night of the blow?

The song was one with the lush warmth of trees and plants that grew too fast. The warmth entered Becky and she became languid and in her mind only the song stirred.

. . . to lovely Lucinda,
Oh, drink to lovely Lucinda.

A mocking bird sang in a Carissa clump, and Becky heard only Cull Bence's song. His low voice caressed her, soothed her and cleansed her of doubt.

Oh, drink to lovely Lucinda.

The air was heavy. Heavy with the busy cycle of living and growing, and of death. She was fearful of looking at Bence. She closed her eyes. She could feel his impelling presence beside her, and the darkness behind her closed lids was no longer empty darkness, because Cull Bence's face was there.

. . . *to lovely Lucinda,*

A chord trembled across the glen. Becky struggled against the magic of the moment. It was as if Cull Bence were holding her, containing her futile, dishonest struggles; holding her firmly yet tenderly. The chord throbbed away to nothingness. The mockingbird flew from the Carissa clump. The song was ended. Cull Bence angled his guitar against the trunk of the live oak. He leaned toward Becky. His fingers moved lightly across her cheek and she felt them at the knot of tightly drawn hair at the base of her neck. His touch was soft and compelling. Instinctively, she stiffened and leaned from his touch. Her eyes pleaded with him.

Cull Bence dropped his hands. "A crying shame, that hair—" he whispered softly. "You'd be pretty. Mighty pretty."

Becky, struggling now to remember, said, "Prettiness is vanity."

There was pity in Bence's face as he looked at her.

"Norlee don't hold none with vanity." Becky spoke flatly, without feeling.

"You hate him," Bence said quietly.

"I hate him." After all these years, Becky thought. After all these years, and the truth comes, for the first time, that easy. Cull Bence! What was there about Cull Bence that drew upon her innermost thoughts?

His hand was over her own, on the grass. Becky, thrilling at his touch, forced herself to withdraw her hand from his light yet imperative touch.

"You know what I am?" he asked her.

Becky was silent.

"That man I told you about—the one some folks say that good ain't in him—you know who that man is?"

"Hush," Becky said softly.

"I ain't faced a thing out in twenty years."

Becky realized suddenly that she had never known sincerity, had never known honesty before. She looked at him. There was wonder, there was softness in her eyes. She felt herself leaning toward him.

"You know I'll be long gone before the sun sets?"

Becky nodded. "I know," she whispered.

Cull Bence reached for his guitar. He smiled at Becky. Becky thought that she had never before seen a face more crying-out with loneliness. She felt a compelling urge within her to touch that face, to smooth away the loneliness.

"I'll say so long." He stood.

The little stream that furrowed the glen became, to Becky, a tortured, twisting thing. The hibiscus on the opposite bank was stark and aching in its brilliance. "Bence!" she cried: "Cull Bence!" She suddenly and thoughtlessly loosened the knot of hair at the base of her neck. She shook her head, and fine blond hair cascaded about her shoulders. "I know what you are!" she said. "I know! You're good—you're kind!"

Cull Bence knelt slowly beside her. He took her in his arms. Becky closed her eyes. The mockingbird returned to the Carissa clump. The heavy air, the warmth rising steamily from the age-rich earth, the quick, imperative life urge of the growing things around her became part of her. For the first time she understood them.

Then she slept, deeply and naturally.

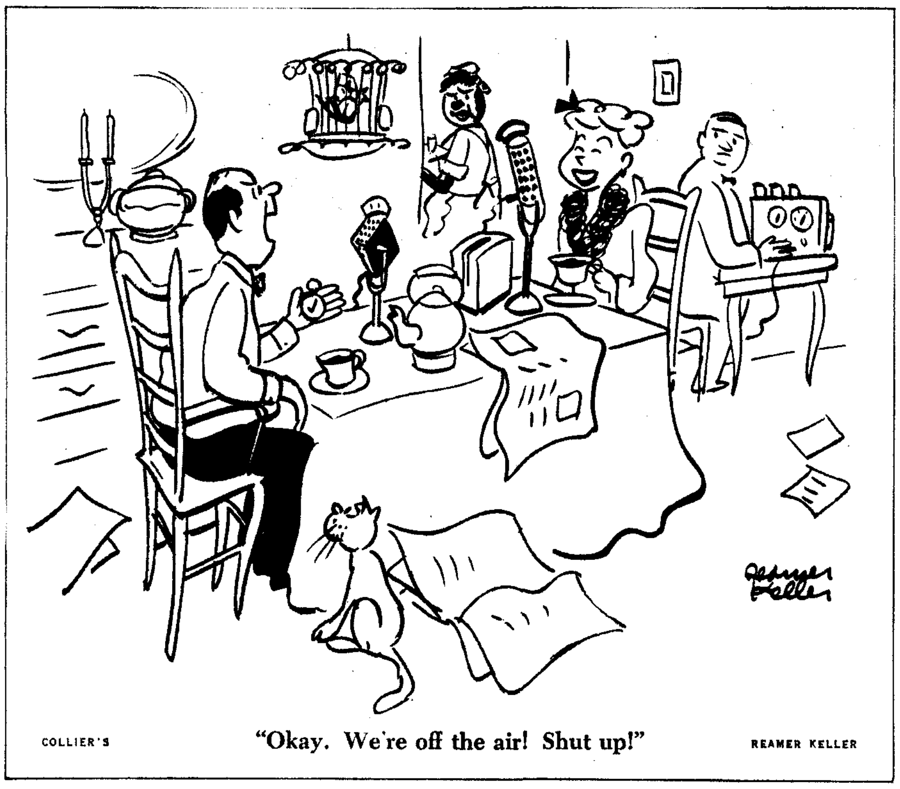
SHE stirred luxuriantly. She wakened by degrees. The shadows in the glen sprawled easterly and she knew that it was afternoon. Cull Bence had gone.

Becky sat at the edge of the ledge and plunged bare feet and ankles into the cold water of the creek. She stretched her arms. A mockingbird sang and Becky laughed and the laugh was easy and joyful. Cull Bence had gone, but he had gone as Becky had known he would go. She remembered what he had told her of the blood-red hibiscus. Cull Bence had come and he had gone as Becky knew now that good things and beautiful things should come and go; while they are still good and beautiful things; while the goodness and beauty are at the height of their power.

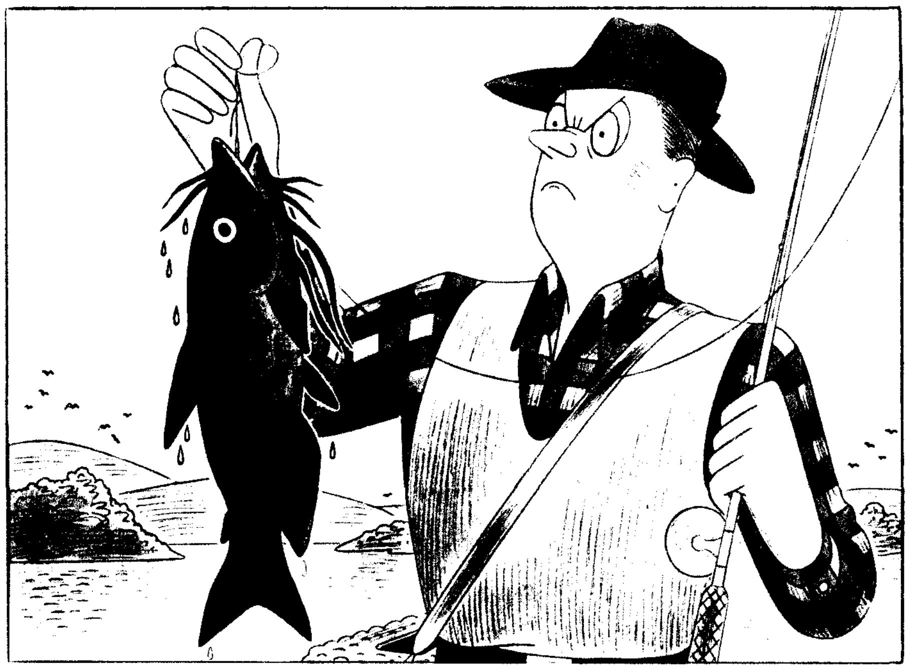
She stood. She walked to the door of the springhouse. She heard, from within, the flutter of the mother sparrow. Suddenly, and for the first time, she became aware of the firmness, the vitality, the new significance of her body. She realized instinctively that she no longer had reason for envy. She knew intuitively that she no longer had cause to be lonely. She knew that Norlee's strength, being strength without tenderness, could no longer intimidate her.

She looked at the strangler fig. She reached forward and touched a root. She was suddenly conscious of the futility of its sprawling strength. The fig was now an ugly, blustering thing; a thing to be pitied. Becky wondered that she had ever been fearful of such inadequacy.

THE END



COLLIER'S "Okay. We're off the air! Shut up!" REAMER KELLER



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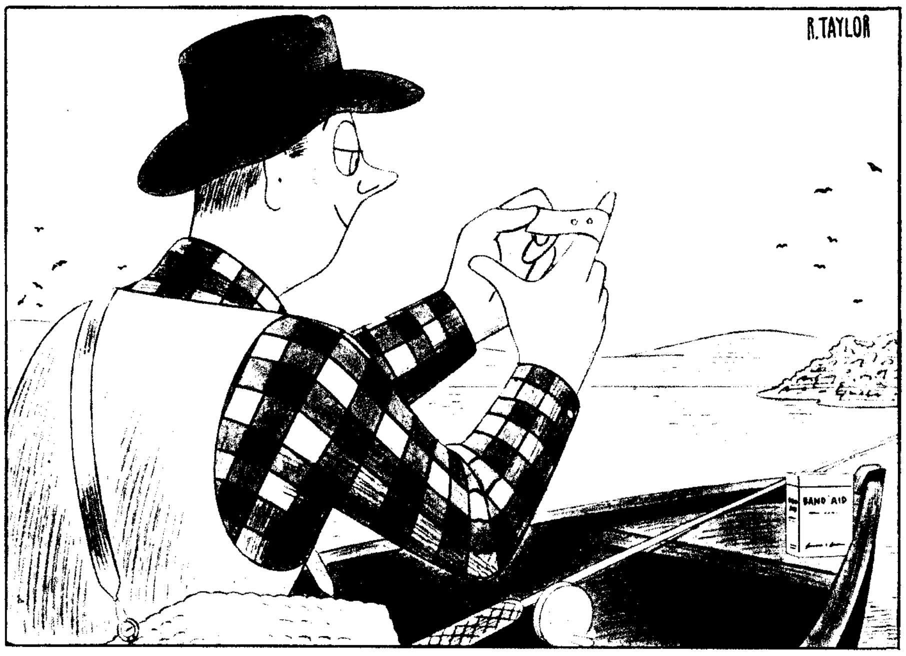

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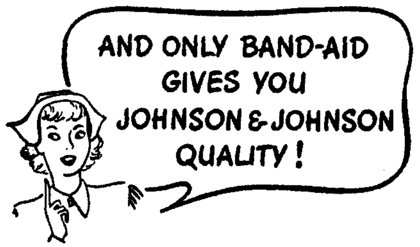
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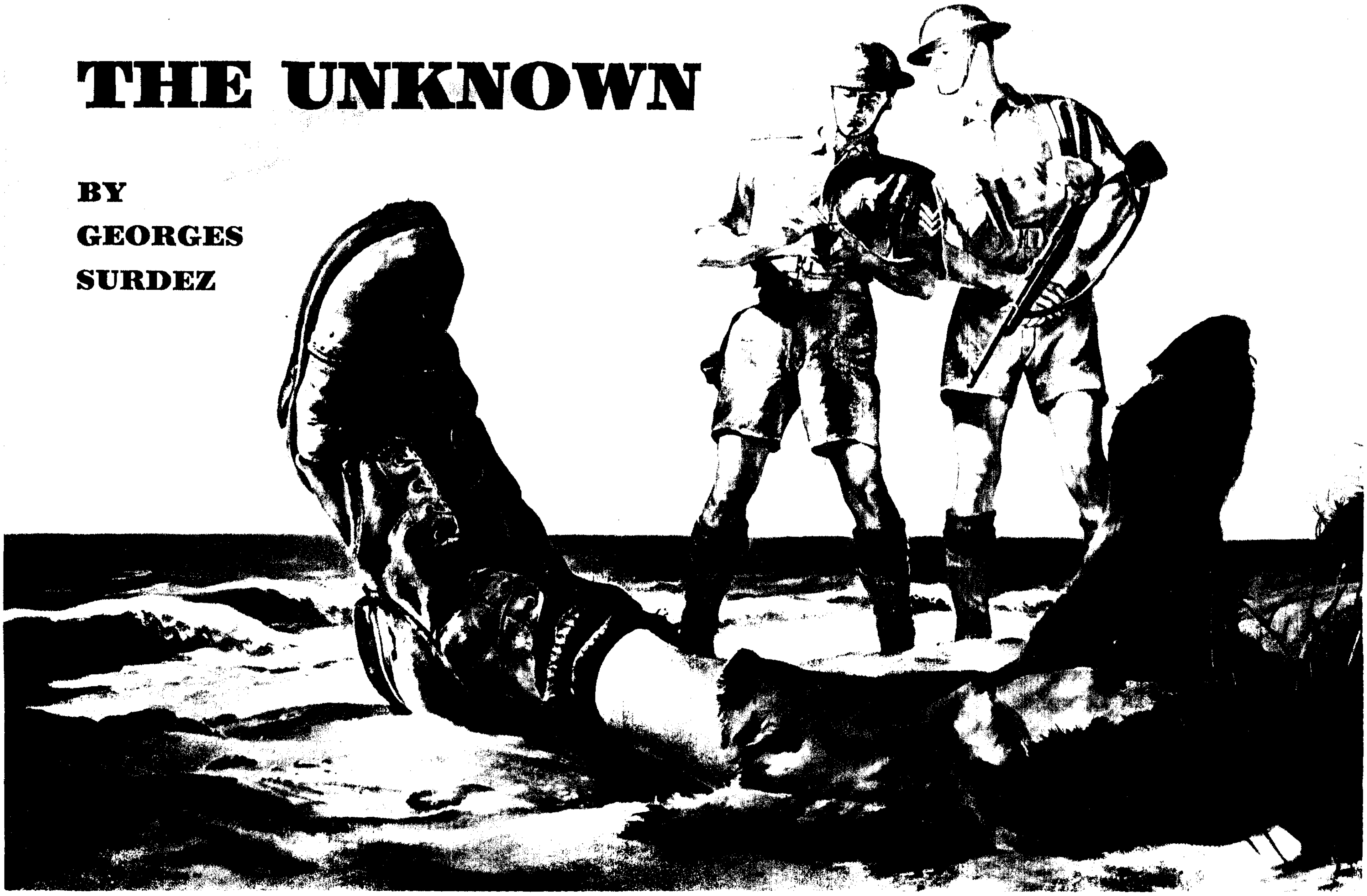
THE UNKNOWN

BY

GEORGES

SURDEZ



THE native looters scuttled away at the first burst of the Bren gun. The small armored car came to a brusque stop, like a green-brown bug hung at the end of the double track slashing the beach back toward the horizon. For a long moment, all was quiet; the Mediterranean Sea heaved itself placidly upon the gold sand in silky surges of incredible blue fringed with the lacery of foam.

Then two men alighted, a sergeant and a private. They walked slowly toward the body.

"One of yesterday's lot, I suppose," the private said.

"Right. What else?"

They halted five feet from the drowned man, looked down at him. The sergeant was twenty-eight or thirty, of medium height and sandy. The private still showed the lankiness of youth, boyish blue eyes in a freckled, bony face.

Somehow, these two appeared formidably alive—solid, muscular bodies in good garments, hung with belts, straps, equipment, their strong tanned legs showing between the shorts and the puttees. Brass ornaments, furbished to peacetime sparkle, glinted here and there with every move.

"Jew, right enough," the young one said, swallowing.

"Righto. What else?"

The dead man must have been one of a party of twenty or more that had tried for the Palestine shore in a small boat, from a refugee ship overhauled and seized the preceding night. Now, he sprawled in indecent disarray, for the prowlers had torn off some of his clothing, slashed the rest to find money belt or concealed valuables. His socks were of thick, coarse, dark wool, he wore only one shoe, cracked and worn, with blackened strings for laces. A poor man; a poor man when alive and a poor man dead.

He had been thin, very thin, and old, fifty-eight or sixty. The head seemed heavy at the end of a wasted, corded neck; the skull, almost bald, shone flatly in the sunlight, like yellow wax. He had not shaved in several days, and the bristles on the lax chin, around the gaping mouth, were gray or white. His nose had been hooked and fleshy, a real Jewish nose.

"He ain't pretty," commented the boy.

"They generally ain't pretty, Dusty," the sergeant agreed.

They kept looking at the body with distaste. They were fine men, both of them, of a race generous and kind with deep layers of sentimentality and a carefully nurtured sense of fair play and sportsmanship. But they had seen too much suffering, too many dead men, including their own mates. Their souls had shrunk into a horny envelope and were very hard to reach.

They did not feel concerned in this dead man. They were not responsible for him, not more than the dead man had been responsible for himself. They were as blameless as the bullets they fired, as the metal fangs of a trap. *Things*—unnamed, vague things, too immense for them or for anyone to understand—had brought them here, and forced *them* to see *that*.

"Old bloke, wasn't he?"

"Right. Old bloke."

"What do we do, Sergeant?"

"Leave him be."

"What about identification?"

"The gyppos won't be back, they've already gone through him proper. The lorry'll be coming."

They turned and started toward the car. Then the young soldier swerved, took a few steps along the line of footprints left by the fleeing scavengers, bent and picked up an object. It turned out to be a small leather wallet, water-soaked. He handled it gingerly as he returned toward the sergeant. It seemed empty; there was no money, no papers. He was about to toss it toward the corpse, but changed his mind.

"Something's inside," he said.

"Won't hurt to look."

The sergeant reached out for the wallet, took it and fingered it a moment. He nodded at his comrade. Then he flipped it open, examined the inside. Whatever the object was, it had been stitched safely in an inner compartment. The two looked at each other, and curiosity won out.

"Won't hurt to have a look-see," the sergeant said.

HE WORKED his finger into a gap, jerked a few times. The crumbling leather parted. He brought out a small packet of soaked tissue paper. A peculiar excitement took hold of the two soldiers, they stood close together, helmet brims touching. Under the sergeant's hard fingers, the tissue paper shredded and frittered as it was unfolded, dropped to the sand like flakes.

"Jewelry?" the private asked.

"No. Look."

The sergeant held out his palm.

"Poor bloke," the private said again.

"What else?" the sergeant muttered.

He closed his hand into a fist, turned to look at the body. He was thinking hard, trying to find the flippant words that would liberate his chest from the sudden oppression. The private licked his lips, shook his head and found a sickly smile.

"You never think of that, do you?" he said, in wonder.

They looked down at the ungainly shape and felt that they knew him—that a key had been handed them to unlock within themselves, as well as within him, a secret compartment, locked by thoughts that all true men must think and seldom voice.

They knew that this man, this old Jew, had not always been old and ugly, that he had been young and a strong man, with a brave heart. They knew that he had not always been a homeless fugitive, an exile, that he had been as themselves, a man with a country to love, a flag to follow, a young man with good comrades who would have died for him and for whom he would have died.

And they knew also why he had kept this key secret, hidden from those who shared his tribulations, his sufferings—perhaps from his wife, from his children. They might have considered it a badge of shame, a symbol of his youthful foolishness. And they thought of something they had never thought of, of the particular burning torment that this old man and many, many like him, must have experienced.

"Wouldn't hurt if I kept it?" the private wondered.

The sergeant hesitated, then shook his head.

"Can't," he snapped.

"Then what—"

"Give it back to him. It's his."

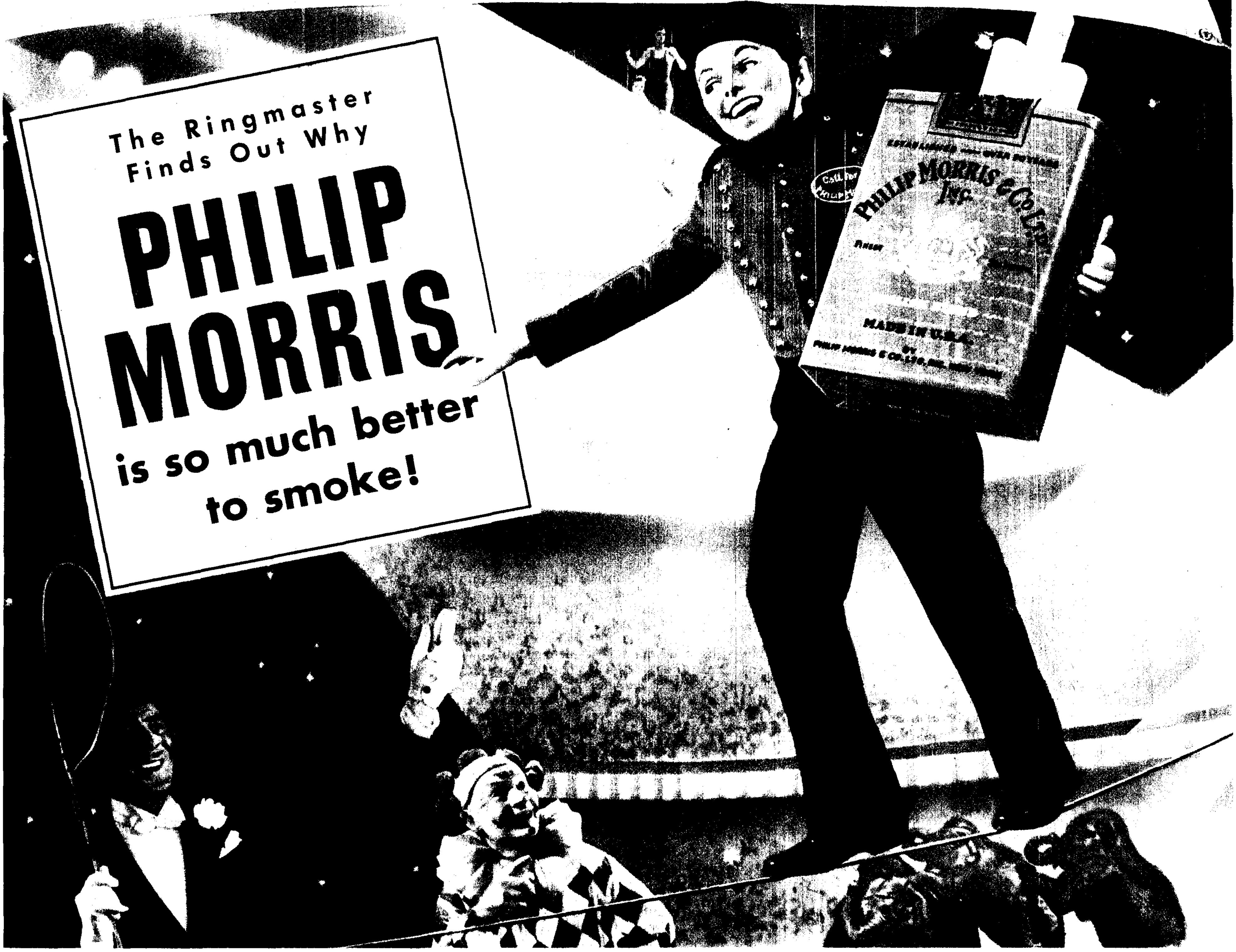
The British sergeant took a few steps forward, knelt beside the body. He carefully fastened his find to the torn shirt over the bony chest. It was not much, a small piece of dark metal, a faded, moist bit of black and white ribbon.

A German Iron Cross, bearing the date: 1914.

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

ILLUSTRATED BY HERMAN GIESEN

JOHNNY ON THE SPOT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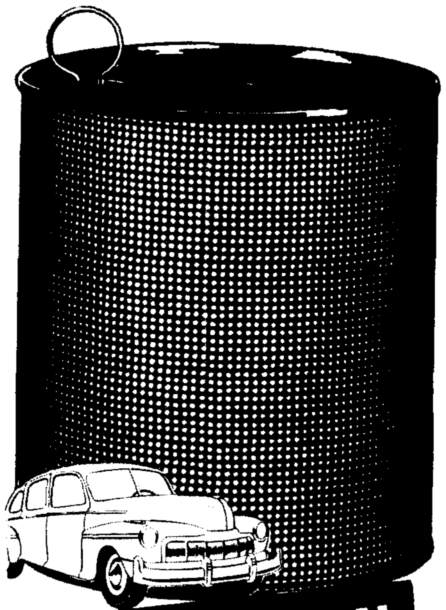

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HOW ARE THINGS ON OKINAWA?

Continued from page 19

In two years the employees will own the company, which is now making a profit of about 5,000 yen a month, even though its product is turned over to the government for fixed-price rationing or for sale to souvenir-hungry soldiers at the Army PXs. Other industries, similarly organized, are doing likewise.

Of course there is a little dissatisfaction here and there with the way things are going on Okinawa, but it appears to be a healthy dissatisfaction, born of a natural desire to get along in the world. Like that expressed by Toyo-ko Hanagusuku, a serious-minded girl of twenty whose father was killed when American bombs wrecked the village of Gushikawa and destroyed the Hanagusuku home. Toyo-ko fled into the hills with her mother, two sisters and four brothers, and for months they lived in a cave.

Girl Works on Prefab Houses

The Hanagusukus have now returned to Gushikawa. The six younger children are in school, and help their mother till the family's half-acre patch of rice and sweet potatoes. All have sufficient clothing, and they are comfortably if not luxuriously housed in a well-thatched 12-by-15-foot house, floored with Navy lumber and sided with scrap tin and Army tentage. Toyo-ko runs a power saw in the government mill at Gushikawa, and works eight hours a day six days a week, helping build frames for prefabricated houses. She is paid the minimum wage of five yen 60 sen a day, and doesn't think it's enough.

"I ought to make more," she says, "because this is important work and I do it well. But with what my family makes from the farm it is enough to buy food and clothing. And I hope to get a better job soon."

To American eyes the wages paid Toyo-ko Hanagusuku and Gioga Shimabuku may seem wretchedly inadequate, but by Okinawa standards they are very good. The highest-salaried native on the island is the civil governor, or Chiji, who receives 1,000 yen, or $20 a month. Every family on Okinawa can live on what it earns, because of the unique system of economy managed by the military government and bolstered by vast contributions from the United States. It is in process of switching, gradually, from a system of pure relief to one of controlled private enterprise in which all prices are to be regulated, as they are now, by what Okinawans can afford. As Brigadier General F. L. Hayden, island commander and military governor, put it:

"We blasted this island to bits, and now we're trying to put it together again. It will take years, but we're making progress. The quicker the Okinawans are self-sufficient, if they can ever be completely so, the quicker the American taxpayer will be relieved of the burden."

On paper this burden can run into hundreds of millions of dollars before the Okinawans become even approximately self-supporting. But there is such a lot of complicated bookkeeping involved that the final cost may be a great deal less than is expected.

At the moment it is impossible to make even a guess as to what it will cost to put the island back on its feet. Of course, it will cost plenty. The food we're turning over to the civil government of Okinawa is worth from $19,000,000 to $41,000,000 a year, according to the methods of accounting used, and the cost of the civil government runs to about 60,000,000 yen a year. Fuel, clothing and administration account for more millions.

But a vast percentage of the food, machinery and other supplies we've handed over to the Okinawans was already on the island; it was war surplus, it had greatly depreciated in value, and was probably worth less than the cost of shipping it back to the United States. It is charged to the Okinawan government at full price—a two-and-one-half-ton truck, for example, goes on the books at $2,650—and is then sold to the natives at realistic prices in order to keep the prevailing wage-price system intact. It is not likely that the civil government can ever pay for these supplies; if it doesn't the loss will not be great.

There are many things the Okinawans need that the military government cannot get for them. They badly need fertilizer, and there is a serious shortage of livestock. Before the war the islanders owned 20,000 horses; now they have 1,600. In 1944 each family owned from one to three pigs, a total of 100,000; now the pig population is not more than 2,000. The number of goats has also dwindled from 100,000 to about 2,000, and instead of 50,000 cows, the Okinawans have only 500. No animals are to be obtained elsewhere in the Orient, and no dollars are available for making shipments from the United States. The only livestock brought into Okinawa since the war is a shipment of 20,000 baby chicks, requisitioned from Japan.

The 90 officers and 350 men of the American military government, under the command of Colonel William Craig, are working with the Okinawans to solve these and other problems, to restore interisland trade, and to build up small private businesses and expert industries under a native government. The Okinawans have really never had a government of their own. In the old times the island was a kingdom, but paid tribute to both the Chinese and the Japanese. In 1871 the Japanese shipped the King of Okinawa to Tokyo, made him a Japanese nobleman and told an uninterested world that Okinawa and the rest of the Ryukyus had become a Japanese possession.

Today the Okinawans run their own affairs to a greater degree than ever before, and are gradually being trained for complete self-government. As yet no American-style elections have been held, but the farmers and villagers have elected their local chiefs, and have voted for most of the members of the advisory assembly, the others being appointed by the military government.

Meet the First Governor

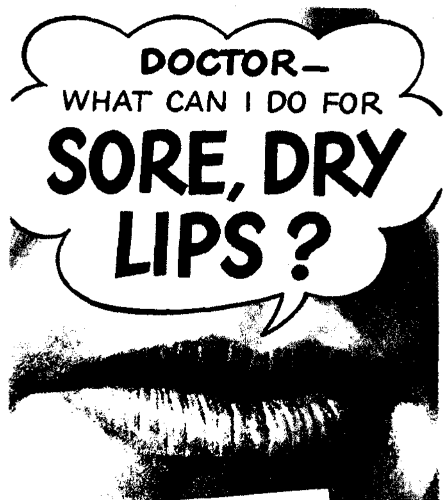
The assembly named Koshin Shikiya, a small, round-shouldered man of sixty-three, with some reputation as an educator, as the island's first Chiji, or governor. Shikiya joined the Methodist church in Japan 42 years ago, when he was a college student, and is one of the 1,400 native Christians on the island. He runs a civil administration of about 20,000 employees.

Okinawa and the other islands of the Ryukyu chain have never been self-sufficient; they have depended largely upon money sent by repatriates who have now returned, and upon Japanese subsidies for the sugar crop, which the Americans are discouraging in favor of greater rice and potato production.

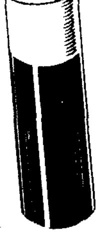
Some of the American experts believe that phosphate and sulphur mining, silkworm culture, fishing, lily bulbs and other industries may someday provide sufficient exports to make the Ryukyus self-supporting. Of these, only phosphate mining has so far been developed. The tiny Daito Islands, 200 miles east of Okinawa, have an estimated 2,200,000 tons of phosphate rock, of which some 7,500 tons are being mined each month and sent to Japan for processing.

THE END

DOCTOR—WHAT CAN I DO FOR SORE, DRY LIPS?



97% of Doctors REPORTING IN CURRENT SURVEYS approve Lypsyl FOR QUICK, SOOTHING RELIEF



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Sergeant's DOG CARE PRODUCTS

THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

straddle the welfare of the children, make endless court procedures under threats of dire consequences, refuse to let the wife be on friendly terms with her husband, make conditions impossible for him to see his children, etc., and only ease up as he will raise the ante.

They hire stooges or old has-been shysters to hound and trail a man at work, etc., to make life miserable and see if they can get a few more bucks from him. They even solicit where they hear of a family problem and assure the wife that they have a "hot-shot" shyster who will get her anything she desires and proceed to feed her hurt feelings and impress on her how abused she is.

ANONYMOUS SOCIAL WORKER,
Boston, Mass.

. . . I have often thought that a Divorcées Anonymous, after Alcoholics Anonymous, with strict confidence assured, would help the divorce problem greatly.

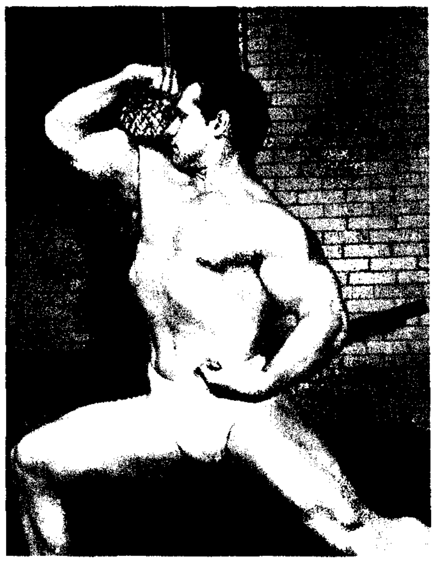
F. PETERSON JESSUP, Atlantic City, N. J.

MUSCLE MAN

GENTLEMEN: Mr. Crichton constantly mentioned Mr. Grimek in his weight-lifting article, Heavy, Heavy Over Head (May 24th) and so built up this gentleman that I am very interested in seeing if he is really as muscular as you claim.

Would you please print a picture of this superman?

ROBERT FINKEL, Miami, Florida



The sinewy John Grimek

FIGURITIS

TO THE EDITOR: John Kord Lagemann's It All Adds Up (May 31st) came along just in time. With the access he has to superduper mathematical machines, he can help me solve my problem.

My car gets 17.8 miles to the gallon, except going uphill, when it only gets 12.3 miles to the gallon. However, that's balanced by the fact that coming down the other side, I shut off the motor and zip along at infinity miles per gallon. My tires are not quite worn smooth, so you'd better figure on a few blowouts, and chances are I'll snap a rear spring passing through Twin Buttes. Now, my wife and I plan to leave Los Angeles July 20th (at about 8:03½ o'clock A.M.), driving to Dubuque, returning by August 2d. Allowing an average $5.37 a night for tourist cabins and $6.84 a day for meals, the big question for the mathematical machine is: Can we afford to go?

Incidentally, we're going to Dubuque to visit my mother-in-law, so I'll appreciate it if the machine turns up a negative answer.

BOB SWEENEY, Los Angeles, Calif.

VOICE OF GLAMOR

DEAR EDITOR: You and Prof. Dr. Ingrid Bergman are being suggested to the White House and the Hill as Co-ordinator and Co-Co-ordinator to administrate the Voice of America, etc., due to your recent editorial (Prof. Dr. Ingrid Bergman, May 24th) but are cautioned to spend less than $31,000,000 per annum on the job.

WILLIAM YALE SMILEY,
Washington, D. C.

OUR FAR-FLUNG CRITICS

DEAR EDITOR: In your April 12th editorial To Whom It May Concern you call lies the anti-American propaganda, but in The Week's Mail yourself make a wrong American propaganda when saying that Graham Bell got the idea for the telephone and that in 1874 the human voice was first carried over a wire. As a matter of fact, the telephone was invented by Antonio Meucci, an Italian, in 1857.

ALBERTO DE AZEVEDO, Lisbon, Portugal

WALLACE IN WONDERLAND

DEAR EDITOR: Many dislike the Truman Doctrine, and the number is increasing daily. Now comes the Wallace Doctrine—"World Peace"—which more and more people are coming not only to believe, but to demand.

You may heap all the calumniations upon him you choose, but Henry Wallace will be remembered long after you are forgotten (Hollering Henry, May 31st).

As a veteran of three wars, I have been sadly disillusioned. If Henry Wallace is the only one with the will and moral courage to attempt to lead us out of the mess we are now in, I am for him.

RICHARD ROWLES, Wollaston, Mass.

. . . High time this menace to America was put in his place. Give a dog rope enough and he'll hang himself and that is just what he has done.

ARTHUR WILLIAM ROW,
New York, N. Y.

DUMB BUNNIES

DEAR SIR: The story Come Into The Garden, Mrs. Broshotsky (May 24th) by Lester Atwell is expertly done, and according to my observation exactly to the situation. Now write one about the howl of schools and schoolteachers about shortages. There isn't any great shortage of teachers—just too many kids attending school over their heads mentally. My observation has been about 80 per cent of kids cannot take the teaching of the 8th grade. The children should be taken out of book schools and given manual and menial training.

PAT C. HERRINGTON, Little Rock, Ark.

UNTRUMANITE

DEAR EDITORS: Mr. Frank Gervasi's A President Grows Up (May 24th) places Mr. Truman on the 399th floor, way up in sky, where no adequate foundation is provided to sustain the illusion.

What has raised Truman's present rating is that he has read of the attributes of Coolidge, and has adopted the clamlike silence.

Mr. Truman has been playing ball with the Republicans since he took office. Roosevelt assumes greater stature each day. He bucked a disproportionate opposition with not much assistance.

R. A. LEITCH, Sherman, Texas

COO COO!

DEAR EDITOR: Doesn't Ed Lanham know that pigeons *don't* hop? See first paragraph of the new serial, Politics Is Murder (May 31st). If Ed doesn't know his bird life —I wonder if he knows his politics? For your information pigeons blop—not hop.

ROBERT GREENKER, New York, N. Y.

Mr. Lanham's pigeons, being mad, hopped. Ordinarily they grop, flop, snop, pop, scrop, phnop, and plopp—the latter should they be people-toed. We never heard of a pigeon blopping.

The Man Who Quit Too Soon

ONE hundred years ago an old gentleman resigned from the U. S. Patent Office because he felt his job had no future. He was sure everything had been invented.

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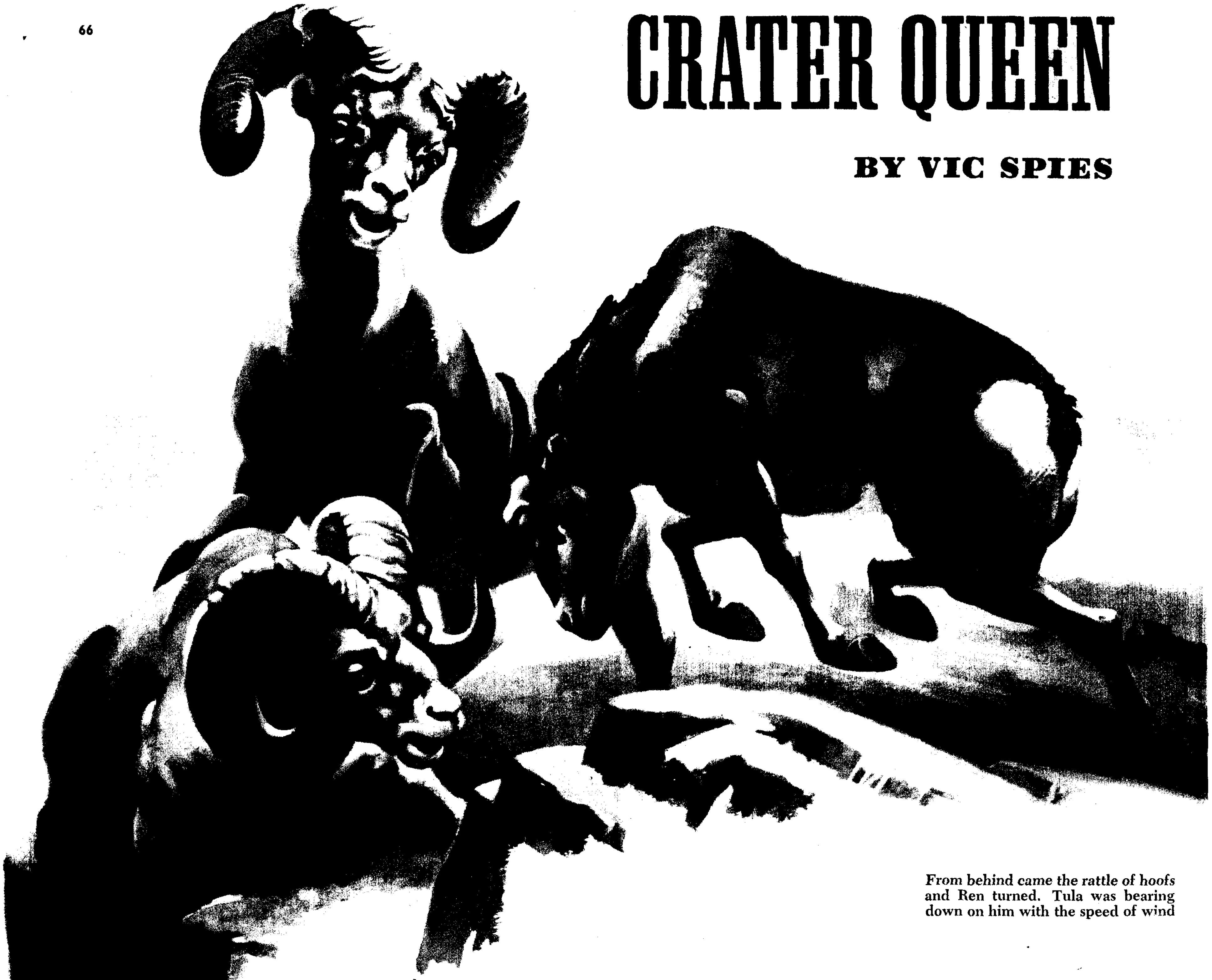
CRATER QUEEN

BY VIC SPIES



From behind came the rattle of hoofs and Ren turned. Tula was bearing down on him with the speed of wind

Never before had a female ruled the flock in the primitive volcanic world

THE rain came suddenly and with hurricane fury. Whipped up out of the Pacific, it pounded across the dunes and lashed at the lava field, howling into the deepest craters. Pinecate's red serrated peak and glazed arroyos seemed to vanish before the onslaught.

North Crater's huge volcanic hollow was a banshee bowl, its fissured walls spewing countless waterfalls that cast a fitful phosphorescent glow in the abrupt gloom. The giant saguaros, their fluted spikes spilling pearls, swelled with quick greenness; the silver cholla became newly plated; the sparse creosote bushes lifted themselves against the hammering deluge fresh and clean. And with the driving storm came a penetrating cold.

Mul, the big ewe, shivered and emitted a mournful blat. Not forty feet away the cavern in the wall yawned dry and warm. Koka the leader, Ren the belligerent and the other rams were standing shoulder to shoulder facing her. Behind them she could see the ewes, some lying down, complacently chewing their cuds while others suckled nervous lambs.

Mul's legs were spread wide over the gray form on the streaming alkali. The new lamb didn't move.

Koka snorted. Only one thing could come of it. The newborn, if it lived at all, would die. No four-footed creature was so susceptible to pneumonia as the desert bighorn lamb. Too many times had he seen this dread thing take toll of his flock. Little white bones that the buzzards had left still lay on the crater floor.

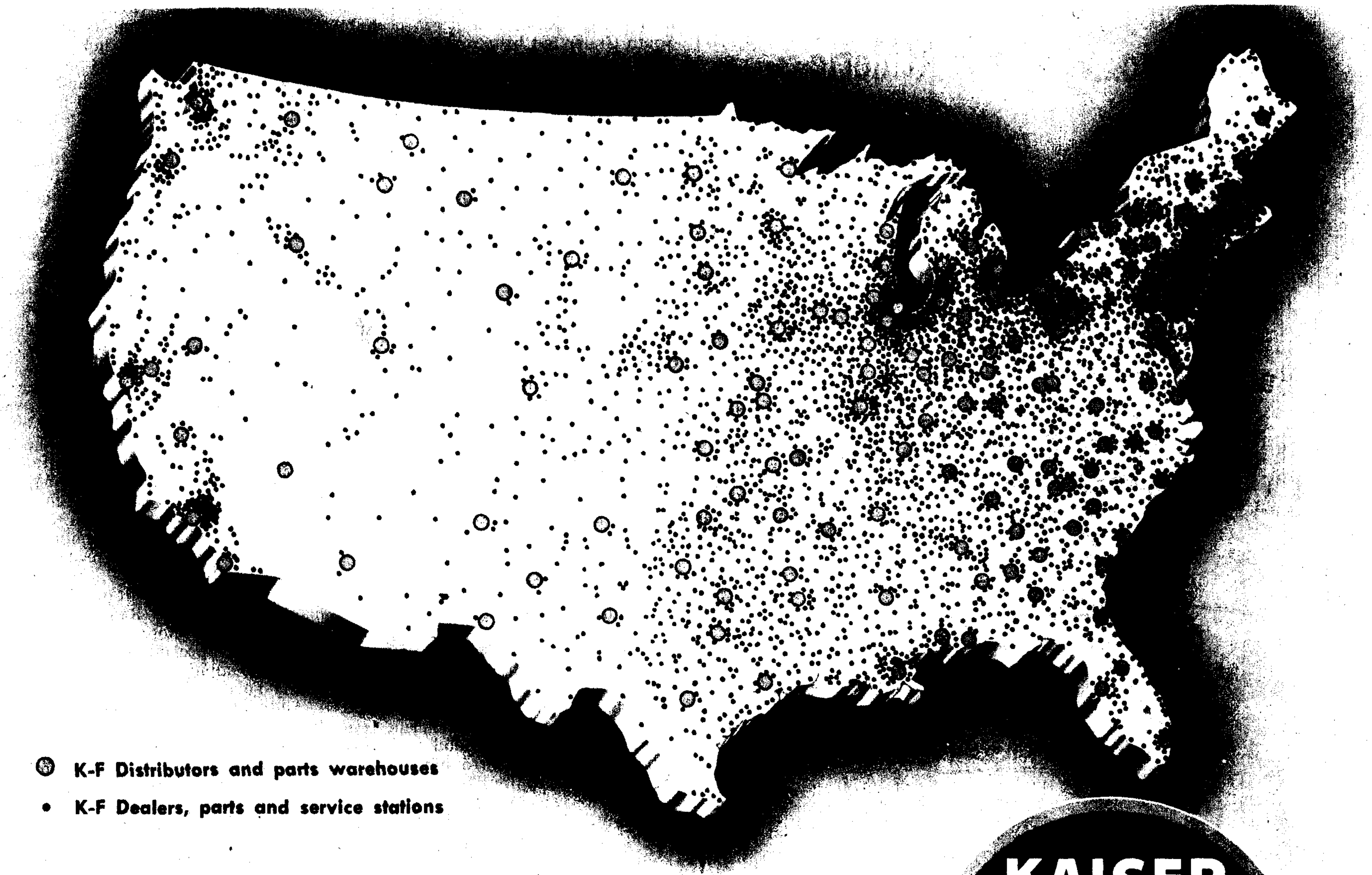
The leader of the flock stamped his splayed hoofs angrily. But Mul didn't move, except to look down at the sodden, still form curled under her. Never in the long years had she lost a lamb. Always before she had gone to the cavern in time. But the thick February shoots of Mexican salt grass in the center of the crater had been temptingly tender—and the storm had struck without warning. She braced herself now against a churning blast that brought a new wall of water.

Koka's bellow was lost in the roar. His lead ewe standing out in the rain over a doomed if not already dead lamb! He tossed the great coil of his horns. Ren, the belligerent one, conscious of his future leadership, butted Koka importantly. Already irritated, Koka turned and rammed him solidly against his lesser brothers and into jaw-champing humility.

This reminder that he was still leader had become more and more necessary of late. Koka had not come by his position lightly or held it with ease. It had been a constant struggle to hold the flock and this greatest of craters in the north end of the flow.

Only one crater in the whole lava field was larger—South Crater, eighty miles away where Jutta, the big ram

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL BURGER



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The world's largest selling shave cream

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he saw summers on the Pinecate heights, held sway. Koka had never been to South Crater but his scarred frame and the size of his flock attested to his masterful reign of the north.

He wheeled back. Through the din of storm there came to his ears a quavering bleat.

And then the curled mass that was Tula stirred and Mul stepped aside. Slowly the lamb uncurled, looked half blindly about, bleated again and staggered to its feet. It stood without help, four hoofs wide, all legs and head, shivering in the brittle cold—the largest and strangest lamb Koka had ever seen. And then, as if the fact that it was alive and had got up was not enough, it took a step forward.

Step by step the old ewe was enticing the tottering thing toward the shelter. With infinite patience she brought it into the cavern and to the far wall where she took up the task of drying its strange bedraggled body with her coarse tongue.

Koka edged forward, his flat nose twitching. What he had seen was enough, but to watch the little creature already suckling was too much. For the moment the roar and the downpour milling through the crater was forgotten. Slowly, he stretched out his crinkled nose and sniffed the musky miracle.

AND Tula lived. The heretofore inexorable rule of things had been confounded. In three months she stood head above any of the other lambs. Where they were brown like the ancient lava flows, her slim body stood out gray against the blasted surroundings. Her knees were less bulky; her eyes milky instead of brown. And where the horns of the others were still negligible lumps hers had already broken through.

She kept the older members on constant guard against her unexpected attacks from some cactus or lava ambush. She led the young ones in such a whirlwind of gamboling that they staggered from exhaustion. The whole flock eyed her with bewilderment.

In May the sky grew daily more vivid and glassy. The four-hundred-foot walls of the crater seemed to imprison the heat. And as it danced in waves the little salt grass remaining turned brown and lifeless. The shrinking cactus became tough and woody, defying the shredding of hoof and horn. Shortly North Crater would be a sweltering caldron.

Outside, the high peaks were caressed by the gulf breeze. There the vegetation was succulent and the flies did not gather with irritating insistence.

Koka, growing increasingly more restless, lifted his huge head sharply as a sudden blast of hot air wheeled through the crater. With a bellow, he trotted to the wall where the trail began its zigzag course from ledge to ledge upward to the rim and the world beyond.

Ren raced forward quickly. In single file the rest followed—up and up, the ewes nosing their young against the wall away from the sheer drop.

Leaping lightly and surely over the spots from which the other lambs had to be boosted, Tula looked up and saw the line meandering far above. This was something new and the lambs ahead hindered progress. She ducked under Mul's restraining nose and bolted.

Recklessly she bounded ahead, Mul's blat of resentment only quickening her ambition to escape. The ewes planted themselves squarely in her path but, kicking, butting and bleating, she pushed by. And the more she was obstructed the more insistent she became. She had had her own way on the crater floor and she would have it here. There was no stopping her.

Not even the three lesser rams acted quickly enough to halt her. Only Ren made any worth-while bid. He struck suddenly, his sharp hoof sending her staggering back down the slanting shelf. She stood a moment, trembling. Ren had stopped and was looking back. Lowering her head, she rushed him.

It was a glancing blow. She skidded along his half-turned body and into the wall. His rough horns raked her as she pulled herself up to find Koka's big rump alone blocking the trail.

She glanced around. The bad-tempered one was coming, his head down, his throat rumbling. Before she could bleat, he hit her. Like a shot she catapulted forward, crashed between Koka's hind legs and ended on her skinned knees under his belly.

Koka snorted and wheeled his huge horns. Seeing only Ren, he pivoted upward and brought his forefeet down on the great flat head of the belligerent one. Sparks flew.

And so did Tula. Free now, she leaped forward. Almost instantly the trail vanished into a red jumble that reeled off to a ragged, shimmering horizon. She had gained the rim of North Crater. For the first time in Koka's reign another than he had led the flock into the open.

Restraint was now useless. Having made her way to the front, none could hold her back in the wide reaches of the flow.

Koka soon gave up. It took enough of his strength to curb Ren's growing arrogance. He was not so young any more and it was more important to hold in check the ambitious Ren than to chastise young Tula.

And thus Tula took her place, with Ren alone offering contest. His resentment at seeing a lamb out in front—especially a ewe—was undying. Sometimes his crafty strategy worked her away from the flock where he bore savagely down upon her. Her escapes high on outcroppings that defied hold for his large feet and her triumphant bleats only served to incense him further. But from his attacks she learned ceaseless vigil and self reliance.

FORTY miles from North Crater the Pinecates thrust their ragged peaks against the hot sky. Here the mesquites were festooned with green, sweet beans, and barrel cactus offered drink. There was shade under the scrub cedars and a cooling wind from the gulf that stretched its blue arm beyond the sand dunes to the west.

It was a mighty world, burned red by the sun and the smelting of centuries past when it flowed with molten fire. Cut by impassable gorges, patched with windswept glaciers—fused honeycombs with razor edges—its three-hundred-mile border was saucered with gigantic blocks like black ice. Everywhere were pockmarks of blowholes and craters—the largest of these at the upper end being North Crater. The even greater hollow of South Crater, where Jutta held sway, rose at the other end of the flow.

Jutta, too, was on the peaks now with his flock. Tula saw him one morning silhouetted on Pinecate's summit. He was greater than either Ren or Koka and something in his regal pose tempted the challenge within her. But Koka's foraging movement away from the peak subdued the impulse. The two flocks didn't mix. Both leaders were too completely occupied with their own rams to seek additional conquest.

The heat past and November's winds growing in velocity, Koka gave his snorting command of descent. Shoulder-high to Ren now and quick as light, Tula pranced ahead, the way firmly established in her quick memory.

The rains came and still she grew. Her horns were long and straight and sharp, and when lowered were formidable daggers that even Ren had learned to respect.

But the belligerent one, though he had not yet challenged Koka for leadership, refused to look upon her with the acceptance of the others. It was time she mated and he bent himself to a twofold

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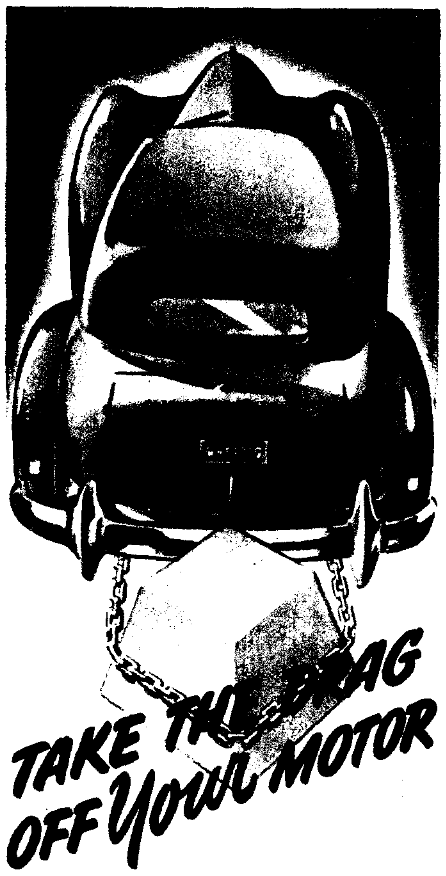

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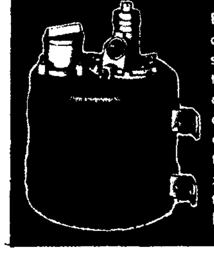

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purpose in subduing her. Once she was overcome, her spirit would be broken.

It wasn't a simple task. Pounding in sudden pursuit across the crater floor, his heavy horns cut down his speed. Straight to the wall she would race, and retreating safely into a crevice, she would meet him with the ready spikes.

His perseverance, however, and her unnatural penchant for browsing in the rain, reached the inevitable climax.

It was a cold, drizzling afternoon and she was feeding near the west wall. Ren, slipping out of the cavern, was upon her before she knew it, battering her with a mighty lunge of his horns. She kicked with all her strength and her frantic blatting echoed through the crater, but to no avail.

Her temper rose as she watched him trot back to the others with arched neck. Wheeling in quick circles, she made short rushes of defiance toward the cavern, ending her demonstrations with great slashes pawed in the wet earth.

For days she browsed at a distance and even Ren knew better than to approach. But he strutted endlessly, a source of maddening irritation. Coupled with the flock's docile manner of acceptance, it presaged disaster. And the symptoms developed quickly. With each strut Ren swung sharply toward Koka. Always the old leader managed to set himself in time, but his movements were growing slow and ponderous. Once Ren caught him unprepared, Koka was doomed. After that the belligerent one's arrogance would become unbearable. And there was nothing that could prevent it, short of a miracle.

THE miracle came just before dawn. At first a whirlpool of warm air churned through the hollow, cutting into the cold morning stillness. Behind it came a distant rumbling that grew steadily in volume. Leaping to her feet, Tula raced from the wall. The crater floor rolled like a heavy sea, and a bottomless fissure opened and closed before her as she slid to a paralyzed stop. The great heights swayed inward, sending tons of lava from the rim, and the air became suddenly thick and acrid with sulphur fumes.

Terror rocked the world, clutching at her, impeding her breathing—and spilled the flock from the cavern in aimless flight. Again and again the floor heaved, the din of tumbling rock and screaming air currents filling the crater. To this the flock added its blatting of mortal fear, above which came Koka's commanding bellows and pounding hoofs. He dashed among them, butting and striking, driving the frantic, widespread band together.

Swinging herself into the old one's titanic effort, Tula saw Ren racing madly for the trail. Back and forth she galloped, turning the panic-stricken, ramming the petrified, until the last one had started up the reeling ledges. Ren and the lesser rams had already vanished over the rim.

She pulled up, waiting for weary and wheezing old Koka to begin the ascent. But he just stood there gasping the suffocating air and gazing at the climbing line. She nosed him impatiently to move on up. Instead, he turned and loped heavily back toward the cavern. And there, when they reached it, stood Mul with her forefeet crushed in the vise of a crevice that had opened and closed.

Moving in, Koka nuzzled his old mate. Sick with agony, Mul moaned and licked him in return with her coarse dry tongue. Again and again Tula trotted to the opening, blatting back over her shoulder. But Koka did not notice. Bracing himself beside Mul he tried to pull her bleeding legs from the vise with the sweep of his horns.

And thus Koka died with his lead ewe in North Crater. Tula could feel the tremor coming. The floor began to undulate again, the walls leaned, starting to crumble. She dashed into the open just as the roof of the cavern dropped in a cloud of nostril-stinging dust.

Up the trail she bounded, great slabs whistling past from above, the ledges shaling off beneath her flying feet. The last of the flock to make the exodus, she was also the last sheep ever to cross the gargantuan rim of North Crater. Barely had her trim legs carried her over it when the walls of the big pit leaned inward, hung for a moment at the tip of balance and then rushed with a mighty roar to the floor. The surrounding terrain pitched wildly, putting her to her knees. North Crater was no more.

Regaining her feet, she sped on through the quickening gloom. Great billows of flame-shot smoke rolled from the cone of Pinecate. The morning sun went out behind the black curtain and in its place a ruddy glow lighted the slopes as though showing the way for a new flow. And it came—bubbling and flowing, a river of hissing liquid fire.

The air was that of a blast furnace and the sky rained stinging cinders. Only to the extreme south was there a semblance of clearness. But the trail to that region of safety led around the giant fissures straight toward the boiling cone. And so she swung west over the rumbling, tossing waste where the white dunes, now black with shadow, stretched away.

In less than a minute she came upon three of the flock ewes coughing and bleating in a huddle of stony fright. Nosing them roughly, she led on. By the time she reached the dunes she had gathered in her wake sixty-odd—strangers for the most and all heavy with lamb. Deserted by their unencumbered rams, they saw leadership in her strange gray form and positive action.

For two days they floundered through the lifeless sandy realm. With the eruptions diminishing and the towering billows receding, the sun came out, a terrible fire in itself. But with endless force she brought them, bleating with thirst, to the mesquite-bordered sloughs of the gulf.

Driven from their natural summer highlands, they foraged through the hot months at the gulf's edge. The breezes were even cooler than they had been on the peaks. And the feed was better. But Tula soon learned why the rams always led upward instead of down.

Here the coyotes howled through the night and made stealthy raids upon the flock. Her sleep broken continuously by blats of terror, she grew gaunt and jumpy. But she retained relentless reign. Not even Koka could have done better.

And no ram had shown up. First in flight, they had gained the craters of the south region and suffered the heat through. Drawn together at first by fear, with the return of familiar silence they once more resumed their tempers.

REN, his arrogance growing, was the first to assert himself. But finding he was no match for the massed front of the others, he moved off in rumbling rage on his own, wandering west to the wave of blocks heaped against the dunes.

It was here Tula met him one cloudy November noon as she led the flock back through the barrier.

Ren stared, motionless. There was no mistaking Tula's gray shape. And with her were some of the old band—and others, fat and strong—a flock greater than Koka himself had ever known! He stepped forward to take command.

Tula stopped, spraddle-legged, facing the ruthless renegade. It was inevitable that some ram should join them—but not this one! Great head or not, the hour had come. Spikes lowered, she shot forward.

It was like ramming one of the gigantic blocks. Her right horn split and snapped off at the middle. A terrible pain streaking through her neck, she folded up under his huge head. The next instant he had lifted her in the cradle of his horns

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and tossed her into the near-by jumble. Dully she watched him paw the lava and strut, the while emitting bellows of victory. And then, roughing the older ewes significantly, he marched off. The flock followed.

The base of her right horn oozing blood, Tula lifted her bruised body grimly. Circling the flock, she hit Ren a staggering blow in the shoulder. But again she went down, and again he tossed her from him.

Once more she watched them move off, straight through the glazed patches and ragged upheaval toward the mammoth hollow of South Crater. Back to Ren had come the fullness of his old arrogance, and it increased with every step. Behind him was the greatest flock in the flow. There was only one place for such a flock—South Crater.

Quivering with hate, Tula staggered painfully up and jogged forward. Three times in the ensuing hour she swept out of the jumble at Ren and three times he sent her crashing back, weaker than before.

Long after the last ewe had trailed from sight now, she lay gazing at her dead surroundings. This was her reward. But it was a natural one. Constant domination was essential to leadership. The flock knew nothing else. . . .

The sun was struggling for its last hour with a long cloud bank and a chilling gust whistled through the flow. It was real effort to get up this time. The long rest had stiffened her but it had also marshaled strength. She trotted along awkwardly, sniffing the trail, but growing more limber with each passing moment.

Rounding an escarpment she pulled up short. Not fifty yards away yawned the mighty hollow of South Crater. And at its rim Ren and Jutta were facing each other in mortal combat.

Behind Ren spread the flock—her flock!—while at Jutta's back huddled his own frozen band. With Jutta's flock, however, were three rams, stamping nervously, tossing their heads, anxious to go to his aid. But whenever one of them moved forward, he was met by a slashing hoof. The massive leader intended beating this intruder by himself—as Koka had always done in the north flow.

But Jutta was old. Time and again he met Ren's great head, dust flying, the battering thuds echoing into the crater. Like Koka, Jutta had retained mastery of his own flock but he was no match for this youthful stranger.

And then suddenly, before any battle of this magnitude should have reached a climax, the end came.

Jarred by Ren's vicious pile-driving rush, Jutta slipped and sagged to his knees. In his anxiety to regain his feet he raised his head too high. Boring in, Ren rammed his horns in the old one's chest, pushed him back on his haunches and across the slick face of the lava toward the precipice.

The young rams instantly lost all desire to enter the fray. They snorted and plunged through the petrified ewes to safety.

Steadily, relentlessly, Ren drove the unfooted Jutta down the glassy, slanting rock. Body braced, leaning ever forward, he pushed on—one, two, three feet. And then, with Jutta's rump not six inches from the awful drop, he ceased his gruesome labors and threw up his head. From one side came the rattle of flying hoofs.

He turned, but too late. The battered head he had given Tula was bearing down on him with the speed of wind and the dire promise of a juggernaut. It caught him midriff, sending him floundering past Jutta's beaten body to the brink. For a breathless moment he pawed at the slick surface—and then plunged with a terrified bellow into space.

SILENCE, eerie and measureless, rushed through the flow. Jutta looked up with tired eyes at the gray form before him. Cautiously, Tula touched her crinkled nose to his and bleated. He rumbled in return but made no effort to rise and she struck out with a forefoot until he staggered up and limped to safety.

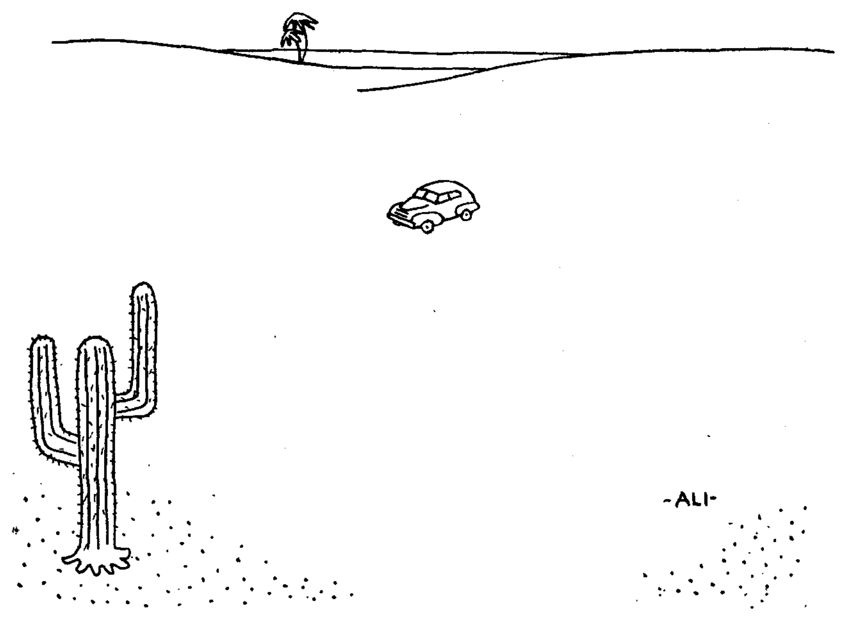
The three young rams working their way back through the flock she routed in a single snorting rush. She looked about then while the sun cast one last ray that reflected redly from her eyes. The next moment dusk fell, mantled heavily by the gathering storm. A cold gust whipped in from the west.

Jutta was moving lamely toward the first ledge of the descent. She turned, shouldered him to one side and took the lead.

Down, down she went into the great bowl, behind her Jutta and the long line of her flock, then the three rams and Jutta's flock. Her flock and Jutta's flock—all one now. The mightiest flock the lava world had ever known.

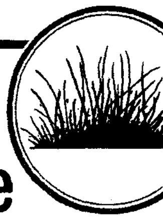
Reaching the floor she jogged along the well-defined trail to the mammoth cavern in the far wall. But she did not enter. Stepping to one side, with Jutta at her heels, she stood erect, nose up, proud, her eyes straight ahead while the long line filed past into the shelter. And Jutta, sensing the queenly in her battered, regal bearing, echoed her snort of victory with a bellow that rolled upward through South Crater and went winging off into the night.

THE END



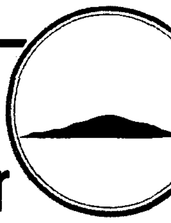
COLLIER'S "—All right, dear. Now let the clutch out slowly—" ALFRED ISLER

Absorbine Jr. kills Athlete's Foot "Bugs" on contact!



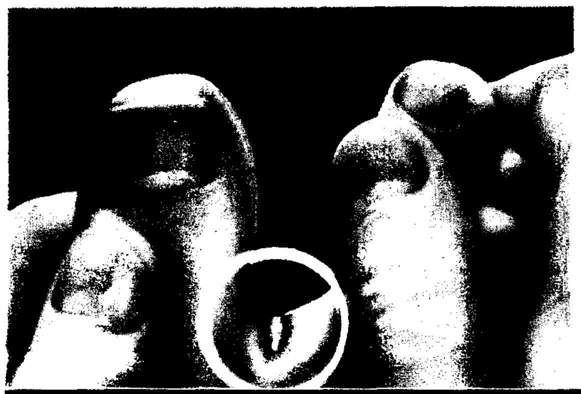
Before

This picture, magnified hundreds of times, of the parasitic growth which causes Athlete's Foot was made *before* contact with Absorbine Jr. This growth lives on stale perspiration products and dead skin . . . the real cause of the pain and misery of Athlete's Foot.



After

This is a picture, same magnification, of the Athlete's Foot organisms, *after* contact with Absorbine Jr. See how this parasitic growth has wilted and died. No longer can it irritate delicate nerve endings and cause that maddening "itchiness" and excruciating pain!



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THE FEELING IS MUTUAL

Continued from page 15

There is a silence on the other end of the wire.

"Mabel?" I says.

"I heard you," she says, "and after hearin' you, I ain't made up my mind yet if I'm ever gonna speak to you again. But until I make up my mind, I can tell you it's like a fairy story, honest."

"The dream?" I says.

"The dream is a secret," she says, "only the interpretation is what counts. The future is me and Bud Simmons, with the dimples. I can hardly believe it."

"You mean they had his name in the book?" I says.

"They never use names," she says, "but it's clear enough. This is my destiny."

"But, baby!" I says. I'm beginnin' to wake up. "How about me?"

"You?" she says, with a dreamy sound in her voice. "I just made up my mind. I ain't talkin' to you." And she hangs up.

The rest of the night I don't sleep so good. I think about what she said, and the dreams, and any way I look at it, it looks like the end of a beautiful mutual interest between her and me.

YOU know what they say about salt. How it never rains but it pours? It starts pourin' salt right after this. For the next couple of days I keep callin' up Mabel to see if I can straighten it out with her, only she won't even come to the telephone. And on top of this, my favorite baseball team, the Dodgers, start losin'.

Every afternoon I got the Dodger game tuned in on the radio in my hack, and every afternoon it's the same thing. Sure, every team's gotta lose a couple, once in a while. Only the way the Dodgers are goin' at it is overdoin' the thing, if you know what I mean. They're in first place, all right, only the first thing I know they ain't in front by four games any more, it's only one game. And they're still losin'. If them bums the St. Looeys could win a couple of more games, they would be in first place instead of the Dodgers.

It's a bad week. My girl ain't talkin' to me, my baseball team is losin' its pants. I ain't even sure my girl friend is my girl friend. And it begins to look like my ball team ain't a ball team.

Then this one day I'm down at the hackstand in my hack, listenin' to the ball game on the radio and it ain't no different from the rest of the days. It's the top of the eighth, five to two favor the Chicagos, when a guy sticks his head out of the candy store and yells at me.

"Hey, Joe," he yells. "Somebody wants you on the telephone."

"All I get on the telephone is bad news," I says, but I go in and answer it anyway. When I hear who's on the phone, I practically forget about the Dodgers and everything.

"Mabel!" I says. That's who it is. "Are you talkin' to me?"

"But certainly," she says. "I was just wonderin' how you been lately."

"Wonderful," I says. "How are you?"

"Fine," she says.

The conversation pauses.

"Joey," she says.

"Yeah, baby? I'm glad you decided to forget about what I said," I says.

"Oh, that," she says. "I guess you can't help it if you ain't a perfect gentleman. I was just wonderin', Joey."

"Yeah?"

"Now that we're friends again, and all that, I was wonderin' how you feel about goin' to see a baseball game."

"A ball game?" I says. "Sure, any time! Are you really interested in baseball after all, Mabel?"

"But certainly," she says. "It's a mutual interest, ain't it? You know what Stan Musial batted last year? Three sixty-five."

"Whadid you say?" I says.

"And Max Lanier won six and lost none," she says, "before he went to Mexico."

I'm a baseball fan, and I know a lot of averages, but I gotta admit this is news to me. Comin' from Mabel, I can't get over it.

"How about tomorrow?" she says.

"Okay," I says.

"That's fine, Joey," she says. "Whitey Kurowski .301 last year. That's pretty good, isn't it?"

"Fair," I says, "but I can't get over you. I'll see you tomorrow. So long."

I hang up, and I can't get over it. It's like they say about it's always darkest before daylight. One minute I'm lower than a snake's belly. The next minute Mabel calls up, and everything is okay again and she's a real ball fan, like overnight, givin' me the averages and everything.

I go back to the cab, whistlin' a song, and walkin' on a cloud. The radio is still on, and the announcer is still talkin'.

"And there goes another loss into the record book for the Dodgers," he's saying. Even that don't bother me.

"Just wait'll tomorrow," I says. I gotta laugh when I think about how I was discouraged about a team like the Dodgers.

"And don't fail to be with us tomorrow," the announcer says, "when those hard-driving St. Louis Cardinals come out to Ebbets Field for a try at first place. And say—if you're having hard driving with your shaving, here's something you—"

He goes ahead with the commercial stuff, only I ain't listenin' no more. Because suddenly the cloud on which I'm standin' lets go and I hit the pavement with a bump.

Because that's when I get it. The St. Looeys are playin' the Dodgers tomorrow. I suddenly remember that all the players Mabel quoted me averages from are St. Looey players. Bud Simmons is a St. Looey player, also.

For the first time in my life I ain't lookin' forward to seein' the Dodgers play ball.

THE next day we're at the ball game, anyways. This time we ain't sittin' in no box, because I hadda pay for the seats. We're pretty far back in the lower stands, but the only difference is that Bud Simmons looks a little smaller from where we're sittin'. He still looks good to Mabel.

Also, the Dodgers are still lousy. Even Mabel can notice this.

"It seems to me that your Dodgers are playin' pretty lousy," she says, when they're behind four runs in the third inning.

"It's a slump," I says, "or a jinx, or somethin'."

"Bud Simmons is batting .305 for the season so far," she says. It's the first time she mentions him but she'd been lookin' at him right along.

"Good for Bud," I says. There ain't much fight left in me. I feel washed out. I fell like all I can do now is wait around for the finish.

"Look at Buddy," she says. "He's waitin' to bat. Look how alert he looks, with the dimples, and everything. Come on, Buddy!" she yells.

It don't seem dignified for my girl friend to be hollerin' for this other guy, but I figure I can't do nothin' about it. The St. Looeys come out on the field, with this Bud Simmons at first base again.

"Look at him now," Mabel says. Her blue eyes are shinin'.

"He ain't doin' anything," I says.

"But look how he's puttin' on his

glove," she says. "Come on, St. Looey!"

"Mabel!" I says. I can't believe my ears. "Do you know what you're sayin'?"

"Come on, St. Looey!" she yells again.

The thing is, up to there she's just yellin' about Bud Simmons, who is just an individual. But now she's yellin' for St. Looey. My team is the Dodgers.

I ain't the only one hears her. When Mabel yells, you can hear her clear out in Canarsie, almost. Half the stands gets up and starts lookin' around, mutterin' about who's the wise guy yellin' for St. Looey.

"Mabel, sit down," I says. "People are turnin' around." She don't pay no attention.

The umpire at the plate calls a sour one on Pee Wee Reese. The Dodgers manager comes out of the dugout to straighten him out on his mistake. Mabel is on her feet again.

"Throw the bum out!" she hollers.

"Who?" I says.

"The manager!" she says.

"Mabel!" I says. "What are you saying?"

"Come on, St. Looey!" she yells.

I sit there and I know that it's the end. I look at Mabel, and suddenly she looks like a stranger to me. A St. Looey fan. How can we continue on like we usta? I think. A St. Looey fan and a Dodger fan. There ain't no mutual interest there. The twain can't meet, like they say.

I sit there, with the crowd yellin' and screamin', and I never felt so low in my life. After all, I been goin' steady with Mabel for almost six years, already. Only I been a Dodger fan for maybe fifteen years, and that's what does it.

I turn to Mabel. I says, "Mabel, I gotta talk to you for a minute." I might as well get it over with, I figure.

She ain't listenin'. She's up on her feet, yellin' at somethin' goin' on on the field. I look down to see what's goin' on.

What's goin' on is plenty. The game is stopped, and a Dodger coach is over at first base. Two umpires are out there, and the St. Looey manager, and this Bud Simmons, the first baseman, and everybody is arguin'. This Simmons puts his hand on the Dodger coach's chest, and gives him a push.

"Hah!" I says bitterly. "Who's a roughneck now?" I hear no reply and look around. Mabel ain't sittin' next to me no more.

I hear the crowd yell farther down the stands. I take a look and I can see a redhead pushin' through the crowd toward the gate behind the St. Looey dugout. The next thing I see is this figure emergin' on the field, on its way over to first.

"Mabel!" I yell. Everybody else is yellin' too, so she don't hear me. I get up and start out after her.

It ain't easy gettin' through the crowd, which is pushin' and shovin' like crazy. But, after takin' a beatin', I bust out in the clear, on the field. Halfway to first base I catch up with Mabel.

"Mabel," I says, "where are you goin'?"

She don't listen to me. She's got a look of determination on her face and she keeps goin' toward first base. A couple of field police come runnin' over but she brushes them off and continues.

"Mabel," I says, "whatever you're doin', you can't do this." She does it. She arrives at first base and I'm right in back of her. Some Dodgers got their faces pushed right into this Bud Simmons', and they're goin' at it hot and heavy.

"Oh, yeah?" says a Dodger.

"Yeah!" Bud Simmons says.

"Stop pickin' on Buddy," Mabel says.

THIS stops them for a minute. They all turn around and look at Mabel. Out of the corner of my eye I can see some more St. Looey players, and some more Dodgers, runnin' up to the scene. Some of them got bats.

"Mabel," I says, "come on back to our seats."

"Tell them to leave Buddy alone," she says.

"Lady," says Bud Simmons, "why don't you stay out of this?"

I can hardly hear what happens next, with everybody yellin' and all the ballplayers and everybody pushin' one another. But right up close I suddenly hear another woman's voice, yellin' like everybody else.

The next minute this woman comes bustin' through all the players who are standin' around hollerin', and walks up to Bud Simmons. In one hand she's got a little boy, and in the other hand she's got a little girl.

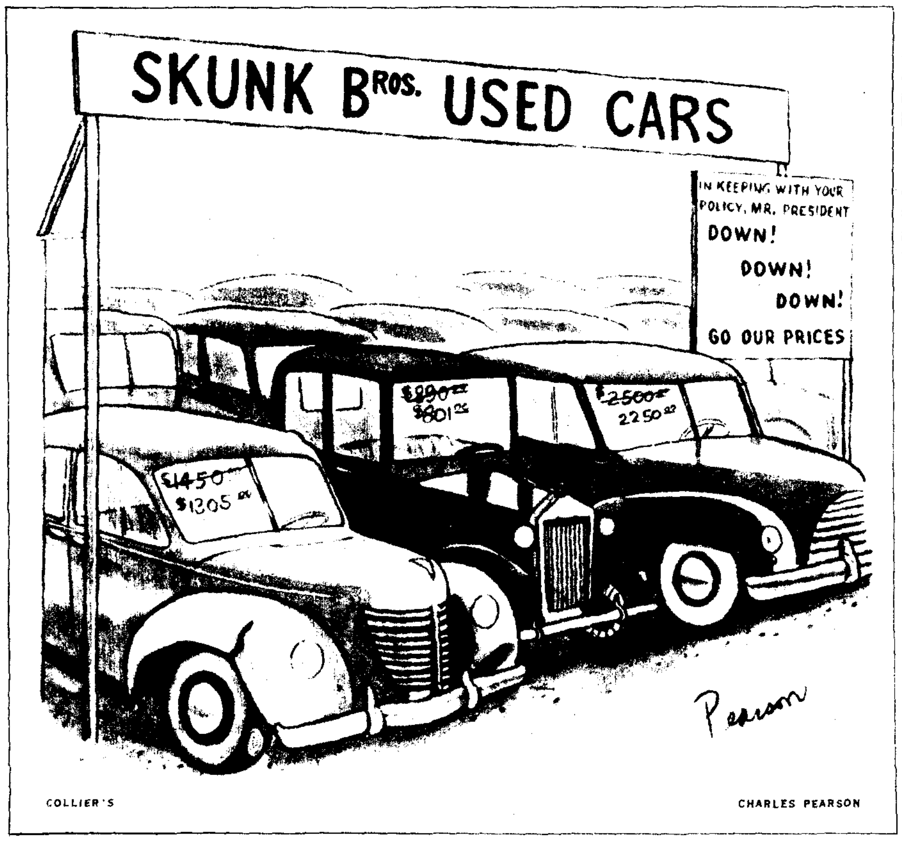
"Bud Simmons!" she says. "Who is this woman?"

"Stop pickin' on Buddy," Mabel says.

Bud Simmons gets pale. He says to Mabel, "Lady, please!" Then he says to this other woman, "Fanny, keep calm. I never seen her before in my life."

"Oh, no?" Mabel says. "How about last month when you was in my lap?"

"Lady!" Bud Simmons hollers. He turns to the other one. "Fanny, so help



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me. This is the first time I ever seen this screwy dame!"

"Now wait a minute," I says. Maybe she ain't actin' exactly ladylike at the moment, but nobody can say that about Mabel while I'm standin' there.

Bud Simmons got a kind of wild expression.

"You stay out of this!" he yells at me.

"Whadid you call Mabel?" I says.

"I says she's a screwy dame!" he says. "Fanny," he says, "you gotta believe—" That's as far as he gets. I pull back my right, and let him have it. The punch bounces right offa his dimples, and it's a beauty. There's a roarin' in my ears, from the excitement. I watch this Bud Simmons cave in real slow, and just before he hits the dirt, he suddenly lights up, like in Technicolor. I look at Mabel, and she's lit up also. She starts dancin' around, then she stands on her head, and that's all I remember.

They tell me later one of the St. Looeys massaged me with a bat. I didn't know it at the time. . . .

When I wake up, the Technicolor is gone. Everything is plain white. I'm in the hospital. My head feels like a balloon. I look up, and in the middle of the white I see some red. Mabel's head.

"How do you feel, Joey?" she says. "Weren't those the cutest kids you ever saw in your life?"

"I feel terrible," I says. "My former girl friend is a St. Looey fan."

"Oh, that," she says. "That's ancient history." Ancient history, she says!

"I was talkin' about Bud Simmons' children," she says. "Gee, wouldn't you just give anything to have a couple of darlings like that, all your own?"

"They looked okay," I says. "Lemme get somethin' straight here," I says. My head is bangin' like a busted radiator pipe. "Ain't you a baseball fan no more, for the St. Looeys?"

"Baseball!" she says. "Baseball is only a game that kids play, and it doesn't seem to me that grown-up people should get excited about it, with the strikes and umpires and touchdowns and all that kid stuff."

I lean back on the pillows and think this over. For Mabel, it sounds more normal than before.

"Anyways, Bud Simmons is happily married," she says.

The picture clears up.

"I had a long talk with his wife," she says. "She doesn't know anything about baseball, but they got mutual interests anyways. One male and one female. Little ones."

She lets out a sigh, and I do likewise.

"So I guess that all the mutual interests a couple needs is children," she says, "although they oughta get married without a lot of delay so that the interests can get possible."

It sounds reasonable. I reach out and take Mabel's hand. She looks at me with her blue eyes shinin', and I feel good. My head ain't even poundin' no more.

"Baby," I says, "I think you got somethin' there."

"Do you?" she says in that way she has that makes me feel kinda warm inside. "That's nice, Joey."

I ask her who won the ball game, after I got slugged, only she don't know because she ain't interested any more. I find out later the Dodgers won. I just mentioned this so anybody, includin' the St. Looey fans, who thinks the Dodgers are slipping will get straightened out.

I KNOW. The Dodgers are a cinch this year. I got modern science in back of me when I make this statement. I just happened to look up this screwy dream I had in Mabel's book and the interpretation is that it means something wonderful is going to happen to somebody nearest and dearest to me.

The way I figure it, that's either Mabel or the Dodgers, and since Mabel ain't gettin' married for a while yet, which would be a wonderful thing the way she figures it, then that leaves the Dodgers.

You see what I mean?

THE END

THE NUCLEAR FISSION OF EDWARD ANGUS GILMARTIN

Continued from page 21

"Right here."

Edward Angus looked up and there he was in front of the remembered address in the Fifties.

"Well, I'm pretty hot, so I think I would enjoy a lemonade or a glass of ginger ale," said the Professor.

"Ginger ale, hell!" said Private Gilmartin.

Today Angie's dress was light blue and the Professor thought the combination of it with her hair was worthy of Botticelli's personal attention, while Private Gilmartin noted with satisfaction that what filled the dress was definitely an unupholstered Angie. Both he and the Professor agreed that it was four freckles and not three.

"Well," said Angie, "couldn't you find the library? I didn't expect I'd see you here again so soon."

"I was just walking home and thought I'd drop in for a drink."

"You know where to get it."

"Thank you, the first door on the left, I believe."

He walked hastily up to the bar and the Professor said quickly, "I'd like a glass of ginger ale, please."

"What'll you have with it?" said the bartender.

"Nothing."

The bartender gave him a long look and produced a bottle and a glass. "That'll be four bits, Mack," he said, testily.

BY THE time he had consumed two dollars' worth, Edward Angus felt like an overloaded trailer truck, and was sure the other patrons must hear him sloshing as he walked to the exit. To his horror, some other minion was behind the checkroom door.

"I gave my hat to the young lady," he protested.

"She's gone to supper," said the boy unfeelingly. "We gotta eat just like everybody else."

"Where'd she go?"

"How should I know? Mr. Lacy took her out. I don't ask him where he's going, you can bet."

"And who is Mr. Lacy?"

The boy looked up with a start to see if Edward Angus was joking.

"Just the guy that owns this joint and about a dozen others. Where you been all your life?"

"I never heard of him."

"Well, don't be getting nosy about him. He's got connections and he don't like guys asking questions. Come on and give me your check." . . .

Edward Angus spent a very restless night. This may have been due to four bottles of ginger ale, but Angie and Mr. Lacy pre-empted most of his thoughts. Connections in New York had, he felt, a very different connotation than in Boston. He had connections in Boston and would have no objections to any inquiry into them.

Mr. Lacy was not at all the proper person for Angie to be dining with, he was sure.

Next day the work went a little better, but by the middle of the afternoon he could no longer stick it. A bus carried him to the Fifties and he walked no more than three blocks.

"Hi," said Angie, "you're getting to be a regular customer." She was wearing black and Edward Angus longed to tell her that to him she was beautiful in anything, but far more beautiful in blue. Instead, he said fatuously, "It's very nice here. I like it."

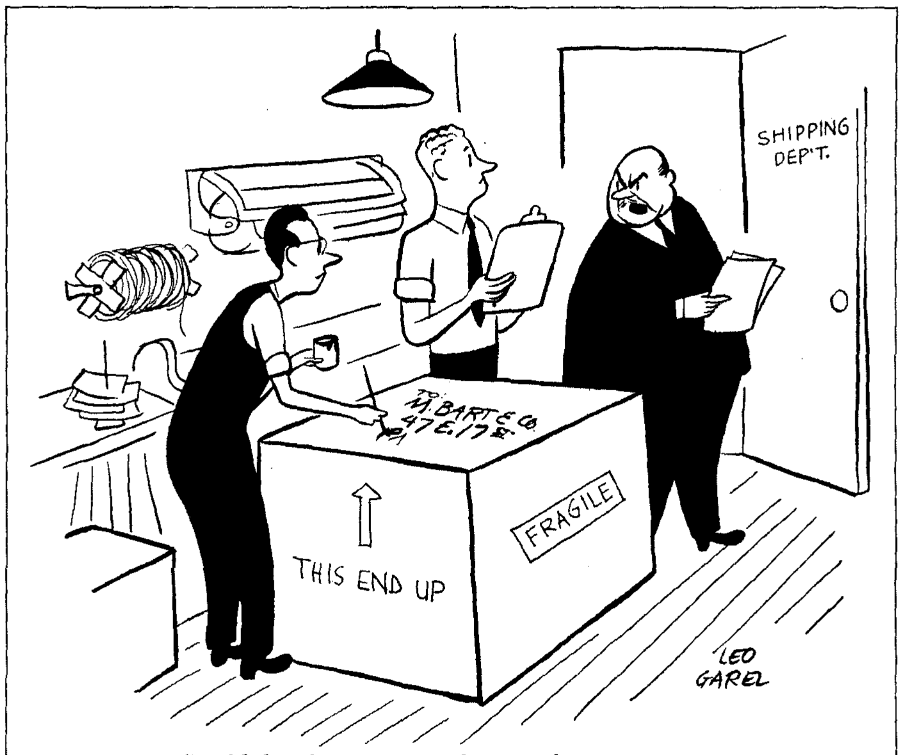
"I guess it's as good as any of them."

"Well, why do you work here, if you don't like it?" he demanded.

"I didn't say I didn't like it. It's just a means to an end, that's all."

This time Edward Angus limited himself to two bottles of ginger ale, but when he came out, the same boy was in the coatroom. After a hasty consultation with his watch he went off to another turbulent night's rest. This time it certainly wasn't ginger ale.

The third afternoon he arrived by cab,



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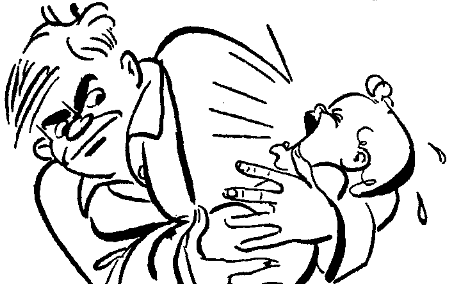

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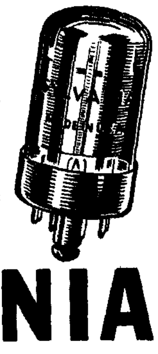


and as he gave his hat to Angie, he said, "I wonder if you'd have supper with me tonight?"

She gave him a long, slow look, fires blazing in the back of her eyes and her lovely curving mouth becoming straight and firm.

"You look like a nice sort of guy, so don't get me wrong. I just don't go for that kind of stuff," she said.

"*What* kind of stuff?"

"I don't go out to supper with customers. I work here and that's all."

"But you went out to supper with Mr. Lacy."

"That was different."

"How?"

"Look," she said as though she was explaining matters to a child, "I have to work for a living. I could probably get a job as a secretary, but it wouldn't pay one quarter of what I make here. I have to support my mother. She's crippled and this way I can spend most of the day with her and still pay the doctor's bills."

"That doesn't explain having supper with Lacy," he protested.

"It does, since he owns the place, and has connections with all the others that he doesn't own. What if he has a yen for me? I know how to handle people like him, and Mother has to have another—oh, this can't interest you—"

"It certainly does," he assured her. "Everything about you interests me. I got out of the Army with just one idea in the world. Then for some crazy reason I met you and I haven't been able to think about anything else since. I wanted to know something else very much and now all I want to know is about you."

"That's a fine line," said Angie. "You don't even know my last name and you try to pull that corny stuff on me."

"But it's not a line. I'm out of my head about you. I can't work, I can't think of anything except you. I just can't go on without knowing that you're taken care of. I—"

SHE smiled at him with the affectionate understanding of a mother listening to the child who tells her that someday he will make a million and dress her in silks and jewels beyond price.

"You're a good guy," she said, kindly, "so I guess you're talking about a ring and a minister and things like that, but tell me: Just what were you in the Army?"

"I was a private first class. What's that got to do with it?"

"Can't you see?"

"I am perfectly capable of supporting a wife and family," he assured her.

"Things cost a lot of money these days. The government has been giving you bed and board so long that you don't realize the kind of income that it takes. Okay, so you're a sober, industrious young man. That doesn't cut any ice with the landlord and the butcher."

"How do you know what my salary is?"

"You said you were a professor and I read the papers. I'm probably intellectually starved, but I look as though I ate regularly, don't I?"

"I think you look perfect," said Edward Angus feelingly.

"That's nice to hear," said Angie dreamily, "but it takes plenty of coconuts to provide the groceries and—"

"Hello, Angie," said the oily voice of Mr. Lacy. "Good evening, Professor. How about joining me and a couple of my friends in a drink? This is Angie's hour for supper. Come on, we'd like to have you. Maybe we're not up to you intellectually but we can add up the check and we can pay it, too."

"I can pay my own check," said Edward Angus defensively.

"Sure you can, but come in and have a couple with us." Mr. Lacy took him by the arm, the two friends closed up the rear and he found himself seated at a table against the wall in the bar.

"We'll have Scotch and soda, what'll you have?" said Mr. Lacy, when the waiter came over.

"I'll have ginger ale."

Mr. Lacy and his two friends laughed merrily. The two friends looked like Georgie Raft and Edward G. Robinson. When they laughed they became practically kissing cousins to hyenas.

"That's not a drink," Mr. Lacy protested. "What are you really going to have?"

"That's what I want."

"Well, how about a Horse's Neck? That's mostly ginger ale."

"Okay."

HAD Mr. Lacy chosen to be observant, a quality on which he was inclined to rate himself highly, he would have noted that while he had asked Professor Gilmartin to have a drink with him, it was Private Gilmartin who was on the point of absorbing his hospitality. Men who had served any considerable time in the Alaskan peninsula could have told him that Gilmartin had been broken to private nine times—and not just because he couldn't make out a pay roll. He was known as a cheap drunk and a good many PXs still bore the scars produced by his third drink.

"I see you were in the Army," said Mr. Lacy, pleasantly.

"That's right," said Private Gilmartin sucking on his Horse's Neck.

"Where?"

"In the Aleutians."

"That must have been pretty rugged."

"It was."

"What part of the racket were you in?"

"It wasn't any racket and I was in the Finance Corps."

"Oh, a noncombatant?"

"Exactly. How about having a round on me?"

Comrades who had served with Private Gilmartin would have considered this a good time to remember previous engagements. Mr. Lacy and his friends were only too happy to acquiesce.

"I suppose you were drafted?" one of Mr. Lacy's friends inquired.

"I enlisted in September of nineteen forty-one," said Private Gilmartin flatly.

"Sucker!" said Mr. Lacy's other friend.

"How do you figure that?"

"Well, all you got was grief for it. You didn't go nowhere nor do nothing."

"Yes?"

"Why don't you be smart like us? We keep out of it, and we make plenty jack besides."

Private Gilmartin began to come to a slow boil.

"There were some guys," he announced, "who—"

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Lacy, "the Professor is our guest. Each one of us has reasons for his actions. How about another round of drinks?"

Edward Angus worked on his new Horse's Neck in silence. It had been over a year since he had held heyday with Bacchus, and the fires under his boiler were beginning to raise a nice head of steam. He had not liked Mr. Lacy to begin with and he felt a distinct animosity toward his friends. He leaned across the table to the last man who had spoken to him and said slowly, "Where were you while the show was going on?"

"Right where I am now," said that gentleman with pride. "I got a doctor that knows his stuff and no draft board could put the finger on me!"

"You should have been smart," chimed in the other friend. "Only dopes lets theirselves get dragged into that nonsense."

"How did you keep out?" Edward Angus asked.

"One of my friends had a defense plant. I worked there on a late shift."

"What'd it make?"

"Are you nuts? How should I know what they make? My friend tells the draft board I'm on the pay roll and I go around a couple of times a month and draw my pay. I got no time to waste working for anything except real chips."

"What do you call real chips?"

"Look, sonny, you say you was in the Finance Corps and I bet you couldn't make out my income tax. The feller that does mine has it fixed so the government owes me money. Why don't you get smart?"

"Please, please," said Mr. Lacy. "We're all friends here and the Professor undoubtedly had good cause for doing what he did. Probably you can do all right by yourself in the Finance Corps if you know the angles."

"They're not my friends and just what do you mean by that last crack?"

"Nothing," said Mr. Lacy casting his eye about for the headwaiter. "Just forget it and let's all have another drink."

"I don't need anything more to drink and I'm going out and take Angie to dinner," Edward Angus announced. "Hey, you, bring me my check."

"Angie's already gone to dinner," said Mr. Lacy matter-of-factly.

"Well, then I'll meet her there."

"Wait a minute," said Mr. Lacy. "I was going to talk to you about it later, but no fooling around with Angie, see?"

"She's free, white, and twenty-one, isn't she?" Edward Angus demanded.

"Never mind the statistics. I've had my eye on that for a long time and you're not going to get in my way. She may be a little strict in her personal life—but she'll get over that—"

Private Edward Angus Gilmartin rose to his feet and the others rose hastily with him. He leaned toward Mr. Lacy until their noses were almost touching; he spoke, letting each word drop as though it had fallen thousands of feet and frozen on the way.

"I'm free, white, and twenty-one, too. I don't like the way you talk about that lady and what's more I don't like your nose. From now on, keep it out of my business." He reached up, and while flares exploded in Mr. Lacy's head, twisted the nose until the roots started to run water.

From then on, things happened very rapidly. Mr. Lacy and his friends knew a good deal about gutter fighting but as had been suspected, the shoulders of their jackets were padded. The whole group took on the appearance of animated adagio dancers, except that only one member seemed to catch and toss anybody. Private Gilmartin gave Mr. Lacy a final giant swing into the middle of an approaching waiter, dropped five dollars on the table, and regarded the surrounding debris with complete satisfaction. Yes, the place looked a good deal like a PX, he concluded as he walked out.

On the way to the library the next morning, Professor Gilmartin rubbed bruised knuckles against an aching head while he endeavored to read the mass of mail which had finally caught up with him. Long ago, he had decided to spend the remainder of his life in the halls of academic learning, but one of the letters he had just received contained an offer which was, he had to admit, beyond the dreams of avarice. Also that particular company possessed about as good facilities for research as those provided by the best universities. Still, he shrank from forsaking the safe backwaters for what he had always thought of as the marts of trade.

Angie was sitting on the library steps as he walked up.

"Are you all right?" she demanded.

"Why not be?" he said carelessly.

"But against those three hoods?"

"Aah—"

Angie started to cry.

"What's the matter now?" said Edward Angus, his self-satisfaction deserting him.

"I was so worried about you and I didn't know where you lived. I've been waiting here most of the night," she sobbed, "and I've lost my job."

"That's fine," said Professor Gilmartin. "My offer's still open and we'd better go and get you something to eat."

ANGIE'S head was on his shoulder and her tears were beginning to wet through his shirt. "Heaven knows what we'll live on," she wailed. "You can't make as much as I used to."

"Will you be willing to try it on twelve thousand a year to start with?"

She held him off at arm's length and searched his face through tearful eyes.

"Gilmartin," she whispered, "are you drunk?"

"Certainly not! I almost never touch the stuff."

"Who do you think you're kidding? The time you spent in that bar—"

"I was drinking ginger ale."

"You got an awful lot of power out of such a low octane."

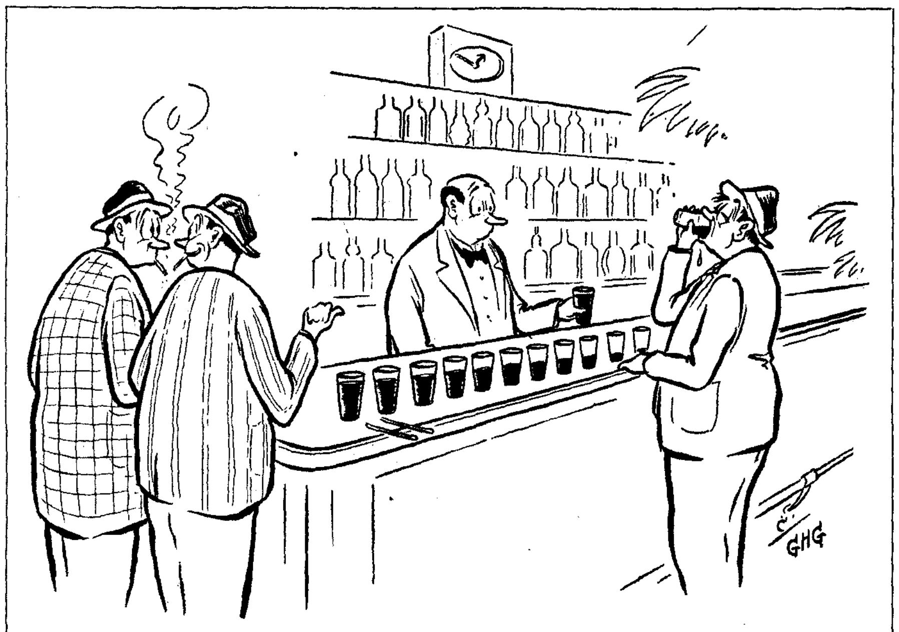
"Enough of this nonsense," said Edward Angus. "Are you going to marry me or aren't you?"

"I don't know. I guess I love you," and then as he took a step toward her: "Oh, no! Not here where everybody can see us. Really, we ought to wait. You do need someone to take care of you, and you'd probably be the dickens to handle—though I'm sure I could do it—still—"

Edward Angus lifted Angie lightly until her eyes were level with his.

"You can start now," he said.

THE END



"As soon as he gets 'em all tuned up, he's going to play some songs for us—he thinks"

COLLIER'S GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

Boy, I'm in a BAD way!

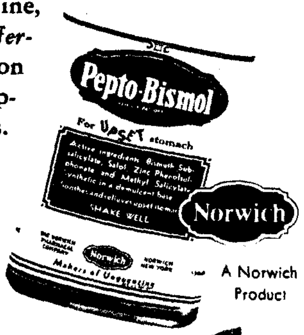
You don't need a "funny mirror" to tell when you've had too much feasting. You have inside information...a sickish, upset stomach. Be gentle with these upsets—*take soothing* PEPTO-BISMOL.

NEVER UPSET AN UPSET STOMACH

Don't add to the upset of an upset stomach with overdoses of antacids or harsh physics. *Take soothing* PEPTO-BISMOL.

This pleasant-tasting preparation is non-alkaline, non-laxative, non-constipating. *Its action is different.* It spreads a soothing, protective coating on irritated stomach and intestinal walls, thus helping to calm and quiet common digestive upsets.

To relieve *distress after over-indulgence; nervous indigestion; heartburn ... and to retard intestinal fermentation; gas formation: simple diarrhea.* Three sizes at druggists.



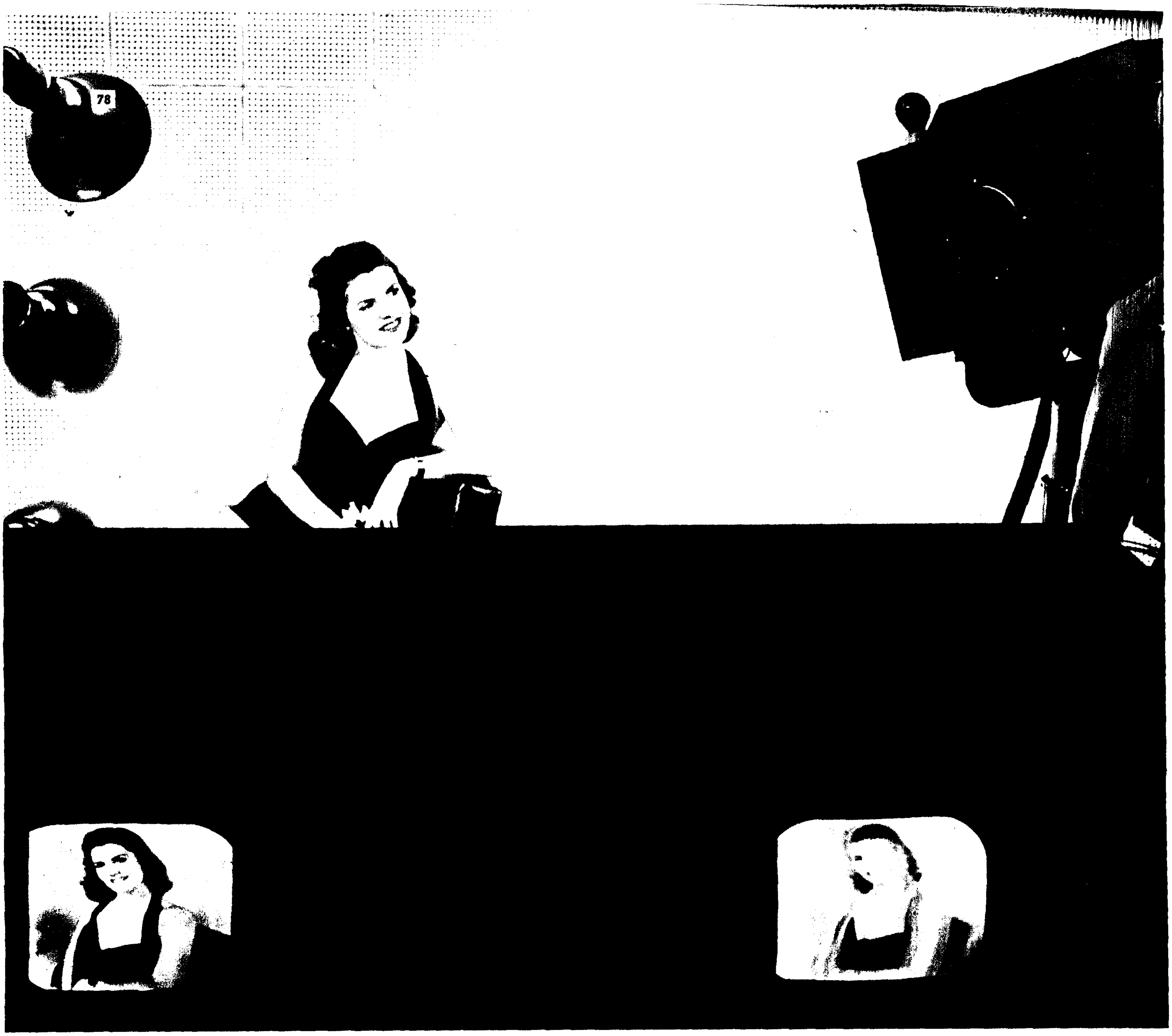
A Norwich Product

Pepto-Bismol

for UPSET Stomach

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Listen to "THE FAT MAN," ABC Network, Friday Night (Pacific Coast: Saturday Night)



At top, television camera in action; at bottom, the images on a screen. Reception without the telephoned frequency is at the right; with it is on the left

TELEVISION GETS A BOX OF

BY HERBERT ASBURY

Scientists have solved the big problem in television—how to make programs pay for themselves. It'll cost extra on your phone bill, but it'll be worth it in finer entertainment

THE television set was in a suburban basement some ten miles from Chicago, and on the screen was a moving picture that was being broadcast by one of the two experimental television transmitters of the Zenith Radio Corporation. But the picture was blurred and jumpy; it would have been impossible to look at it long without eyestrain.

After a few minutes G. E. Gustafson, a Zenith executive, picked up the telephone and called the transmitting station.

"Send the key," Mr. Gustafson ordered.

Instantly the screen steadied and the picture became clear and sharp.

"Stop the key," said Mr. Gustafson, and the picture again became a meaningless blur. He repeated the procedure several times. When he said, "Send the key," the picture was clear and satisfactory; when he said, "Stop the key," the screen jumped and blurred.

What we were seeing was the first successful demonstration of wired television, the dream of the radio industry for more than 20 years. Scientists of the Bell Telephone Company, some 16 years ago, succeeded in sending images, experimentally and not very satisfactorily, over a short length of telephone cable. Since then experiments in this field have been carried on by virtually every radio and television manufacturer, but little or no progress has been reported. The researchers were stopped by the fact that the wave band required for the transmission of television is about a thousand times as wide as that used for the telephone, a complicated

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY ALLAN GOULD

LIKE MAGIC

THIS PREMIUM OIL GIVES YOUR CAR MORE POWER!

Unlike the magic of walking on hot coals, the performance of *premium* Sinclair Opaline Motor Oil is readily explained. This improved 1947 Opaline gives your car more power because it contains special chemicals developed by Sinclair. These chemicals clean carbon, sludge and other power-stealing deposits from cylinders, piston rings and pistons. Opaline cleans as it lubricates.

Tests prove that Sinclair Opaline gives old cars more power by cleaning up the motor. In new cars, 1947 Opaline preserves that new car pep and power. Get more power from your car. Save on gasoline. Save on oil. Ask for 1947 *premium* Sinclair Opaline Motor Oil where you see the Sinclair H-C Gasoline sign.

SINCLAIR
OPALINE
MOTOR OIL

1947, PREMIUM

SINCLAIR OPALINE

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

MOTOR OIL

Keeps your motor clean as a whistle

ALAN HALE, featured in
"CHEYENNE"
A Warner Bros. Production,
Does a little magical fire walking

WE JUST BOUGHT A CROSLEY AS OUR SECOND CAR!
MY DEAR, WE BOUGHT A CROSLEY AS OUR FIFTH CAR!
CROSLEY

a FINE car

Or for information and literature write:
Crosley Motors, 2532-CC Spring Grove Av., Cin'ti 14, O.

PULVEX "DDT" FLEA POWDER

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Kills the fleas Quickly! Keeps others off for Days.

Pulvex also comes with ROTENONE, the original formula. BEST FOR CATS.

Either Kind 25¢ & 50¢

NOW! The ONE-UNIT HEARING AID Thousands Have Waited for

The New ONE-UNIT Beltone MONO-PAC

THIS IS ALL YOU WEAR
NO SEPARATE BATTERY PACK
NO DANGLING BATTERY CORDS

The tiny new BELTONE Mono-Pac is about ⅓ size and weight of old-style hearing aids, yet so powerful you hear even *whispers!* Get helpful facts about this new "MIRACLE" aid in valuable FREE book about deafness. Find out why more people hear with BELTONE than any other One-Unit Hearing Aid.

ACCEPTED COUNCIL ON PHYSICAL MEDICINE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

BELTONE HEARING AID CO., Dept. C-712
1450 W. 19th Street, Chicago 8, Ill.

FREE BOOKLET

Beltone Hearing Aid Co.
Dept. C-712, 1450 W. 19th St., Chicago 8, Ill.

Please send me FREE booklet about deafness and what can be done to overcome it.

Name__________

Address__________

Town__________Zone____State______

pattern of frequencies which cannot be crowded onto a telephone wire.

A year or so ago the whole question of wired television was thrashed out at an important meeting of Zenith executives and scientists, among them E. F. McDonald, Jr., president of the corporation; J. E. Brown, the chief engineer; Mr. Gustafson, vice-president in charge of engineering, and Dr. Alexander Ellett, head of Zenith Research Laboratories.

Dr. Ellett, formerly of the U.S. Office of Scientific Research and Development in Washington, is a comparative newcomer to Zenith; during the war he was a member of the scientific brain trust headed by Dr. Vannevar Bush, and was one of the top men in the development of the proximity fuse. All of these men had been close to television developments for many years, and they had pretty well come to the conclusion that to get television into American homes by way of the telephone was probably impossible. One said: "Nobody'll ever get all those frequencies on a telephone wire."

"Well," said Dr. Ellett, "maybe we could send some of them by air, some by telephone."

These words proved to be the clue to the final solution of the problem. Included in the television wave band are several essential but very simple frequencies, and after long and intensive experimentation the Zenith scientists devised a way to separate these frequencies and send them over the telephone. The rest of the picture is broadcast by ordinary methods, but, of course, what goes out over the air is not a complete telecast. A set tuned to the transmitter thus broadcasting will show only a blurred and jumpy mixture of light and shadow, unless it also receives by telephone the key frequency that unscrambles the mess.

The unscrambling takes place in a device attached to the telephone and to the television set. All technical details of the device are being withheld by Zenith, but Mr. McDonald says that the device to be installed by the telephone company and connected to the line and television receiver will be small enough not to be in the way, that it should cost not more than five dollars, installed, and that mass production can begin within six months.

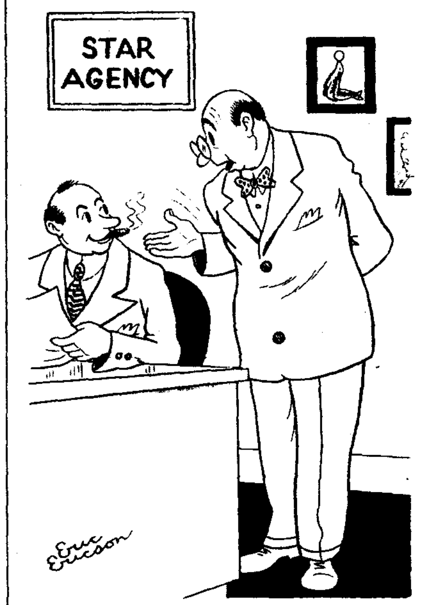
"There will be no monopolistic control of the new development," he said. "Licenses will be readily available to broadcasters and to manufacturers of television receivers."

Mr. McDonald proposes to call the new system "phone vision," a name which cannot be copyrighted or registered and which will belong to the industry as "radio" and "television" do. He emphasized that it is far beyond the experimental stage; it has been thoroughly tested over a long period of time and under varying conditions. At hours when they were not scheduled to broadcast, Zenith's two television stations have transmitted pictures in both black and white and full color, but without the key frequency. Incidentally, the new system works as well with one as with the other. Owners of television sets have telephoned to the company in some anxiety, puzzled by the meaningless blur they were receiving on their viewing screens.

Meanwhile, on test sets scattered throughout the Chicago area, perfect pictures were being received, as the key frequencies reached them by telephone. These frequencies were sent over dial phones, through city switchboards, and through the switchboards of suburban villages, without the telephone operators having any idea that they were handling other than routine calls. For the new system doesn't interfere with the normal use of the telephone.

Of course, many details must be worked out before television can actually be brought into your home by way of the telephone. Companies must be formed to produce the shows and work out the proper charges for the service. Some of the radio broadcasting companies have expressed interest in this phase of the development, and so have motion-picture producers; several top movie men are considering the possibility of televising first-run movies.

The technical devices by means of which the new system will operate must be manufactured and installed, and a master antenna system must be developed. In several cities, notably New York, apartment-house owners and fire departments look with extreme disfavor upon roofs cluttered with a multitude of individual television antennas. Finally, an enormous number of television sets must be manufactured and sold. The sets now in use cannot be adapted to wired television, and will become obsolete; but, as Mr. McDonald pointed out, they will be useless anyway when the Federal Communications Commission allocates to television a higher position on the wave band, as is proposed, and establishes standards now lacking.



"It's a terrific idea, Sam—but do you think Poppa Truman would accompany her on the piano?"

COLLIER'S ERIC ERICSON

Once wired television is ready, this is about the way it will work:

You will buy a television set from your dealer, who will install it. Then the telephone company will attach the device that connects the set with your telephone and permits you to receive the key frequency, or "unscrambler."

At regular intervals, say once a week, you will receive an announcement of forthcoming programs and the charge for seeing each. You will select the program you wish to see and notify the telephone operator, who will connect your phone so the key frequency can come in over the wire. If you have a dial phone, it probably will be possible simply to dial a number in order to get the program you want. Party lines will have a different key frequency for each subscriber.

Once the telephone operator has been notified, the broadcast will be received on your set in the usual manner, and charges for television service will appear on your monthly telephone bill.

It will not be possible yet to skip about on your television set as you do on the radio, seeing a little of this program and a little of that. When you order the phone operator to connect you with a certain television broadcast, you will be paying admission to a show of your own choosing; the difference is that you will see it in the comfort of your home rather than in a theater. You can't turn to another show, without paying, any more than you can walk out of one theater and into another and be admitted free.

The new sets, however, will provide for the reception of free television as well as the pay-as-you-go variety. It is not expected that free television will disappear; there will always be public service programs which will be broadcast gratis, and the producing companies probably will put on free sustaining shows.

In all the uproar about the imminent coming of television to which the American public has listened during the past fifteen years, Mr. McDonald has raised almost the lone dissenting voice. His company, besides operating two television transmitters, manufactures television sets, but they have been used solely for experimental purposes. None has been sold to the public. In magazine articles (Collier's, June 29, 1946) and elsewhere, Mr. McDonald has contended that the troubles of the television industry were not technical but economic.

In 1937, when a group of radio manufacturers met in New York, decided that television was ready for the public and made plans to launch it with a great fanfare of publicity at the New York World's Fair, Mr. McDonald objected strenuously. "Gentlemen," he said, "you are offering the public a pig in a poke. Television today is technically acceptable, but without a box office to pay for good programming it is economically so unsound that it will never succeed. If you start television without first making sure that there will be adequate programming, your whole campaign will be a colossal flop."

Forecast of Failure Comes True

The events justified Mr. McDonald's gloomy prediction. From 1938 until Pearl Harbor, civilian production stopped; only about 7,000 television sets were sold. Since V-J Day, sales have been larger, but they have never been anything to get excited about. In 1946 fewer than 7,000 sets were manufactured, and today there are not more than 25,000 sets in use throughout the country. Meanwhile many complaints have been heard about the quality of television programs, and there has been much grumbling because Hollywood will not release its first-run movies for television. As one movie producer said, "Some people seem to think we should spend two or three million dollars on a movie and then let everybody see it for nothing!"

In his Collier's article Mr. McDonald made it clear that advertising can never support television, which costs enormously more to produce and broadcast than does radio. It has been estimated that a weekly one-hour television show, offering entertainment comparable to that provided by such radio shows as Jack Benny or Fred Allen, would cost at least $10,000,000 a year. Very few advertisers, if any, can afford to make such expenditures. A soap opera is a good example of the difference between a radio show and television. On the radio the performers simply stand about a microphone and read from scripts after one or maybe two rehearsals.

The same show broadcast by television would have to be a production, with scenery, costumes, competent actors, memorized parts and everything else that goes into a successful play.

"Three years ago," Mr. McDonald said, "I wrote that when television solved its economic problems it would become a great industry, and that when that day came I would be down in the front row applauding. That's where I am now, because I believe that the day has at last arrived. Our new development makes it possible for television to have a box office, through which will pour the revenue that is necessary if television is to provide the sort of entertainment that the American people want. Today manufacturers are fortunate if they manage to sell a few thousand television sets a year; tomorrow our annual sales will be in the millions."

THE END

Bird of Peace

. . . that earns its own keep

The primary purpose of an air transportation system is a peaceful one . . . to provide a swifter, more efficient means of travel, of delivering the mail, of shipping cargo. But it is likewise a vital arm of defense in time of national emergency.

Air transportation is thus unique. It is largely maintained and expanded not by public taxation—as though it were an item in the budget for national defense—but through its day-to-day contribution to public convenience. In short, this nation keeps itself strong in the air—as she must—by *exercising* that strength in the pursuits of peace.

THE SCHEDULED AIRLINES OF THE UNITED STATES

Air Travel Strengthens America

You get there quickly, comfortably and economically when you go by *scheduled* Airline. Fares as well as express and freight tariffs are now lower than before the war. Air Mail is only 5¢. So, travel, mail and ship—by air! Call the nearest Airlines office or your travel agent for reservations. This advertisement is sponsored by the nation's *scheduled* Airlines and leading aviation manufacturers.

Everything you expect fine gin...

90 PROOF
DIXIE BELLE
DISTILLED BY THE LONDON DRY PROCESS
NINETY PROOF
DIXIE BELLE
DISTILLED
London Dry
GIN
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY CONTINENTAL DISTILLING CORPORATION

DIXIE BELLE

Height of satin-smoothness. Bright, enticing flavor. Enjoy gin distilled from finest imported fruits, herbs and berries.

A Favorite in GIN

DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • CONTINENTAL DISTILLING CORPORATION PHILADELPHIA, PA.

WHY I BROKE WITH ROOSEVELT

Continued from page 25

President's talents and training are necessary to steer the country, domestically and in its foreign relationships, to safe harbor."

Finding the President in an excellent humor, I brought up Wallace's statement. "I see by the papers Henry Wallace is out stumping."

The President chuckled. "What did you think of it?"

"I think it was very stupid," I said, studying him closely. "He gave Republicans ammunition by putting us in a position of being the first to begin political activity in the war period. And it was bad to bring up the third-term question, just as things were moving so well within the party."

"Oh, Henry means well, but he just isn't political-minded," the President said airily.

The President said nothing about his own candidacy and neither did I. I went away feeling that he had not been entirely unaware of what Wallace was going to say, although he was apparently a bit annoyed over its reception. If he had sent up a trial balloon, he must have come to the conclusion that the move was ill timed.

Wanted: A Secretary of the Navy

As I was leaving the Cabinet meeting on December 8, 1939, the President beckoned to me, signaling I should remain behind.

"Jim, I've got quite a problem on my hands," he said after the others had left. "It's the appointment of a new Secretary of the Navy to succeed Swanson."

"What's wrong with Charley Edison?" I asked in surprise.

"Nothing, exactly," was his answer. "I have a high regard for him and he's done a good job as Assistant Secretary. But, between you and me, Jim, it is rather difficult to carry on with him because he's hard of hearing. He's a perfectly wonderful fellow and I wouldn't hurt him for the world, but I'm afraid he won't do."

"I'm sorry to hear it," I said. "Have you anyone in mind?"

"What do you think of Frank Knox?" he asked.

"Frankly, I am not keen for bringing a Republican into the Cabinet," I said. "There are qualified and able Democrats for the job. If you name Knox, you would have to have Edison's resignation, because I'm sure he expects the appointment."

"Oh, I have that all figured out," he said lightly. "There won't be the slightest trouble. The best way to handle it would be to have Frank Hague name him as a candidate for senator or governor and he'd resign to run for office."

"Have you talked to Hague?" I could think of nothing else to ask at the moment, because I was thrown for a loss by the boldness of the scheme.

"No, but that's where you come in, Jim." He smiled engagingly. "You call him up and tell him I want it. I'm sure he'll go along."

"I'll talk to Hague," I promised, "but I just can't see the appointment, Boss. Knox is not only a Republican but he was Landon's running mate. You'd have an unswerving partisan, a Republican, in your Cabinet."

"Aw, come now, Jim," he chided mockingly. "Republicans aren't that bad. Remember that under our democratic form of government, they have votes too."

"Yes, but they only count in Maine and Vermont," I kidded back. "Anyhow, I think it would be a great mistake."

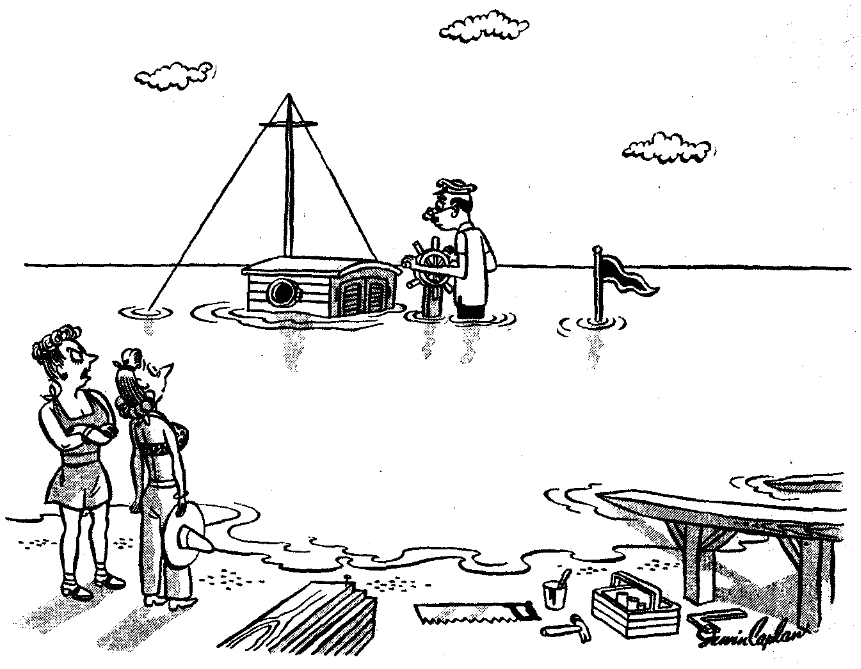
"Well, you'll call Hague," he said in dismissal. "I meant to tell you about this some time ago, but it just kept slipping my mind. Get it in shape for next week."

Hague agreed to nominate Edison for governor if that was what the President wanted. I called Roosevelt by phone and reported this conversation. "But I wish you wouldn't do it," I said. "I think you should give the job to Edison. Hague is a hard taskmaster and he might want Charley to keep certain obligations that Charley wouldn't want to fulfill."

"Well, we'll see," he said. Subsequently Roosevelt appointed Edison Secretary of the Navy, which pleased me very much.

Later, I had an interesting conversation with Cordell Hull. I told him it might develop that he and Garner and I would have most of the delegates in the convention, no matter what the President did.

"Jim, I find myself in a most delicate situation," he said. "I do not want it to appear that I am capitalizing on my achievements in the State Department. I am content to let all credit go to the President. If he chooses to acknowledge my services, that is another thing. So far, he has shown no disposition to do so."



"It wasn't quite finished yet but he couldn't wait to get it into the water"

COLLIER'S IRWIN CAPLAN

"That is not surprising because that is his way," I said.

I told Hull that I was sure he was overly concerned about the possibility that he would be labeled a glory-hunter. Nevertheless, I have often felt that these considerations moved Hull to turn down a chance at the Presidency. I feel certain that he could have secured the nomination hands down and that he could have been elected in 1940. I am equally convinced he would have made a great President.

A day or two later came real action on the political front. Vice-President Garner tossed his familiar Stetson in the 1940 ring from Uvalde, Texas.

The President asked me what I thought of Garner's chances. "I don't think Jack wants to be President," I answered. "I am convinced he made his announcement only because of his opposition to the third term."

Roosevelt was thoughtful. Finally he shook his head sadly.

"I just don't understand Jack," he said. "Once at a White House luncheon with Congressional leaders, we discussed 1940. Garner and I had a few drinks. After all the others had left, Jack came over and patted me on the shoulder, asking, 'Are you going back to Hyde Park after 1940?' I told him I was. Then Garner said he was glad because he was going back to Uvalde. Now in view of that, you'd think he'd understand that I was telling him, in so many words, that I was not going to run. I have proceeded on the theory that he would not run either, in view of his words. I think he should have accepted my assurance, providing he was thinking clearly."

"Boss, I have known Garner a long time," I protested, "and I have never seen him when he was not thinking clearly, even when he was having a good time."

I did not reveal that Garner had told me the same story himself.

A few weeks later I had dinner at the White House. The Boss was in high spirits.

"Jim, I have the grandest joke for you," he confided. "I had Garner, Barkley and Rayburn in this morning for a conference on the antilynching bill. You'll never guess what Jack said. Very seriously he said that he felt the colored vote in the Border states and in Northern cities was so important that the legislation ought to be passed."

Roosevelt threw back his head and laughed till tears came to his eyes. "Don't you love it?" he asked. "Jack has done a complete about-face now that he's out looking for votes."

Later, when we were discussing the convention, I looked him square in the eyes and said, "There will be a new national chairman and he will want to set up his own show."

The President made no comment on my announcement that I did not expect to remain at the helm of the party organization.

A few days later I told him that I was going to enter my name in the Massachusetts and New Hampshire primaries. I fully explained to the President that I was doing this at the request of the Democratic organizations of both states.

"Go ahead, Jim," he laughed. "The water's fine. I haven't an objection in the world."

I did not regard this in any degree as approval of my candidacy, but I did regard it as in line with his statement that he would not be a candidate.

My filing provoked quite a flurry in the press. But I was unmoved by praise or criticism until Ernest K. Lindley, the President's official biographer, came out with an article purporting to be the answer to the third-term riddle.

The article said the President had declared he would not run again unless Britain were overrun by Nazis; that Hull was his choice for successor; that the Vice-Presidency lay between Jackson, McNutt and Wheeler, and, finally, that I was not a sound Vice-Presidential candidate because of my religion. Roosevelt was supposed to have said that he owed more to me politically than any other person, not even excepting his wife, but in the event of my nomination, people might say "we were using Cordell Hull as a stalking-horse for the Pope."

At his press conference the President was asked to comment on the article. He said he had not read it. Newspapermen felt this was not true. But true or not, it is hard to understand why he did not do something about it, once the story came out.

At first I was for an angry showdown with the President, but as my mind cooled I decided the proper course was to keep my temper and bide my time. I resolved, however, to let him know I was annoyed.

About this time I made a speech at the annual banquet of the Friendly Sons of Saint Patrick. It was carried on a nationwide radio hookup. One of my sentences was subsequently quoted from one end of the country to the other. I said:

"We must never permit the ideals of this Republic to sink to a point where every American father and mother, regardless of race, color or creed, cannot look proudly into the cradle of their newborn babe and see a future President of the United States."

The following Monday, White House Secretary Early called to give me the President's congratulations on my remarks. He added that Roosevelt was preparing to answer the Lindley article at his next press conference.

I told him it was too late. Nonetheless, Roosevelt belatedly told his press conference that not one word of the Lindley story was true. Lindley stood his ground, knowing he voiced the sentiments, if not the actual words, of the President.

It now became evident to me that Roosevelt was going to run again. The time had passed when he could have issued a statement saying he would not be a candidate.

Mrs. Farley Suggests a Solution

In this period Mrs. Farley happened to be seated at the President's left at an official White House dinner one night. He remarked to her: "I'm having a terrible time, Bess; they're trying to make me run and I don't want to." He looked at her with an engaging smile.

"Well," Mrs. Farley answered, "you're the President, aren't you? All you have to do is tell them you won't run." He blinked surprise and turned to the lady on his right.

From the time of the Lindley story, the President virtually ignored me. I was not invited to the White House except when my position in the Cabinet made an invitation imperative. One of the most amazing evidences of the extent to which I was cut off came from the State Department. Some time back one of the Assistant Secretaries of State had promised to help me in the preparation of a couple of speeches on foreign affairs and did assist on a speech I made in Boston. Nothing was done about the second speech, which I was to make in Fulton, Mo., at the request of Senator Truman. Finally Ambrose O'Connell, [illegible]

"Smart" Golf in one easy lesson

THE STICK'S THE TRICK THAT MAKES IT BALANCE
Full Size—
Holds 15 Clubs
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BALANCED
GOLF BAG

You'll be playing "smart" golf with a *lightweight* Balanced Golf Bag. Full size, light and perfectly balanced, it's so easy to carry—and it never sags, never spills clubs. Get more pleasure from your game with a Balanced Golf Bag—*now available with all-purpose hood!*

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With Hood $7.00

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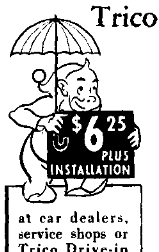
YOU'LL SEE
3 *times as clearly*
3 *times as far...*

when you touch the button and wash your windshield with Trico's *"Two Little Squirts"*



at car dealers, service shops or Trico Drive-in Service Stations . . . everywhere.

● Far more than you may realize, a grime-coated windshield strains your eyes and builds up driving fatigue. But, with a Trico Washer you can have crystal-clear vision at ALL times. It *doubles* the effectiveness of your wipers, fair weather or foul.

For safer, more pleasurable motoring, install a Trico Washer and keep "in the clear" every mile of the year. Trico Products Corporation, Buffalo 3, N. Y.

TRICO *Windshield Washers*

sistant postmaster general, went to see my friend in the State Department. The Assistant Secretary, in his usual frank manner, confided that he was under White House orders not to help me and asked that I should not embarrass him by calling on him for further assistance. I sent word that I would not.

On May 9, 1940, I had another long talk with Hull. We talked about the Gallup poll results which showed Hull stronger than Roosevelt. He disclosed that he had learned from sources within the White House that the President was not pleased over them.

"The President has never talked a word of politics to me," Hull said. "He may be assuring others that I am his choice, but I find it hard to believe."

"I am sure that he will accept you if he is not himself a candidate," I said. "Meantime, there is nothing for you to do but go along and see what happens. Of course, if you would announce yourself or let your friends announce you, you would get the nomination."

"Jim, I do not feel I should use my position to seek office," he said. "I can only put my trust in what the President is telling everyone, even if he does not see fit to confide that trust in me."

"There's no denying it; Roosevelt is a strange man," I said, somewhat sententiously. "He's the author of all my present troubles."

"God, Jim!" Hull exploded with feeling. "You don't know what troubles are. Roosevelt is going over my head to Welles and Berle. I was never even consulted on the Welles trip to Europe. He's even going over my head to ambassadors. He's in constant communication with British leaders and others. He doesn't consult with me or confide in me and I have to feel my way in the dark. Troubles! You don't know what they are."

On May 17th I remained after the Cabinet meeting for another discussion with the President. We talked about Speaker Bankhead for temporary chairman and Senate Majority Leader Barkley for permanent chairman of the convention. "They are fine with me," I said, "because we will be taking the two top men in the party."

"What do you mean 'top men in the party'?" he snapped.

"The two top party men in the legislative branch of the government," I amended.

"That's better," he said.

In the weeks that remained before the convention, it became evident the President was going to run again. It is hard to say just when this realization dawned on me.

Jack Garner was sure of it, too. One day at lunch he told me: "I went along with his assurances that he wouldn't run. So did you and so did Cordell. Now we are all left high and dry. Al Smith warned me never to rely on Roosevelt's word."

Henry Wallace felt different about it. "I want the President to run again," he told me, "but I am very discouraged at the way the thing is being handled. Harry Hopkins, Ben Cohen and Tommy Corcoran are doing the contact work for Mayor Hague, Mayor Kelly and other bosses. They have a group working out details in an office in the Interior Building."

I told Wallace I had not yet been taken into the President's confidence so I did not know his plans, but I had my suspicions.

They were to be confirmed very soon.

Hyde Park Conference—1940

And now I come to the Hyde Park conference of 1940, which may well become an important chapter in the political history of the U.S. I arrived in time for lunch. Afterward, the President and I went to his study. For fifteen or twenty minutes, conversation was general. It was apparent to me the President was having difficulty in approaching the subject of his candidacy. At last he took the plunge.

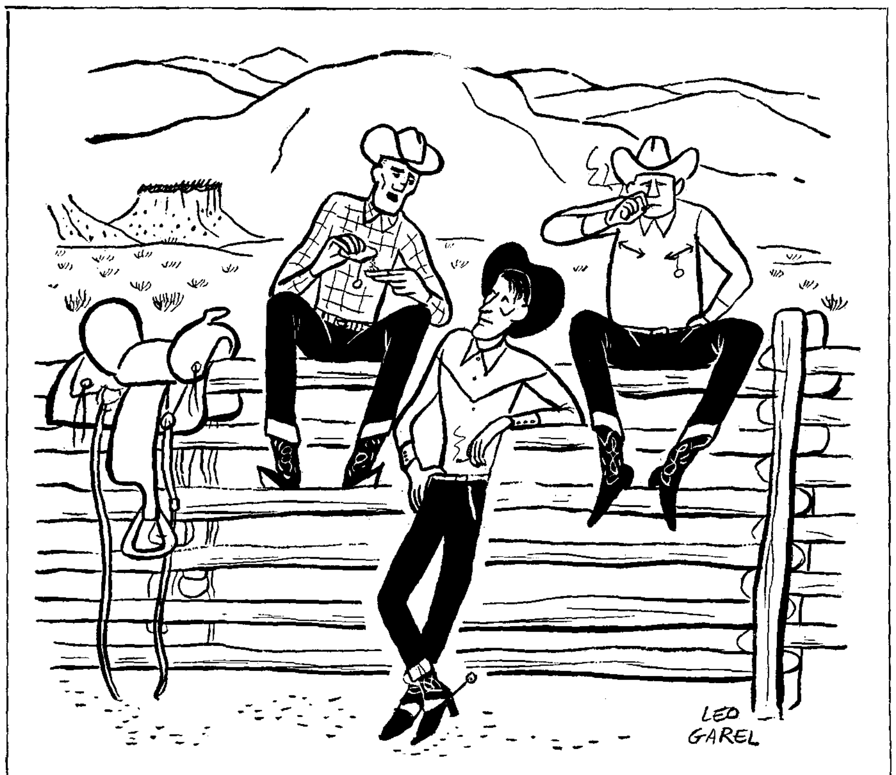
"Jim, last July when we canvassed the political situation," he began with an engaging smile, "I indicated definitely that I would not run for a third term. I believe we decided that on or about February 1st, I would write a letter to one of the states which has an early primary, stating I would not be a candidate for re-election.

"Well, after that conversation of ours, the war started and when it got along to February 1st, I could not issue that statement. It would have destroyed my effectiveness as the leader of the nation and would have handicapped the efforts of this country to be of constructive service in the war crisis.

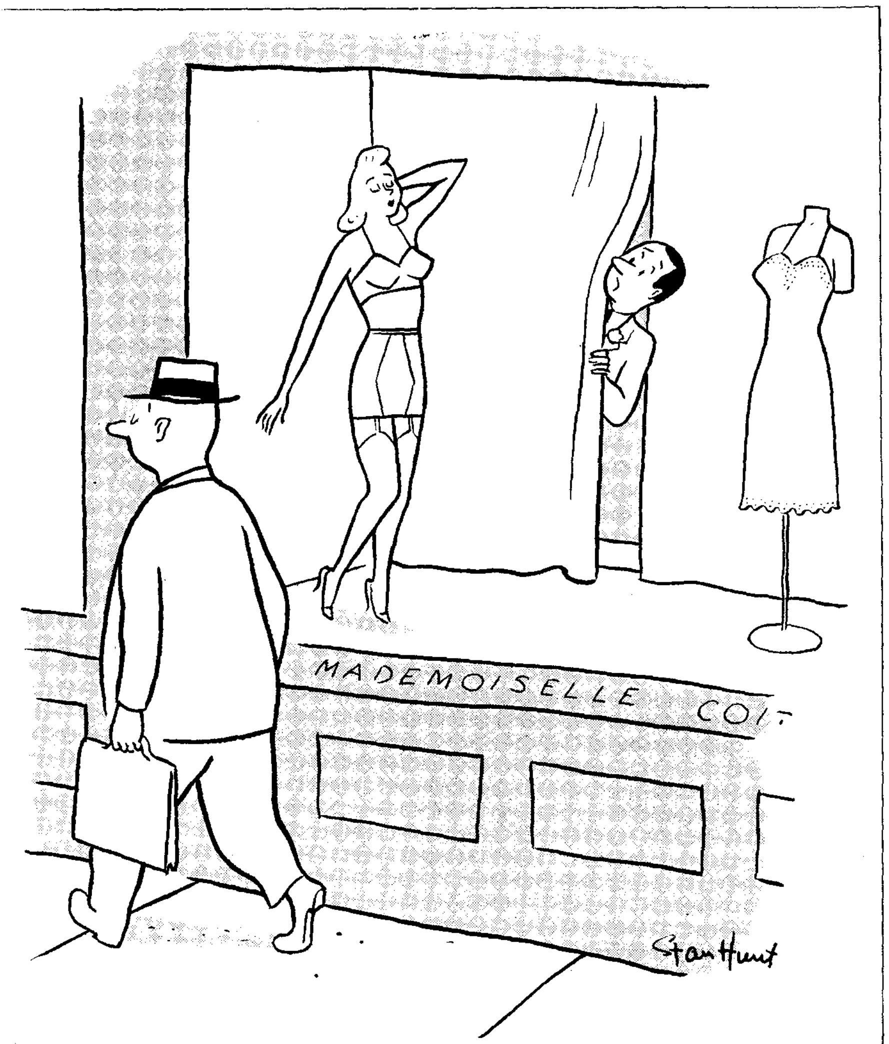
"I must say that I am disappointed that my efforts have not accomplished what I hoped. In all probability it would have been just as well if I had made the announcement as planned. We bullied Mussolini in every way possible and tried to get the influence of the Pope to keep Italy out of the war, but Italy went in."

The President lighted another cigarette. He smiled through the smoke.

"I still don't want to run for the Presidency. I want to come up here." He swung his left arm in a half circle to take



COLLIER'S "There's supposed to be a good Eastern at the Palace" LEO GAREL



COLLIER'S "All right, Miss Montmorency, you may knock off now" STAN HUNT in the cottage retreat and library he had designed and supervised. But he said that the matter had been taken out of his hands by mounting demands that he remain at the helm. "I don't want to run and I'm going to tell the convention so," he concluded, his eyes wide in apparent frankness.

"If you make it specific, the convention will not nominate you," were my first words.

I told him that I felt he should leave no doubt in the minds of the delegates or the country as to the sincerity and the honesty of the statement he issued; that it should be so worded that the delegates should be free to choose someone else, if they so desired. He seemed to agree. I then delivered the Patrick Henry I had been turning over in my mind for months.

I began with my views on the third term, stating I was against it in principle and because the Democratic party had always opposed it. I acknowledged that my views could have no bearing on the convention because he had permitted, if not encouraged, a situation to develop under which he would be nominated unless he refused to run.

"Jim, what would you do if you were in my place?" he asked helplessly.

I thanked him for the compliment. I told him I would not have waited this long to declare my intentions to any person who had been associated with him as long as I had. I reminded him that he had made it impossible for anyone else to be nominated, because by refusing to declare himself, he had prevented delegates from being elected for anyone except Garner and myself. Many states, I said, had declared for him because there was no other course open; that leaders were fearful they might be punished if they did not go along with him.

"I am going to answer your question," I resumed, "and you're not going to like it. In your position I would do exactly what General Sherman did many years ago—issue a statement saying I would refuse to run if nominated and would not serve if elected."

"Jim, if nominated and elected, I could not in these times refuse to take the inaugural oath, even if I knew I would be dead within thirty days," he said. I knew then that his mind was made up.

The conversation drifted to Vice-Presidential candidates. Among them I mentioned Speaker Bankhead, whom he dismissed as too old and not in good health.

"The man running with me must be in good health because there is no telling how long I can hold out," he declared. "You know, Jim, a man with paralysis can have a breakup any time. While my heart and lungs are good and the other organs functioning along okay . . . nothing in this life is certain."

With that he pulled up his shirt, unbuttoned it and showed me a lump of flesh and muscle under his left shoulder, which he said were misplaced because of his affliction. He noted that he must sit most of the time.

It was the first and last time in all the years I knew him that he ever discussed his physical condition with me.

Deadline Set for Resignation

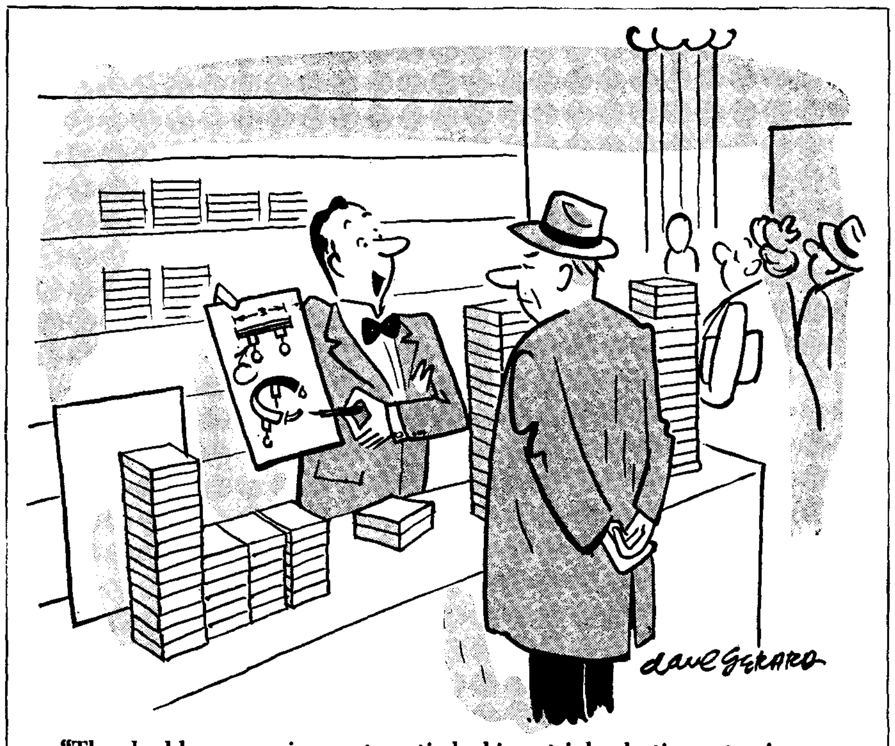
At this time I brought up my own situation. When I proposed to submit my resignation as of August 15th, he begged me to remain a month longer. I told him that there was no sense in delaying things; that my resignation and return to private life would be construed by the public as an expression against the third term and correctly so. I said I would have to be consistent in my position, which I could not be by hanging on. I finally set September 1st as the deadline for my resignation as national chairman and as Postmaster General.

I was constantly baffled during the conversation by the way the President seemed to be saying first that he would not be a candidate, and then, by a slip of the tongue, that he was going to be a candidate.

Then came the final shock. We talked about convention procedure. "By the way, Jim, the family is not going to attend the convention," he volunteered. "Undoubtedly, I will accept the nomination by radio and will arrange to talk to the delegates before they leave the convention hall after the nomination."

On the whole, I never had any doubt that he had made up his mind long before. I am certain he had sold himself the idea that he was the only one qualified to serve during that particular period of the nation's history. He believed, I am sure, that the world was in a terrible plight and he hated to turn over the reins of government to someone else.

In the last article of this series, to be published next week, Mr. Farley recalls the 1940 Convention and the final break-up of his political partnership with the President.



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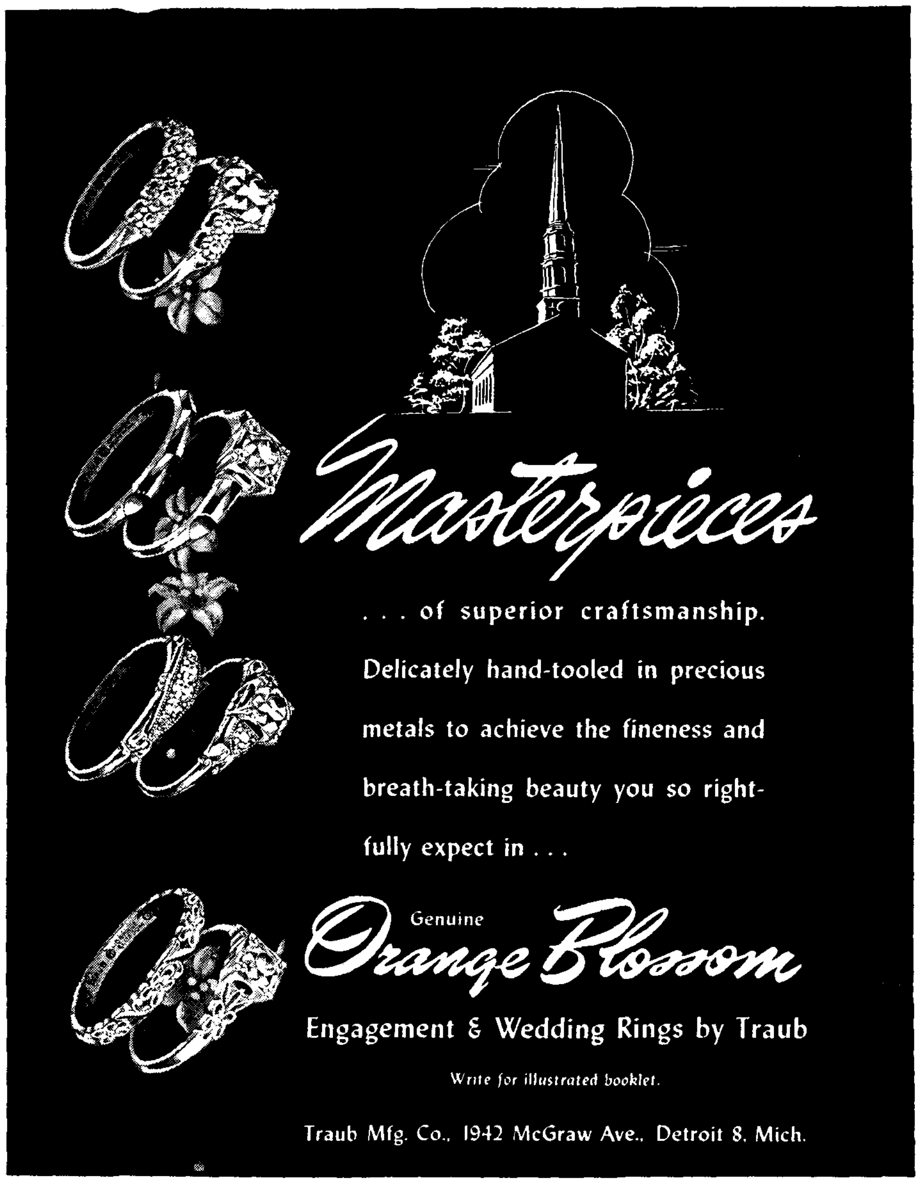
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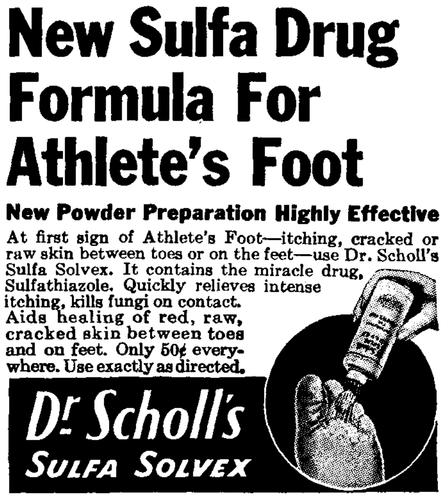
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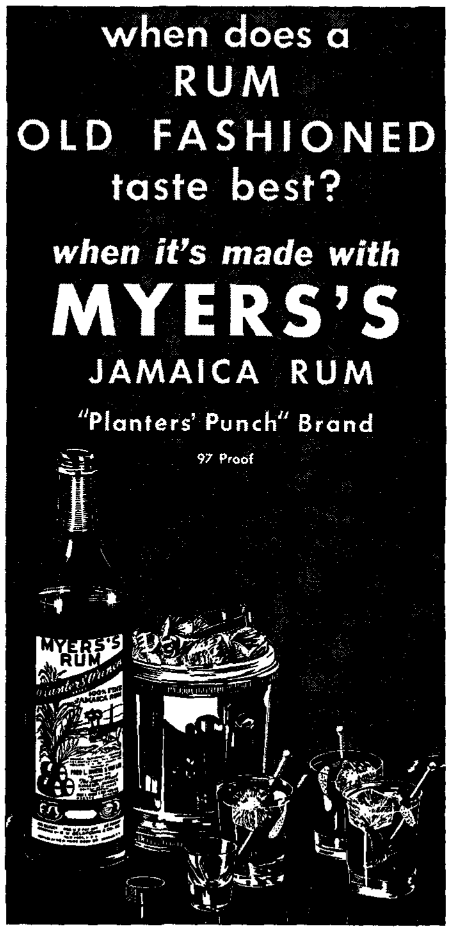
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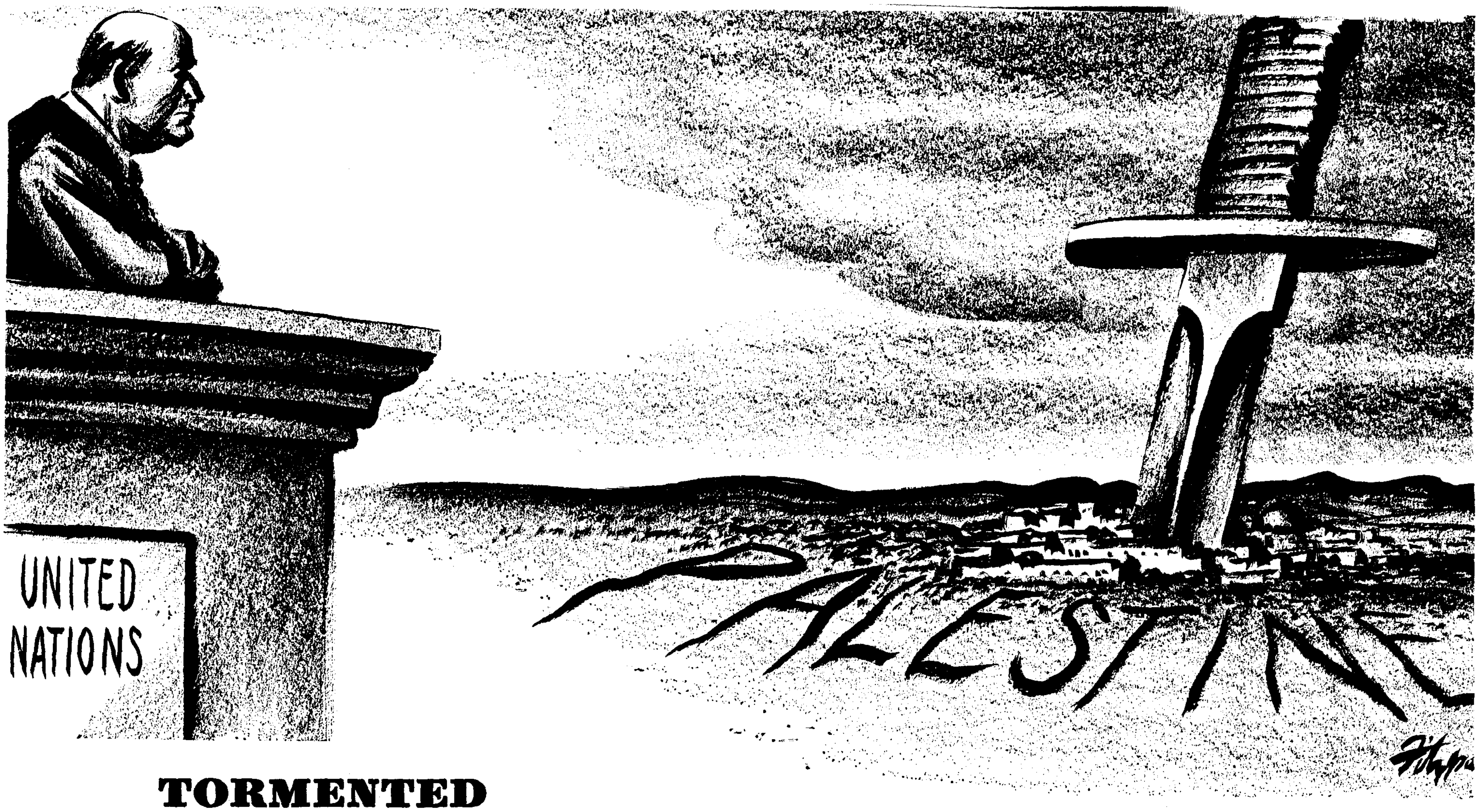


TORMENTED PALESTINE

THE latest commission to investigate the Palestine question is now in the Holy Land—an 11-nation group of some 120 members, delegated by the United Nations General Assembly after Great Britain threw up its hands last February and asked the U.N. to take action.

A good deal of time and expense might have been saved if the U.N. had just studied last year's elaborate Palestine report of the joint Anglo-American Commission. However, this latest is a U.N. probe, which none of the previous ones has been—meaning that the U.N. will have a chance, after the commission reports next September 1st, to prove its prowess or otherwise as a settler of international frictions.

If the U.N. falls down on this job, our feeling is: Heaven help the U.N. This is both its biggest opportunity to date to do something constructive and its most serious challenge to show that it can deliver anything better than talk and pious resolutions.

At least four answers to the Palestine question have been offered: A U.N. trusteeship to replace the British mandate; immediate independence, with Palestine's 1,200,000 Arabs and 600,000 Jews to work out their own salvation from there on; extension of equal rights to Jews and Arabs in one Palestinian nation; or partition into two countries, one Arabian and the other Jewish.

Our earnest hope is that some solution will be worked out with reasonable speed, and that the nations involved will then go through with it, without stalling or evasions.

Palestine is a tragic and a tormented country, and a stirrer-up of passions and animosities throughout much of the rest of the world. The double-dealing and double-crossing which Great Britain, and latterly our own government, have given the Jews with regard to their ancient homeland, have been scandalous.

Can't we make one last, mighty effort to get this problem settled somehow, and thereby get it off the front pages and out of the main arena of people's emotions and prejudices? If that can be achieved, a major contribution will have been made to the stability of the world—which badly needs any such contributions it can come by just now.

THE WHOLE TRUTH, PLEASE

AFTER long Congressional debate, the United States finally got started on the first phase of the so-called Truman Doctrine, via the decision to lend Greece and Turkey $400,000,000 to starch up their resistance to Russian Communism. Maybe it will work, maybe not. We aren't discussing that aspect of the Truman Doctrine here.

What we want to discuss is the habit this Administration has, like the Roosevelt Administration before it, of breaking such news piecemeal to the American people, instead of all at once.

There seems to be a persistent conviction, centering chiefly in the middle levels of the State Department, that Americans are too dumb and childish to be trusted with the whole story in one sitting—or one message to Congress—when some important shift in foreign policy is contemplated.

At this time, it is being gossiped around that the Greek-Turkish loan is only the beginning; that the Administration plans to spend a total of 10 billions or more in the next two or three years to bolster up numerous countries against Russian Communist infiltration.

Well, is that the plan, or isn't it? Why not tell us now just how far this business is likely to go and how much it may cost?

The present piecemeal procedure keeps rumors flying around, people alarmed and resentful, and world opinion in doubt as to what U.S. foreign policy is—assuming we have any such thing.

When Americans are convinced that they have some job to do, they do not shrink from it, no matter how big it may be. When they suspect that somebody is kidding them, they do not co-operate; and why should they?

Let's have the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, about the Truman Doctrine and all its possible consequences as now envisioned; and let's have that whole truth soon, in plain English, from some authoritative Administration source.

ONE LAUGH—$2

FOR the Most Stenchful News Story of 1947 award, if such an award there be, we hereby nominate the dispatch from Pawtucket, Rhode Island, the other week about a fellow being fined $2 and costs for laughing.

The man's name was Samuel Hyder. He had a loud, long-range laugh, which he was in the habit of turning on in public places around Pawtucket whenever he felt like it. The local police chief, name of Leonard Mills, told Hyder to muffle his gaiety. Hyder didn't; so Chief Mills dragged him before Judge William M. Connell, and the judge soaked Hyder the aforementioned $2 and costs.

"I warned him time and again," said Mills, "not to create disturbances when there was nothing funny to laugh about."

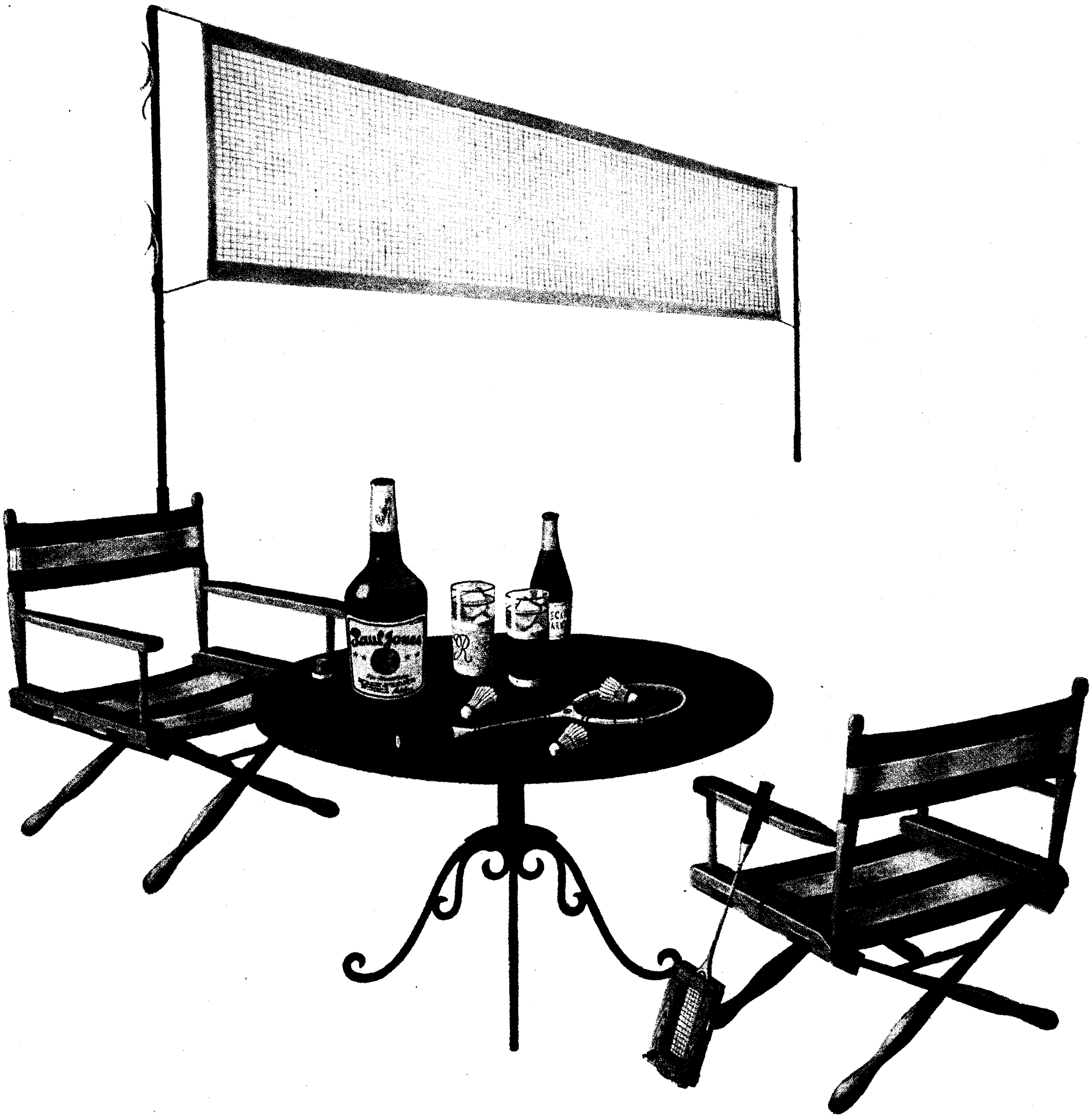
As editorial writers used to say, pfaugh and forsooth. In other and better words, what the hell!

Here we have a world that is saddened and morose because of a recent great war and the melancholy consequences thereof. In at least one spot on the map of that world, we have one man who is uninhibited enough and happy enough to be able to laugh like a horse or a hyena at will, and doesn't have to be tickled or joked or argued into laughing. So that man gets stepped on by a humorless police chief and a spoilsport judge.

We'd feel impelled to pull out another old editorial cliché—the Whither Are We Drifting one—except that this story had a fairly happy ending, after all.

The National Laugh Week Foundation of New York at once invited Hyder to come to New York and laugh all he pleased. Plenty to laugh at too. This was of course the proper retort to the Pawtucket officials, and we hope it burned them plenty.

COLLIER'S WILLIAM L. CHENERY Publisher WALTER DAVENPORT Editor JOE ALEX MORRIS Managing Editor



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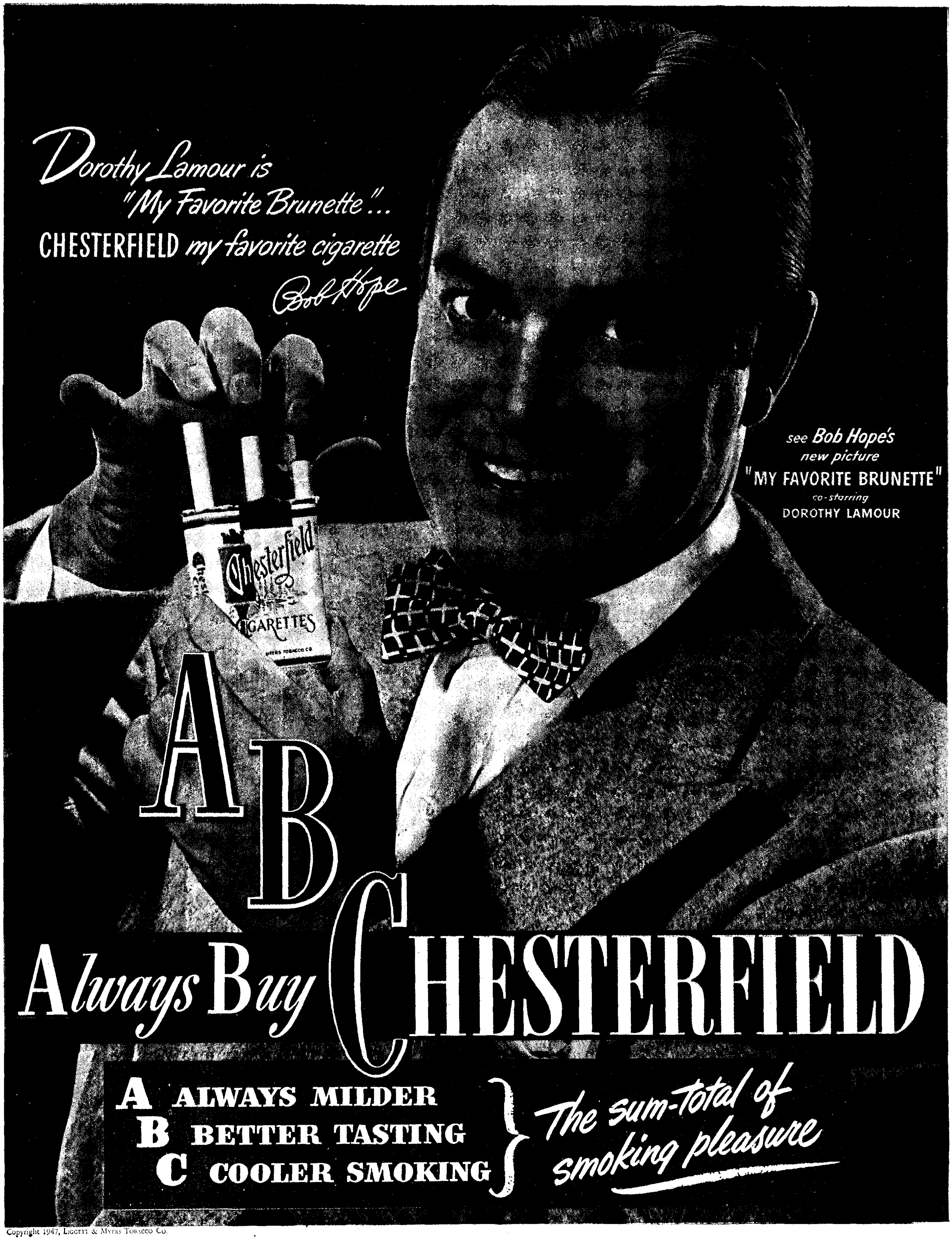

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